

THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

By **KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS,**

Author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," etc.

COMPLETE.

(SEPTEMBER, 1890)

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE CONTENTS

THE MARK OF THE BEAST	<i>Katharine Pearson Woods</i>	289-348
THE NICARAGUA CANAL	<i>Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen</i>	349
CRYSTAL AND CLAY	<i>Percy Vere</i>	359
MY ENEMY	<i>Esmé Stuart</i>	360
HOMEWARD	<i>Florence Earle Coates</i>	367
A BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE WITH PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE	<i>John Eliot Bowen</i>	368
A TOUCHSTONE	<i>Charles Henry Lwiders</i>	374
THE AUTHOR OF "METZEROTT, SHOEMAKER"	<i>Hester Crawford Dorsey</i>	375
OUTCAST	<i>Solomon Solis-Cohen</i>	378
CURRENT CONCENTRATION OF INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL	<i>Henry Clews</i>	379
PAPUAN DANCES	<i>Alfred C. Haddon</i>	386
THE ART OF INTERVIEWING	<i>Frank A. Burr</i>	391
TO A POET IN EXILE	<i>Maurice Francis Egan</i>	402
SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BIRDS	<i>Charles McIlvaine</i>	403
IN MY LOVE'S LOOKS	<i>Dora Read Goodale</i>	408
REVULSION FROM REALISM	<i>Anne H. Wharton</i>	409
THE ROMANCE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE	<i>Julian Hawthorne</i>	412
THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOLK-TALES	<i>C. Staniland Wake</i>	415
BOOK-TALK	{ <i>Charles Morris</i> <i>R. M. Johnston</i> }	418
NEW BOOKS		423
WITH THE WITS. (Illustrated by leading artists.)		

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

LIPPINCOTT & CO. PHILADELPHIA:

LONDON: WARD, LOCK & CO.

THE OCTOBER NUMBER

WILL CONTAIN

"A Marriage at Sea."

BY

W. Clark Russell,

Author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "An Ocean Tragedy," "Marooned," etc., etc.

AND ARTICLES, POEMS, STORIES, ETC.

The Complete Novels which have already appeared in
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE are:

- | | |
|---|--|
| No. 373.—"The Mark of the Beast." By Katharine Pearson Woods. | No. 350.—"Queen of Spades," and Autobiography. By E. P. Roe. |
| No. 372.—"What Gold Cannot Buy." By Mrs. Alexander. | No. 349.—"Hered and Marianne." A tragedy. By Amélie Rives. |
| No. 371.—"The Picture of Dorian Gray." By Oscar Wilde. | No. 348.—"Mammon." By Maud Howe. |
| No. 370.—"Circumstantial Evidence." By Mary E. Stickney. | No. 347.—"The Yellow Snake." By Wm. Henry Bishop. |
| No. 369.—"A Sappho of Green Springs." By Bret Harte. | No. 346.—"Beautiful Mrs. Thorndyke." By Mrs. Poultney Bigelow. |
| No. 368.—"A Cast for Fortune." By Christian Reid. | No. 345.—"The Old Adam." By H. H. Boyesen. |
| No. 367.—"Two Soldiers." By Captain Charles King, U.S.A. | No. 344.—"The Quick or the Dead?" By Amélie Rives. |
| No. 366.—"The Sign of the Four." By A. Conan Doyle. | No. 343.—"Honored in the Breach." By Julia Magruder. |
| No. 365.—"Millicent and Rosalind." By Julian Hawthorne. | No. 342.—"The Spell of Home." After the German of E. Werner. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. |
| No. 364.—"All He Knew." By John Habberton. | No. 341.—"Check and Counter-Check." By Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop. |
| No. 363.—"A Belated Revenge." By Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird. | No. 340.—"From the Ranks." By Captain Charles King, U.S.A. |
| No. 362.—"Creole and Puritan." By T. C. De Leon. | No. 339.—"The Terra-Cotta Bast." By Virginia W. Johnson. |
| No. 361.—"Solarion." By Edgar Fawcett. | No. 338.—"Apple Seed and Briar Thorn." By Louise Stockton. |
| No. 360.—"An Invention of the Enemy." By W. H. Babcock. | No. 337.—"The Red Mountain Mines." By Lew Vanderpools. |
| No. 359.—"Ten Minutes to Twelve." By M. G. McClelland. | No. 336.—"A Land of Love." By Sidney Lusk. |
| No. 358.—"A Dream of Conquest." By Gen. Lloyd Bryce. | No. 335.—"At Anchor." By Julia Magruder. |
| No. 357.—"A Chain of Errors." By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. | No. 334.—"The Whistling Buoy." By Chas. Barnard. |
| No. 356.—"The Witness of the Sun." By Amélie Rives. | No. 333.—"The Deserter." By Captain Charles King, U.S.A. |
| No. 355.—"Bells-Demonia." By Selma Dolaro. | No. 332.—"Douglas Duane." By Edgar Fawcett. |
| No. 354.—"A Transaction in Hearts." By Edgar Saltus. | No. 331.—"Kenyon's Wife." By Lucy C. Lillie. |
| No. 353.—"Hale-Weston." By M. Elliot Sewell. | No. 330.—"A Self-Made Man." By M. G. McClelland. |
| No. 352.—"Dunraven Ranch." By Captain Charles King, U.S.A. | No. 329.—"Sindree." By Julian Hawthorne. |
| No. 351.—"Earthlings." By Grace King. | No. 328.—"Miss Defarge." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. |
| | No. 327.—"Bruston's Bayou." By John Habberton. |

THE
MARK OF THE BEAST.

A ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"METZEROTT, SHOEMAKER."

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

"That no man should be able to buy or to sell, save he that hath the Mark,
even the name of the Beast, or the number of his name."

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

TO

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

PROFESSOR AND MRS. RICHARD T. ELY,

NOT BECAUSE IT IS WORTHY TO BE CONNECTED WITH THEIR NAMES, BUT
IN REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR CONSTANT AND
THOUGHTFUL KINDNESS,

I OFFER THIS LITTLE STORY WITH A HEART FULL OF
GRATEFUL AFFECTION.

KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

Copyright, 1890, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

I.

OUTSIDE, it was high noon! The round whirling globe in her voyage through space had brought the little town of Smoketon as nearly beneath the vertical rays of the sun as was possible, under existing limits of latitude. It was but natural that Smoketon took credit to itself accordingly, and from one end to the other tried to outrace and outsmoke its own record.

Factories, factories, factories! How they bustled and thumped and shook and roared! There was positively no end to them,—nail-mills, foundries, glass-works, potteries, blast-furnaces: their smoke went up night and day, and their noise entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. Cotton-, woollen-, and planing-mills, shirt-factories also; above, a dense veil between them and the soft blue heavens; beneath, a roar as of a huge insatiable monster, crushing, devouring, and breaking the residue in pieces with his teeth; producing, producing, producing, without regard for the needs or capacity of consumers, to satisfy his own illimitable greed; producing always, and sending forth every product enriched with the blood of many victims:—this was the proud little city of Smoketon.

Serpent-wise, from north to south, with many a turning and twisting of its slender body, it trailed its grimy length along for perhaps five miles, between the fairest hills and the loveliest river—I was about to say, in the world. Smoketonians were proud of their scenery; and they felled every tree on the hills, and foully clogged their beautiful river, with royal disregard of any rights therein but theirs.

The city was half a mile wide at its widest point, just where a tiny tributary to the river had forced its way between the enclosing hills; and here a way of escape had been built for certain poor souls.

Quite around the hill it curved, this steep smooth road, with its sidewalk of worn and treacherous planks ; but once upon the other side, one seemed to have stepped back at once fifty years at least. Primitive but peaceful, the little four-roomed or six-roomed dwellings, with their steep white steps, to which a double hand-rail was a vital necessity, their high porches covered with vines, and their tiny front gardens full of gayly-colored blossoms, first climbed as high as they dared up the hill, and sent vineyard or orchard up still higher. Land was not valuable on that side of the hill, so every man was both architect and tenant of his own house, and, though taxes were sufficiently familiar, rent-day was an unknown evil. The last of these dwellings was somewhat different from its neighbors. The site had been carefully chosen at that precise point where the hill receded a little, and the space thus left had been utilized for a thriving vegetable-garden, between which and the street ran a range of hot-houses, sparkling in the sun. The dwelling-house had neither high steps, gay garden, nor vine-clad porch ; but the place of these was supplied by a little, brown, weather-stained, one-story shop, over whose low creaking door stood for sign a brown wooden angel, holding in his left hand a trumpet, while the right hand with its raised forefinger seemed about to mark the brow of all who crossed the threshold.

Within, the shop was full of golden lights and warm brown shadows, and the air was fresh with the odor of sweet-smelling wood ; figures of many shapes and sizes, boxes, brackets, clock-cases, baskets, with many other articles in boxwood, pine, and cedar, stood on shelves about the room ; and in the midst, just where the light from the open door fell over his left shoulder, a man of nearly eighty years sat before a low wide table, whereon lay a tray of sharp and oddly-shaped tools and a narrow block of wood about nine inches in height, which he seemed to be shaping into a rough semblance of the human form.

The costume of this old man was commonplace enough : a blouse of the blue material hitherto peculiar to workmen, but now patronized by æsthetes under the name of denim ; the wide turn-over collar unfastened at the neck, the sleeves rolled above the elbow, showing the still muscular arms, and long, slender, nervous hands. His trousers were of coarse brown cloth, and his low-cut, square-toed shoes, fastened with a strap and buckle, showed gray cotton stockings evidently of home manufacture.

There were steps upon the wooden sidewalk, gay voices in talk intermixed with sweet youthful laughter. The old man raised his head from his work, and turned his face towards the two figures who stood in the open door, intercepting the sunlight. From the shadow thus formed, his head and face shone as if carved in alabaster. Abundant white locks were combed straight back from his lofty, narrow brow, and lay in heavy masses upon his shoulders ; a snow-white beard flowed to his waist ; his eyebrows were bushy, and black as ebony ; and from the deep hollows beneath them shone two blue lake-like eyes, still, solemn, and sad as the fathomless pools that shine amid the eternal mountains.

A gleam, which was scarce a smile, fleetingly touched their surface,

as the old man rose to his full grand height and came forward to meet his visitors.

"You are welcome, son and daughter," he said, kindly, in a voice from which age had taken nothing of strength or melody: "you have walked far under the burning sun, and are weary. Be seated. I will give you of my best."

He drew forward two curiously-carved wooden chairs, and placed them where the soft air might sweep gently over them, while they were shaded from the burning sun.

"Of milk," he continued, "we have abundance; but the fruit of the vine is not yet ripe. Berries I can offer you, red and sweet, and the water of our well is clear and cold. Which of these will you have?"

"Strawberries and milk? Oh, there is nothing in this world I love so well."

"Nay, my daughter," said the old man, gently, "is it well to use words in jest whose earnest bears so clearly the mark of the Beast?"

The girl looked surprised, yet half amused. She had expected to hear much of this Mark from the old man, but not quite so soon. "I don't understand," she said.

He smiled indulgently, then sighed. "Thou dear Heaven!" he said, "when a fair young maid like this lends her sweet voice to the language of the Beast, knowing not that it is his, how very evil this world must be! Rest, my children. I will summon Elsa."

"Oh! isn't he just lovely and wonderful?" cried the girl, when he had left them. "I feel as if I had seen a real angel."

"Engel's his name, and the same is his nature," replied her cousin. "But we've got to pay for all this, you know: he gives of his best, but he expects his visitors to return the compliment."

"It is a compliment to suppose that one has a best," said the girl. "But I thought he never used money?"

"He has a daughter-in-law, who very conveniently is *not* affected by the same complaint. At least, so people say. I have never been here before."

They were very like each other, these two young people, with the likeness to which their first-cousinship entitled them, but with the difference due to their widely varying individualities. Both were tall, with slight, elegant figures, and a manner of exquisite grace. Both were dark as to eyes, hair, and skin, with delicate aristocratic features; but whereas the epithet most frequently used for the one was "dainty," the *sobriquet* of the other was "Lazy Tom."

Their names were Shirley and Thomas Meredith; and the last-named personage stretched out his limbs, not ungracefully, in a wearied sort of way, and put a question to space in reply to his cousin's last utterance:

"Now, I leave it to anybody, if it isn't bad enough to drag me here at noon of a summer's day, without forthwith requiring me to hold up my hands and deliver of my best? Take my word for it, Shirley, it is false political economy. Second-best is good enough for week-days. As for——"

He paused abruptly and sprang to his feet as if he had been shot;

for in the open door-way leading to the interior of the house stood a figure which needed few adventitious aids in the way of wings and haloes to be taken for what Shirley had called a "real angel."

She was dressed in—well, well, it was only a calico, after all, but the tiny blue dot upon the white ground was indistinguishable against the background of pure light revealed through the open door, so that a robe of the morning cloud before the rising sun has turned it to gold could hardly have been whiter or clearer.

Her hair was of the palest shade of golden, and the heavy braids, which when loosened fell to her knees, were wound round her head like a diadem. The face was pure and pale, with a low wide forehead, arched brows and lashes somewhat darker than the hair, and large strangely beautiful eyes, which sometimes seemed almost colorless, mere fountains of white light, but which now, as she advanced into the room and stood looking from one to the other of the two, grew a soft, deep, tender blue.

Shirley's quick vivid brown eyes glanced at her cousin with some amusement, as she saw him stand dumb and absolutely awkward for once in his life before this daughter of the people. That he was an ardent, passionate admirer of beauty she knew well, but beauty in a calico dress had not hitherto attracted him. Then Elsa spoke; and the words and tone might have been those of "a lady," as Shirley, knowing no better, said within herself.

"My grandfather bids you share his noontide meal," she said, smiling.

The quaint archaic flavor of the sentence took Shirley's fancy. She looked at her cousin.

"Tom," she said, appealingly, "one can't be commonplace enough to refuse!"

"The commonplace," said Tom, with a tremendous effort at his usual manner, "is relegated to an infinite distance. Of course we accept with gratitude."

"It is cooler in the arbor behind the house," said Elsa, turning to lead the way, "and when the day is fine we like to eat there, with only the living branches between us and the free heaven."

The door from the shop opened into a small hall-way, and had opposite to it another door, which, by some curve of the hill, looked down into the valley. To the right, this hall-way led to the hot-houses, while still another door opened into a room, from which a large, pleasant-looking woman came forward to greet them.

The Merediths were too well bred to permit themselves any exchange of glances; but the same conviction sparkled in each pair of brown eyes,—that the commonplace had, as usual, only waited behind the door. Tom, as if some shielding crystal had been removed from the girl, found himself able to lift back a branch which hung in Elsa's path, as they left the house, and to accompany it with one of those glances of his soft brown eyes which, it was popularly believed, no feminine heart could resist; while Shirley began to make the conventional apologies and excuses which in the white light of Elsa's sincerity had been simply impossible.

"We forgot it would be your dinner-hour," she said, "and I fear you have put yourself to trouble about us. Indeed, we ought to have come and gone early in the day; but my cousin was late at the meeting-place we had appointed,—late, as he always is."

"So?" said Frau Engel, pleasantly.

She was a woman who evidently had been handsome before she grew stout, and who had still such a kind, good-natured, placid face that one could not be blamed for admiring the commonplace, as he found it in her.

"But, *ach!* it is no trouble at all," she continued, smiling, "and the father, he will always have every one share with us who comes at meal-time. And I have seen the days when that was a trouble, for we had sometimes but a little share for each; yet, if the dinner was but cold cabbages, it troubled not the father. *Ach!* it is well to have a saint in the family!"

"Some persons find it inconvenient," said Shirley, laughing.

"So? but those are Romans,—not so? Protestant saints are different. And those who come to dinner often buy his carvings," she ended.

Shirley's pretty lips curled with amusement. "But he does not use money, does he?" she asked.

"He? no!—that means, not if he can help it. It is me; I do the buying and the selling for us all. They hate money, the two Engels: for me, I was born Kaufmann, and I find it often convenient."

Her last words brought them to the arbor, which had been formed by the natural growth of two primeval forest-trees.

Shirley's nerves were all in a quiver with the many new impressions she was receiving; she looked from the one Engel to the other, and then to the "born Kaufmann," and wondered if this indeed were she, Shirley Meredith, eating with these "common people" and feeling not ashamed. Then the old man's eyes met hers, and Shirley *did* feel ashamed—of herself.

"Is it true, Mr. Engel," she said, plunging into her subject headlong just because she had felt that shame,—“is it true that you are a Socialist?”

The old man smiled.

"My daughter," he said, "men call me so, and in my youth it was sadly true. Now in my age I call not myself after any *ism*; for love and truth comprehend them all,—all, that is to say, which are founded on love and truth."

"But," said Shirley, "is Socialism so founded? for it looks to me like hatred and falsehood, root and branch."

"And so it often does," returned the old man, sadly. "But call it Brotherhood, my daughter; for that is the true meaning of the word. Then you will see that it needs but to grow, to send deeper its roots and enlarge its branches, until it shall include all the races of mankind."

"But that is Christianity?" said Shirley, interrogatively.

"And Christianity is an *ism* in my own tongue," returned the old man. "Nevertheless, in becoming the life-blood of all men it will cease to be such; and thus shall it be also with Socialism. A theory needs a name: Life has only to live."

Shirley's eyes were fixed earnestly upon his face ; but as he ceased they clouded over, and she shook her head with vexation.

"I am like a girl in a fairy-tale," she said, laughing: "while you speak to me I seem to understand it quite well, but as soon as the sound of your voice ceases I am as ignorant as before. It is just like what you said to me in the shop about the Mark of the Beast. Won't you explain what you mean by that?"

"Who can explain one word that he dares to utter?" replied the old man. "How awful it is,—a word! Christ Himself could find no loftier title than just the Word of God!"

"You remind me, sir," said Tom, with a sudden impulse to show himself not quite a fool, "of some experiments I was reading about in sound-pictures. Of course the phonograph has taught all of us something about that, but this experiment was by means of a thin paste spread upon a vibrating membrane; and it was found that properly-correlated sounds produced some very beautiful flower-like shapes. I believe they were not articulate sounds, though: so my analogy falls through."

"Are you sure of that?" asked the old man. "Perhaps it only goes deeper than you dream. For *our* words—nay, our articulate sounds—may be but lines and curves without beauty or living form; but the perfect language——"

"Is without consonants, perhaps," said Tom.

"Now I am reminded of the 'Little Pilgrim,' and the language that she heard in the Celestial City," said Shirley. "Of course a word of purely vowel sounds *must* be a flower; it could not help itself."

"Or a star," said Elsa. "'By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth.'"

"We've done it," said Shirley, under her breath, "and Tom began it! Happy Tom!—But, Mr. Engel, what sort of a picture does that word make which people say you speak so often,—the Mark of the Beast? What is the Beast, anyway, and what is his mark?"

"The Mark of the Beast," said the old man, "is in the right hand and on the foreheads of all, the small and the great, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free, so that no man is able either to buy or to sell, save he that hath the mark, even the name of the Beast, or the number of his name."

Shirley waited a moment before she replied, whereat Grandfather Engel's eyes brightened, as though this in itself were a sign of grace. And indeed it means much to a teacher when his disciple questions himself, not his master, as to the teaching, when he begins to search his own heart for his own individual pearl of truth, that he may add it to the universal chaplet.

"I don't believe that can be true," said Shirley, deliberately. "I know it's in the Bible, but all the same I don't believe it."

"But why?" asked the old man, without any of the indignation which the girl had expected.

"Because buying and selling are necessary acts."

"Well?"

"And nothing necessary *can* bear the Mark of the Beast."

"Because?"

"Because God made us and the world and governs both."

"If your proposition be a true universal, it will bear turning round," said the wood-carver, smiling. "Nothing that bears the Mark of the Beast can be necessary. Are you willing so to accept it?"

"I don't know anything about universals," said Shirley, "but it *sounds* true."

"So? Then if we find that buying and selling bears the Mark of the Beast, we prove it to be unnecessary?"

Shirley looked puzzled, but assented.

"There is an Italian proverb," said the old man,—"'The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller only one.' Why?"

"That's easy enough," said Shirley. "There are a hundred ways in which the seller can cheat the buyer, while he can be cheated only in one way, and that only if he sells on credit."

"My daughter," said the old man, solemnly, "why should it seem so natural to you that they who buy and sell should also cheat?"

"Why, that is the name of it," said Tom, in his debonair way. "We call it human nature to try to get the best of a bargain."

"Well, I suppose it is," said Shirley. "One does try to make money go as far as possible; one *must*; and so, as it is necessary, it cannot be wrong; *or*," she added, hastily, for those deep eyes of the old man shone full upon her, "if wrong, it isn't really necessary; though I don't see how to manage without it."

"Prove to yourself that it is wrong, and then be sure that with the temptation there is also a way of escape," said the old man. "Have you a brother?"

"I have only my mother and this cousin—Tom."

"Then between you and your mother is there any question of buying and selling?"

"Oh!" cried the girl, as if shocked.

"And if you offered to buy from, or to sell to, her, that would at once change the relations of love between you?"

"Stop a minute!" said the girl. "I am just beginning to understand the fifth chapter of Acts."

"Ay," said Grandfather Engel, "to such love as theirs, buying and selling was impossible. They simply gave all that they had, once for all, then each took what he needed."

"And if they had bought and sold among themselves, love would have soon grown cold," said Shirley, thoughtfully.

"My daughter," said the old man, "you have found the Mark of the Beast."

"But what are you going to do about it?" asked Tom, as Shirley did not reply. Tom was much graver and more serious than his wont; he had not made a single witty remark or once turned the matter into ridicule, as he knew so well how to do. "You may call it necessary or unnecessary, as you like; but what is one to put in the place of buying and selling?" asked Tom.

"The answer to that question, my son," said the wood-carver, "is what men call Socialism."

When the cousins were ready to depart, they looked one at the other before they could express a desire for any of the old man's handiwork. At last Shirley summoned courage to ask if a certain exquisitely-carved vase were for sale.

"Nothing here is for sale to you," said the old man, gently. "If I have given you aught to-day, it was of that which is more precious than much fine gold; you shall not pay me for it with money, under any cover, no matter how kind. Nevertheless, take what you will: all is yours."

"You'll never make money that way, sir," said Tom.

"The only coins that I desire are those stamped with the image of God," returned the wood-carver. "Man is the measure of all things."

They walked home together very soberly. "He has given us a good deal to think of," said Shirley,—*"of his best, indeed."*

"Which would be all very well, if a fellow were allowed to return it in any way but in kind."

"I'm sure you gave of a better best than I thought was in you! How did you like it, Tom?"

"Well, and not well," said Tom, drolly. "For once in a way it isn't so bad; but whether one could breathe in that fine air as a constancy is quite another question."

"Tom," said his cousin, "I wonder whether it isn't the fault of the Beast that it isn't our normal atmosphere?"

"That we don't want to wear our dress-coats in the morning?"

"A morning-coat may be best of its kind, Thomas. A clean calico is not second-best, but the extreme of poverty is to be forced to wear out one's shabby finery at home."

"A *pretty* calico," said Tom, "is fit for a queen."

Shirley glanced at him rather anxiously. "That Elsa is a beautiful girl," she said, "and they seem so well educated and refined, and all——"

"They speak far better English than we do."

"Because they have learned it from books. But, Tom——"

"Don't disturb yourself, my dear," replied her cousin, coolly. "Fascinated as I confess myself, I am quite well aware that though Fräulein Elsa may be an angel she unquestionably is *not* one of ourselves."

II.

In the pearly twilight of the same day, Elsa and her grandfather sat together under the forest-tree branches, the mother near them, busy with the true German Hausfrau's never-ending knitting. In Elsa's lap lay also a delicate fleecy fabric, such as she made by the dozen for a store up-town; but the light had grown too faint for the intricate pattern, and the girl's head lay in delicious idleness against her grandfather's knee. Both were quite silent, watching the young moon slowly sink below the western hills, and the golden stars gleam fitfully through the faint haze across the summer sky.

Frau Engel's needles clicked steadily, for light was quite unneces-

sary to her practised fingers. She was not at all of that uncomfortable order of women to whom speech is a necessity, and the "having a saint in the family" had trained her in holy silence; but it struck her presently that she really had something to say, and she said it:

"Ach! Grossvater, what a sad news have I heard to-day!"

"So?" said the old man's deep, sympathetic tones, from the shadow of the arbor.

"Ja, so! It is the pretty miss who was here this morning. She is the betrothed of a wicked man, Otho Goldsborough."

"You are sure of it, Elizabeth?"

Frau Engel laughed. "I know better than to repeat gossip to *you*, grandfather," she said. "The day is not set for the marriage, but the betrothal is announced; even the bride's outfit is begun. It is a sore pity for so sweet a maiden."

"It is a strange thing that *his* bride should come to *me* for that which she received to-day," said the old man, thoughtfully.

Frau Engel pricked up her ears in quick curiosity, and Elsa's eyes sought his, in mute inquiry for the meaning of his tone and emphasis. The old man smiled.

"There is no reason you should not know," he said, in reply. "It is a tale belonging to my old life, when I was young, and my heart was hot and bitter against the wrong and tyranny I saw around me, not understanding why the patience of God is infinite. Part of the story you know already: how well I loved the young count, my master and foster-brother, how we studied always together, for he would have it no other wise, and how I, feeling—knowing—myself their equal, at least, in all our studies and games, bitterly resented the slights that came to me from his noble young associates. And it is ill to resent an insult, children, for that way it harms us indeed; but forgiveness robs it of all its sting to us, and of half the harm to the insulter.

"But as for the count himself, he loved me through all; and no insults came to me in his presence. We were Socialists, he and I,—or so, at least, we called ourselves; and we thought it no wrong to a just cause to use falsehood and treason in its behalf. Among those of the count's own class who professed to feel as we did, was one—ah, well, it may be that he was no deliberate traitor. It was the madness of jealousy that caused him to betray our treason. For there was a certain fair maid whom both loved, he and the count, and who preferred my dear master,—as who would not? And then arose the old cry of a plot among the students,—a just cry, too, though I doubt if the plot could have harmed any but the plotters, had it been let alone,—and there were many arrests, my master and I among them. We tasted of the fare of a German prison, children; and, though I lived until an amnesty in honor of a royal wedding opened the prison doors, my dear young master, never so strong as I, had sunk under the hardship and confinement, and was dead, only a month before my release."

"And his beloved?" asked Elsa.

"Long before married to the traitor. What would you? She had little choice, perhaps, and they told her evil tales of the young count.

Well, well, she knows the truth now! But your grandmother, my child, was made of different stuff; she was peasant-born, like me; and she waited my release, then we married and came to America together. I have learned much since then," he added, solemnly.

"To be saint as well as angel," said his daughter-in-law within herself; but aloud she only asked, "And what has all this to do with Herr Goldsborough, grandfather?"

"You know I still have friends over yonder," he answered, "who write me, from time to time, tidings of themselves and how the work goes on. And from them I learned, years ago, that the daughter of the traitor had married an American. Otho Goldsborough is her son."

"And he is worthy of his ancestors," said Frau Engel.

"Speak not so, Elizabeth," said the old man, gently; "yet they were not to their own consciences so much to blame. Nor is he. It is the teaching of the world that each should seek his own good, not that of his brother; and in the race for wealth, none can afford to fall behind. But Otho Goldsborough believes himself an honor-worthy man."

"He grinds the faces of the poor," said Frau Engel. "The girls in his factory get not so bad wages, because he fears to refuse; they are organized, and can force him to give what they ask; but he gives out work also, and to sweaters; and that is murder,—no less than murder!"

The old man's face was very sad.

"It is murder," he said, solemnly; "but the man does not think himself a murderer. He gives out work,—well, if it did not pay these men to take it, would they do so? They in turn supply with work women who are never seen on the streets to mock them, who have no decent raiment wherein to seek work for themselves, and are glad to work for any pittance wherewith to obtain bread for their famishing bodies. On whom shall we charge the guilt of murder, when the victim drops dead from hunger and toil, while the sweater and employer grow rich on the money earned by her needle? On them alone? Nay, I tell you, but on all the race of man, who seek each one to get a living, to get wealth, instead of casting the wealth into God's treasury and receiving their living from Him, as do the lilies of the field. Verily, if we would so seek first His kingdom and His righteousness, the riches of all the world should be added unto us, and not Solomon in all his glory should rival the splendor of the race."

"If *all* would do it, that would be a great convenience," said Frau Engel, without intermitting her work; "but where only *one* tries, it is bad. For, see you, grandfather, you would not take money from the Junker and the Fräulein this morning; and therefore have we no breakfast."

"Well, well, we can do without," began the wood-carver; but his eyes fell upon the girl at his knee, and he added, in a different tone, "None at all?"

"There is always milk, Mütterchen," said Elsa, brightly, "and I will try to find eggs. It is only that the flour is out, grandfather, and we have no money to buy more; but we can do without bread for one morning, and I can get money to-morrow when I take home my work. Oh, it will all be well."

"Quite well," said the old man, smiling; "more than well, my child, for it is God's will."

"And this is the end of the world," said the girl, "as you have so often told me; the latter days, when the forces are gathering for the great battle of Armageddon, which is to overthrow the Beast and his image, and to establish the kingdom of peace and righteousness."

"Rather has not the conflict begun already?" he answered. "For, behold, on all sides there is a sound like the treading of a mighty host, and the clash of swords. But the dust and smoke hang low over the field, so that we know not friend from foe. Nay, what say I? For all are friends, all foes, around us; we ourselves strike blindly, sometimes, against, even against our Leader."

"Therefore we dare use but one weapon," said the girl,—"the weapon of Love, the sword of the Spirit. Grandfather, it would be a glorious conquest if that fair young maid who heard you so earnestly this morning could win for her betrothed a rescue from the Beast."

"Glorious vengeance for an ancient wrong," said the wood-carver. "We will not mourn then, daughter, for the loss of a breakfast?"

Elsa laughed joyfully for all reply; but when the old man had gone to his bed, the girl's brain still throbbed with the wonder of the words he had spoken.

The little street was as quiet as her own garden. She opened the gate and wandered on, scarce knowing whither, lost in the magic of her own thoughts, until she found herself at the head of the cross-street which led down into the city, where through a deep cut of the railroad a late train rushed suddenly, with noise and glare which broke her reverie.

As she turned to retrace her steps, a man who had stood so closely in the shadow of a house that she had not perceived his presence, threw away his cigar and came forward to greet her.

"Fräulein Elsa," said Tom Meredith, "you will not require of me to let you go home alone at this hour?"

She was "not one of ourselves;" but she might have been a canonized saint, from the young man's tone.

Elsa looked at him with wondering eyes. "I am in no danger," she said, smiling; "and I require of you just nothing at all, Herr—Herr Tom. Is that right? It is so your cousin calls you."

"It is quite right," said the young man. "'Herr Tom'! I feel as if I had been made a duke."

"A duke? but that is a leader," she said, not forbidding him to walk beside her as she turned homeward.

"Ah! I shall never be a leader," he answered. "It is rather more than I can do to follow at an immense distance."

"It is the great battle that I was thinking of," she said, "the battle of Armageddon. And there is no distance there; it is a hand-to-hand conflict; and, on one side or the other, one must fight. But we may choose our weapons,—the sword of Love, or the poisoned arrows of Hatred."

"If all were like you, the battle would be won already," he said, softly.

"If all had lived with my grandfather and been taught by him

as I have, there isn't one would not be far better," said the girl, so simply that he could only smile, without venturing to contradict her.

At the little gate she paused and held out her hand. "Good-night, Herr Tom," she said.

He held it closely, that large, firm, work-worn hand, feeling inarticulately enough the help and strength therein for "Lazy Tom," if he had but courage to grasp and energy to hold it.

Elsa looked up; but it was too dark to read the meaning of his brown eyes.

Then he let her fingers go.

She went to her bed smiling, but not dreaming *why* she smiled; and Tom, as he sauntered homeward, drew out his cigar-case and lit another of the Havanas which burned up so much of his salary.

"It is an awful pity," he said to himself, "that when a woman is already an angel it should be so imperatively necessary that she should be also—an aristocrat."

He was at least consistent, this poor Tom. The angelhood was all very well; but the second-best was necessary for every day.

III.

Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day,

says Mrs. Browning; and, though star-light is not supposed to have exactly the same effect, Tom Meredith came down-stairs the next morning feeling more ashamed of himself than if he had done something absolutely wicked.

Tom's enemies—but no! he had not an enemy in the world, nor was he the enemy of any one, even of himself,—Tom's godfathers and godmothers, then, his relatives and intimate friends, were accustomed to say of him that he was too lazy to be absolutely anything, even wicked. He was good-natured to a fault, they said, but beyond that was best described by negatives. For instance, he was not dissipated, not inattentive to business, had no bad habits of any kind, and made no pretence of being religious, though he went to church sometimes to please his aunt.

But relations and friends are not always the best judges of a man's character; and these of Tom's scarcely gave due weight, perhaps, to the steady though silent resistance implied by their own negations to the numerous temptations that beset young manhood. Indolent he was, though capable of sufficient energy when once aroused; but a very positive point indeed in his character was a certain almost ultra refinement, a repulsion for all things unlovely or of bad report, which, in the abeyance of the higher spiritual quality of which it is the human manifestation, had done him yeoman's service. But in the severing of the bond between this earthly purity and its divine counterpart lies, as in every death, a threatening corruption; and, all unconsciously, Tom had come to a crisis in his life.

He was late for breakfast, of course, for this was his holiday fortnight, which he was spending at home,—he *said*, because it was too

much trouble to go away, but partly at least because the absence of his fortnight's board would have made a serious hole in his aunt's house-keeping purse, and he had not the money to travel in the princely style which was the only one he knew, and also pay his expenses at home.

Mrs. Meredith was awaiting his coming behind her coffee-pot, when he descended the stairs which led from his bedroom door down into the dining-room itself; but Shirley had enthroned herself in a great arm-chair on the tiny porch outside, where she was diligently basting the waist of a dress of white India linen, so called for euphony, perhaps, as it was of American make.

It was a quaint old house in which these two women struggled for a living, and *with* the pupils who under their charge were supposed to acquire the elements of a thorough education. It was very old,—as old as any house could be in Smoketon,—and had been added to, perhaps incongruously, at various times. There was a wide, cool hall running from the front door to the main school-room, with doors to the right and left, opening into a smaller recitation-room and a parlor. Beyond the parlor was the kitchen, with its windows opening upon the same street as the more aristocratic apartment; and behind both ran the long, narrow dining-room, which had in all probability once been the entrance-hall. On the other side of the modern entrance, beyond the recitation-room referred to, was the cloak-room, with a door opening upon a side-street,—so that, as Tom said, there were plenty of exits in case of fire; but, as they had unfortunately never had a fire, the multiplicity of doors served only to strike terror to the soul of the stranger within the gates. For at his own first visit to the mansion, having rashly descended from the upper regions without a guide, and trusting solely to the light of nature, Tom was sure that he had opened at least two dozen doors, surprising a bevy of giggling girls, and an irate teacher, behind each one. The second floor—there was no third—he characterized as a “congeries of desolation.” “It is the coolest house in winter, and the warmest in summer, that I ever inhabited,” said Tom. “The landlord ought to be prosecuted for breach of promise, or assault and battery, or something.”

“I suppose they think it is a free country and we can move out whenever we like,” replied Shirley. “But that is just their mistake, Thomas: it is just because it’s a free country that we *cannot* move out.”

“Well, we *have* got so much freedom as individuals that collectively we crowd each other,” said Tom. “Where did you get it, Shirley?”

“Get what?”

“Your treatise on Socialism.”

Shirley laughed, and owned to having demanded the latest work upon that subject at the public library the evening before, and to having sat up far into the night to read it.

“I suppose you supplied yourself with an automatic fan?”

“Several hundreds of them, and all calling me ‘cousin, cousin,’ in the most affectionate manner.”

"Zeal, indeed! I wish Grandfather Engel joy of his proselyte," said Tom, lazily; for this was on the morning which we have already reached.

"I don't know what in the world Shirley is thinking about, to read such books," said Mrs. Meredith: "I am sure Mr. Goldsborough will disapprove."

She was a woman whose still pretty face bore tokens of her life-long struggle to make both ends meet,—a struggle which had warped her parts of speech, while her actions remained true to an unperverted instinct. As she spoke she looked very anxiously at Shirley, with a mixture of feelings which she could by no means have explained.

Shirley pressed her red lips close together in silence, and the word was taken up by Mary, the cook, who brought in at the moment a plate of hot biscuit.

"Do you know Grandfather Engel, Mr. Tom?" asked Mary, delightedly. It was one of Mary's peculiarities to be always delighted or else in the depths of woe: she wept when the wash was large and the weather unpropitious; and her pride in the snowy, foamy biscuit of the present was doubly radiant because of the remembrance of past failures, for it was usually an even chance whether her cookery turned out delicious or uneatable.

She set the plate upon the table, and the backs of her large red hands upon her capacious hips, with a conscious smile. "I kept 'em back yet, because I know you are late a'ready," said Mary; "and how they are good! Mr. Tom, do you know Grandfather Engel yet?"

"I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance yesterday," said Tom, leisurely breaking open a biscuit. "By George, these *are* good, Mary! You'll be an honor to your country and a terror to the foe, if you'll only do it all the time."

"My country? I don't be a-cooking for the President, nor the poor-house, Mr. Tom."

"Nay, but in the home of the aristocratically poor," said Tom.—"Mark that, Shirley: she has no ideal of a country anywhere between those two extremes. Mary, I fear you're not a Socialist."

"Not in this country," said Mary, with a toss of her head. "Sociable! they don't know what Sociablism is a'ready."

"Mary went to a picnic yesterday, and was disgusted with their unsocial proceedings," said Mrs. Meredith, her anxious eyes sparkling with fun.

"And did you have a pleasant time?" asked Tom, politely.

"Time!" said Mary, her broad red face strongly expressive of scorn; "more time than I'll ever give 'em again, Mr. Tom. I don't know so very many people in this neighborhood. Only last Sunday, Miss Cowan she says to me after church, 'Mary,' she says, 'why don't you come to the picnic?' she says, 'for there's lots of handsome fellers,' she says."

"I thought better of Mrs. Cowan," returned Tom, gravely, "than to be putting such ideas into your young mind."

"I ain't so young but I can talk to the fellers a'ready," said Mary; "but not one of 'em come near me the whole day, Mr. Tom."

"You don't say so!"

"Not one of 'em; and my new shoes was too tight to walk yet, and I didn't know nobody: so I sat under a tree, and got grass-stain all over my dress, and broke my parasol leaning on it when I tried to get up, and I think next time I'll climb up on top of the house and look at the picnic."

This was too much for Tom; he threw down his knife and fork and screamed with laughter. Mary was flattered, and laughed also at her own wit so unrestrainedly that she was obliged to sink into the nearest chair. "*Mein Gott!* how I am funny this day!" said she.

"But where was Mrs. Cowan?" asked Tom.

"Oh! Miss Cowan she pass me by, and she say, 'How you are, Mary? why you don't go have some fun with the young folks?' And I say, 'Miss Cowan——'"

"Well?"

"Well, I didn't say no more," said Mary. "I couldn't think of nothing to say."

"Dear me! I wish I were like you, Mary," said Shirley, wiping her eyes on her new dress; "for then my tongue would get me into fewer scrapes than it does."

"That's just what Miss Cowan used to say," cried Mary, delightedly. "When I lived with her, she said every day, 'Mary, I wish I was like you, Mary,' she says. And one day she sent me to the crocery-store for some molasses, and the crocery-man he took the pitcher into the whare-room to fill it, and I think he gave a little too less. So I told Miss Cowan, and she says, 'Dear me, Mary,' she says, 'I wish I was sharp as you, Mary,' she says. And Grandfather Engel he says——"

"Oh! so you know Grandfather Engel, do you?" asked Shirley.

"My mother's own uncle was his cousin in Germany," replied Mary, smiling broadly. "Frau Engel she's a nice lady too; and Elsa,—oh! she uses such fine language! Do you know Elsa, Miss Shirley? She's my cousin."

"Cousin-German," murmured Tom under his moustache, while Shirley replied, "I have seen her, Mary."

"Well, she and me is both one age," said Mary. "The fellers don't run after Elsa much, neither. But her father he was a engineer on the railroad. My father he thinks the rich people ought to divide with us poor ones. You wouldn't like that, Mr. Tom."

"Mary," said Tom, "I assure you that at the demand of the people I would gladly surrender all the railroad-bonds and bank-stock in my possession, and be a thousandfold happier afterwards."

"That's just like Mr. Cowan," said Mary, clapping her great hands in ecstasy: "he failed in business when I lived with them, and he was teetotally ruined, but he laughed yet."

"Well, I never imagined that the Cowans had a 'divide,'" said Shirley, when Mary had with difficulty been relegated to her kitchen: "to my sorrow, I know they had a wedding in the family, and everything else has happened to them that has ever befallen us; but when it came to a 'divide' I did think we were safe."

"A little of Mary's conversation is rather amusing, but after a bit it certainly palls upon one," said Tom.

"And she never knows when she passes the boundary-line," returned his cousin. "How odd that she should be related to that beautiful, *spirituelle* girl!"

"Oh, as to that, we are all related through Adam," answered Tom, wearily. "By George! a holiday is pretty hard work. I think I'll take a walk."

"I never expected to hear Tom complain of a holiday," said Mrs. Meredith, looking after him. "Did you finish the skirt of that dress yesterday, Shirley?"

"Very nearly, mamma."

"Then if we work on it together we can finish the dress for you to wear when you take your drive with Mr. Goldsborough this afternoon."

She came close to the girl and laid her arm across the pretty shoulders.

"It is a great happiness to me, Shirley, to think how soon you are to be rid of the burden of poverty," she said. "Yet I would not for anything have you marry him if I did not believe him to be a really good man."

"If he is as good to you as he promises to be, it is all I ask of him, mamma."

"Oh, don't think of me, my child: all that I wish is to see you happy; and I am sure you ought to be. You will have all that heart could wish, and a good kind husband besides."

"All the modern conveniences, and the Decalogue thrown in," said the girl. "I say, mamma, do you think these darts are perfectly straight? *I don't.*"

Tom, meanwhile, had wandered out into the highways,—and very high some of them were,—disconsolate and ashamed, though he would have been puzzled to explain his own feelings. He had been in love in a mild sort of way several times in his life, but anything like the feeling inspired by Elsa Engel was altogether outside of his experience, for which reason he was not at all prepared to admit that he *was* in love. It was simply a sense of glaring incongruity, he said to himself, that made him so very cross about her being Mary's cousin, no matter how distant.

"Hello, Tom!"

Now, Tom strenuously objected to being tapped on the shoulder; but on this occasion he was rather glad to see the tapper, a young journalist of his acquaintance, who was very fond of airing in conversation views which as to print were limited in expression by the necessities of the counting-room.

"Hello, Hopkins," said Tom, "is this you?"

"Why, it *yoused* to be," said Hopkins; "but we are changing all that so fast that I don't feel sure of it."

"Change your puns, and you may hope to improve our glorious Constitution," said Tom. "By George, Hopkins, I should think the spread eagle would blush for shame."

"Oh, you let the eagle scream; he's all right: you've got more cheek than he has, any day. What's the matter with you?"

"Social distinctions," said Tom. "You'll never do away with them, Hopkins."

"They don't bother me much," returned the other. "I know a girl whose grandmother was a cook, and she's as pretty and refined a little thing as you'll find anywhere."

"So she may be; but how about the relations?"

"What are her relations to me? I'm not going to marry her, —worse luck!"

"Suppose you were?"

"Oh, is *that* it?" said Hopkins, doubling over with amusement.

"Only think of it! caught at last, are you, my King Cophetua?"

"Nonsense! nothing of the sort!" cried Tom, growing very red.

"I am discussing the matter impersonally, you idiot."

"Oh! are you? Well, then, I should say that a fellow with any snap to him would personally take the girl, and impersonally let the relations go to the mischief."

"And a girl with any snap to her wouldn't send her relations to the mischief," said Tom.

"Well, if she can stand 'em you can, I should think."

"I tell you, I'm speaking impersonally."

"So I see. Well, I've got to interview a man in here; so I wish you an impersonal adieu. And I say, Tommy the fastidious, don't worry over trifles, or quarrel with your bread-and-butter. See? If she's the right sort of girl, you freeze to her,—impersonally, of course. Ta ta!"

Tom felt very uncomfortable indeed, when he had parted with the vivid young journalist. Of course Hopkins was an idiot, and he, Tom, had no idea of marrying any one; it was simply that he found it uncomfortable to look down and up at the same moment of time. He strolled idly along, scarcely knowing whither, until he found himself standing before a stone-cutter's yard. The master himself was at the gate, and invited him in with a pleasant smile.

"Anything I can do for you this morning, sir?" he said.

"Not that I know of," replied Tom. "I've got a holiday, and don't very well know what to do with it."

"Ah! I've been that way myself," said the stone-cutter, sympathetically. "Won't you come in, sir? I'm always glad to have gentlemen call on me in a cheerful sort of way. Monuments and tombstones, you see; and when you come to think about it, it ain't as cheerful a business as it might be, nor it don't bring me cheerful society, as a rule."

He led Tom through the sheds, chatting pleasantly and intelligently, though with a free use of very colloquial English.

"Now, here's a monument I've just finished," he said, at last; "and, by the bye, they say the poor woman's husband is engaged to be married again. I know he has nearly hurried the head off me: so I suppose he wants to be entirely off with the old love before he is on with the new. And *that* man left directions in his will to have this sentence cut on his tombstone."

Tom stooped to read it:

"For we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of God."

"Was he a Socialist?" asked Tom.

"Not that I know of; though, Lord! everybody's a Socialist now. You can't throw a stone in any direction without striking one. Yes, sir; there's where you do get your social equality."

"It doesn't make things at all less unequal on this earth, though."

"Well, maybe it would if you could get the right focus," said the stone-cutter. "Ever been to Rome, sir?"

"Not yet," said Tom.

"Ah! Well, I have. My poor old father thought I was going to be a great genius, like Michelangelo, or any of those fellows, and he stinted himself—poor old man!—to give me a fair show. Well, it wasn't exactly my fault if I disappointed him; for I certainly did work the worst way; and I'm about as good a stone-cutter as you'll find in America, if I ain't a sculptor, exactly. So I don't believe I regret the trip, at all. But what I want to say is this. There's a place there called St. Peter's Church, and you can stand up in the dome of it and see the people walking on the pavement below, and, I give you my word, sir, they look no bigger than flies. You may not believe me, sir, but that is the actual truth."

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Tom, gravely.

"Yes, sir; and, what's more, there ain't as much difference between a tall man and a short one, or even a man and a child, as you might suppose. Everybody looks pretty much about the same size. And so when I hear people talking about social distinctions and classes, and so on, I say to myself, 'Why in thunder don't they get the right focus?'"

"There's a good deal in that," said Tom. "Well, good-morning. Much obliged for your kindness in showing me your place."

"Don't mention it, sir: I enjoy a talk with people who are not in grief. If you ever want anything in my line,—though I hope you never may—"

"Never is a long word," said Tom. "It's what we've all got to come to. You may grave on my tombstone, 'He tried to find the right focus.'"

"Hope you may, sir," said the stone-cutter, heartily.

Tom went home so tired with his morning's walk as to fall asleep the instant he sat down. He dreamed that he stood in the dome of St. Peter's and watched the multitude below, all ages and every rank mingled indistinguishably. Suddenly he found himself among them, and the place was no longer St. Peter's, but the judgment-seat of God. Beside him was Mary the cook, and between them was thorough equality, for all there were rated not by what was theirs, but by what they were. Tom felt that the case was going against him,—when suddenly came a cry from the girl beside him, who reached out her arms towards a great white angel who, with folded wings and the face of Elsa Engel, stood beside the Throne.

"I'm her cousin," cried Mary; and therewith he awoke.

He sat up erect in his chair and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"By George," he said, "if she'd said she was cousin to Victoria R., how we should have toadied to her! Well, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways, and a very bad social staircase that won't grade down as well as up. Thomas, I believe you have got the right focus. Mary, I respect you; you have angelic blood in your veins; you are Elsa's cousin."

IV.

Shirley was ready, in her white frock, and with her pretty face bright and smiling, when Mr. Goldsborough drove up to the door. He was a man of about thirty-five, who might have been of any age within ten years on either side of it; rather above the medium height, with a strong, squarely-made, muscular figure, a quiet, smooth-shaven, sensible-looking face, squarely cut as to brow and chin, with thick straight light-brown hair and clear alert blue eyes. No one could have been less romantic in appearance, yet he did not seem at all unsuited to his bride, as they drove off together. But as a matter of fact it would have been hard to find two people who understood each other less.

Otho Goldsborough was an only child; and he had been educated with a single eye to the advantage he might gain thereby, not that he might add to the world's knowledge, far less return to humanity any of the benefits procured for him by the age-long struggles and triumphs of the race. He had lived much abroad, a quiet, scholarly life, without any excesses either of learning or of pleasure,—such a life as a man of average intelligence and ample means can live in a European university town. From this he had been summoned home at his father's death, to find his affairs rather in disorder, which he had set himself to remedy with all the energy that was in him. It had required hard work, close economy, and strict attention to details, wherein he had not always had the hearty co-operation and sympathy of his workers. But these, indeed, he did not expect from them, as why should he? Certainly co-operation and sympathy on his side were conspicuous by their absence. And yet he did not rate himself as a hard master; it was simply a question of conflicting interests, and he had no more doubt that his own interests ought to carry the day than he had of his ability to guide and check the spirited horses he drove, or the spirited bride he had chosen.

Shirley, on the other hand, had as yet scarcely realized how largely her yielding to his not over-passionate wooing had been influenced by the wealth and luxury he was in a position to offer her. Of course she was fond of him; she liked his quiet, undemonstrative manner; his conversational powers, though not brilliant, were easy, and his choice of subjects excellent. Moreover, it was flattering to be chosen by a man of his age, position, and weight of character; and the thought of passing her life at his side was thoroughly pleasant to her. She had told him frankly that she was not "in love" with him; and he had answered, as men do, that that made no difference at all,—he was quite willing to marry her and let the love come afterwards; which willingness upon his part, Shirley considered, made it all quite right, and completely removed the burden of responsibility from her shoulders. Girls will still argue in this way, all unknowing that the

argument is as obsolete as their grandmother's gig-top bonnet, and, like that, absurd and unnatural even when most fashionable.

"You will like to attend vespers at the convent, Shirley," said her lover, as they turned from the streets into the smooth though hilly turnpike. "The music there is wonderful; and to-day, you know, is a great occasion."

"I don't mind," said Shirley; "though mamma won't like it very well. She has always been afraid to let me go inside a convent since once in the East, when I was perfectly fascinated and wanted to become a nun, then and there."

"Why, I should rather object myself to such a result of this visit," he said, laughing; "but, fortunately, there is no danger."

"Well, I don't know," said Shirley,—a little perversely, it must be confessed. "There's a wonderful charm about conventual life, I think."

"I have heard it stated as an axiom that the first impulse of an uncorrupted mind is always towards the cloister," said Mr. Goldsborough; "but I must say—tell it not in Gath, Shirley!—that it seems to me rather a morbid impulse."

"Do you think so?" asked Shirley, thoughtfully. "Now, it seems to me that when a girl—or a man—begins to understand what money is, and how this question of buying and selling destroys all real brotherhood among men, it is very natural to take refuge in a convent, unless they know better and turn Socialists."

"Eh? Socialists? What do you know of Socialism?" asked Mr. Goldsborough, amusedly.

"Not much," replied Shirley, modestly, "for I have only just begun to study the subject, you know."

She had never seen her *fiancé* laugh so heartily as he did at this; and perhaps he had some excuse; she looked so pretty, so young, and so innocent, that it was hard for him to think seriously of her studying anything more abstruse than the language of flowers; and so he said, when he found that his amusement vexed her.

But Shirley was not propitiated by the compliment, as he considered it.

"I am not silly or sentimental," she said, with dignity, "and the language of flowers is certainly both. You forget, Otho, that I have had my own living to earn, and it hasn't been easy work: so that makes me realize what a great thing Socialism would be for the country."

"There ought to be one in every family, no doubt," he said, with renewed merriment; "but your struggles are all over now, my darling."

"Other people's are not, though."

"No, and never will be. You cannot make over the world, my dear; and why should you spend your strength in trying or even wishing to do so?"

"Because I don't wish to be like the man in the rhyme, Otho:

Of all my mother's children
I love myself the best,
And when I am provided for
I care not for the rest.

You say I must do the religion for both of us; and Socialism is nothing else but religion, it seems to me."

"Then, indeed, you must do the Socialism for both of us, too," said the rich man, laughing. "I suppose this is the result of your visit to Grandfather Engel yesterday."

"He's a saint," said the girl, fervently.

"Or a precious old hypocrite, I have never been able to determine which. Well, well, don't look so indignant: I dare say he's all you think him. And I do not at all mind your studying Socialism, or Theosophy, or any other nonsense you like, my dear. It is very pretty and sweet of you to feel for the miseries of others, and, for any practical assistance that you can give them, my purse is always at your service."

"I'm not of enough importance to be worth disagreeing with," said Shirley, still annoyed.

"Your importance to me, personally, is so great that I can't afford to disagree with you," he replied, good-humoredly. "There! that, I always think, is the very prettiest view of the convent."

He drew up his horses at the brow of a hill, and pointed with his whip across the valley into which they were about to descend.

St. Agnes' Convent in itself was not a building of any especial architectural merit. It was large, square, and roomy, with—for beauty, though not for sanitation—rather an over-supply of windows, and an occasional feeble turret; but its situation half-way up one of the lesser hills, at the foot of which the swift little mountain-brook was crossed by a picturesque red bridge, and the brownish gray to which its painted bricks had faded, against the blue-green background, made it attractive and beautiful.

The chapel was upon the ground-floor, and of the height of two stories, its roof arched with oaken rafters, and every remaining inch of wall and ceiling covered with vivid frescos. In the slanting rays of the evening sun, which shone through the stained glass of the western windows and filled the place with rainbow light, it sparkled like a gem.

Shirley drew a deep breath as they were shown softly to a seat by one of the still-faced, black-veiled nuns; her eyes lighted up.

Mr. Goldsborough glanced at her with a smile. "One enthusiasm drives out another," he thought. It gave a very pleasant fillip to his own emotions, that vivid face beside him: indeed, Shirley's capacity for enjoying everything had been her chief attraction in his eyes.

It was the first vespers of a feast; and the high altar was brilliant with lights, and covered with many flowers. Soft and clear, the sweet voices of the nuns chanted the holy words; then the tender strain was taken up in tones richer, deeper, but not less sweet, by the richly-robed priest at the altar.

Shirley did not try to understand; she did not attempt to follow the words; she simply surrendered her senses to the glory of the place, the sweetness of the enchanting melody, and the penetrating fragrance of the curling wreaths of incense.

When it was all over she heaved a deep sigh. "Oh, I wish I could stay here forever!" she said.

The Sister who had received them, and who had come again to their side, smiled, well pleased.

"You must come again, when you can see the house," she said, kindly. "It is too late now, and against our rule; but I can show you the grounds, if you like."

"I like anything that will keep me here half an hour longer," said Shirley.

There were winding paths in the garden, here encircling the image of a saint, there ending at a niche in the high brick wall, containing the glass-enclosed figures of the Madonna and Child.

Shirley arranged with Sister Ursula to come out by rail on the following day and spend several hours, Mr. Goldsborough undertaking to drive out for her in the afternoon.

"She's not such a promising convert, though, as she looks," he said, laughing: "her ardor soon evaporates, Sister Ursula."

"It is scientific zeal," returned Shirley. "I am interested in studying the possibility of living without money."

Mr. Goldsborough laughed rather significantly: he was more of a Roman Catholic than of anything else, in a religious way, and had had practical experience that if the Sisters tried to live without money they certainly did not succeed.

"As individuals," said Sister Ursula, gently, "we have no use for money; and you are quite right, my dear, in supposing voluntary poverty to be good for one's soul."

V.

It was rather a misfortune that Mr. Goldsborough did not understand the true significance of Shirley's study of Socialism. There have been periods in the world's history ere now when some truth, hitherto overlaid and obscured by the traditions of men, has started out upon the palimpsest of history with such youthful freshness and vigor as to be appropriately called a renaissance, or new birth. This new birth comes to one individual at a time: *then* suddenly it is found to be a part of the conscience of the race: so that it has been said that in every reform there are three stages: in the first people say, "It is absurd;" in the second, "It is irreligious;" in the third, "Everybody knows *that*!"

Mr. Goldsborough had not advanced beyond the point of believing Socialism too absurd to be worthy of serious consideration; but to Shirley it was indeed a renaissance. She had been brought up, it must be said, in an excellent school for it. Mrs. Meredith had been the daughter of a naval officer, who, as naval officers will, had lived fully up to his salary; she had married the clergyman of a fashionable church, and had led the life demanded by his wealthy flock, until, when Shirley was but four years old, his death left her a widow, with no inheritance except very expensive tastes and habits.

Of course his parishioners "would not see her suffer,"—or said so: they started her at once with a little school, and when Shirley was of

an age to be benefited by them, all the advantages of the diocesan school were open to her without money and without price.

But, in some way or other, Mrs. Meredith's income never quite held out. It was like trying to sleep under a baby's blanket,—pull it up one way, it comes short another; and so if Mrs. Meredith's rent was covered, the coal-bill went bare; if she paid her grocer, the cook must wait for her wages. Shirley was quite inured from childhood to wearing fewer and plainer frocks than her companions; sometimes her eyes looked wistful over it, but she soon forgot it. But attending a free church with no money to put in the plate was undoubtedly a cross; and as for Sunday-school, when she had found that the pennies contributed by each child were noted in a book, Shirley decided that Sunday-school was not in her line, and that, whether or not it was expected of her as a clergyman's daughter, she did not propose to go again. But for her sweet and wholesome nature, Shirley might have been seriously injured by these and innumerable other petty vexations and mortifications, the chief antidote to which was the teaching she received at home,—quite opposite to the practical effect of the Sunday-school contributions,—that her poverty was the will of God, and in His sight a higher state than riches. To be sure, she heard this at church too, and very earnestly preached; but as a matter of every-day experience it seemed rather easier for a rich man to enter by *that* gate of the kingdom than for a poor man to go through a needle's eye. Shirley quite appreciated the need of money to pay clerical salaries and provide candles, flowers, etc., for the altar; she did not see how the condition of affairs could be materially altered or improved; for, though it seemed that the times were out of joint, she had been taught to look upon inequalities of fortune as disagreeable necessities, like earthquakes and thunder-storms.

What would a hope of one day controlling the earthquake and guiding the thunder-cloud be to a votary of science? Such was to Shirley the new radiance that shone from the study she had "only just begun." It was not merely the solution of the mysteries that had perplexed her, and hope for the world; it was justifying the ways of God to men, the establishment of His claims as their King, the setting right in the eyes of all men of His power, love, mercy, justice, and truth.

There was not a nerve of her spiritual being which did not thrill with the new life, not a well-known object about her, not a thought, however old, but seemed new in the new light that fell upon it. "The former things had passed away; all things were become new." That her first impulse should have been to share her joy with her betrothed, is surely not wonderful; and Otho Goldsborough was far—very far—from any intention of being unkind. Shirley's enthusiasm was, in her, very sweet and pretty, but he could not help feeling amused at ideas so extremely unpractical. "But just for that reason they were the very ideas to fascinate women," he said, and he was not at all afraid of their gaining ground enough to become troublesome. So he let Shirley take her own way,—*"gave her her head,"* as he expressed it, until the first fervor of a new convert should have had time to evaporate; fully con-

vinced that the new interests and duties which married life would bring would be more than sufficient to obviate all that was *prononcé* in her opinions.

The girl was fond of him; but her heart had been thrown back upon itself; she felt chilled and wounded. Her marriage had been fixed for the end of the summer vacation, but Shirley positively declined to let it take place at that time.

"I am not sure of myself," she said. "Besides, I must get my successor into training."

For Mr. Goldsborough had advised that Mrs. Meredith should keep up her school, a task from which Shirley had hoped to be able to release her.

"She will be much happier so," he had said. "Of course I shall pay the salary of whoever takes your place; that is only fair and right; and you may help her in other ways as much as you like; but, believe me, she will be far happier in a position of usefulness, where she is respected and esteemed, than she could possibly be as a dependant upon you."

"There has never been any question of dependence on my side," said Shirley, rather indignantly: "we have just had a common purse, and what was hers has been mine, as mine was hers."

"But now that what is yours is mine and mine yours, it would hardly be reasonable to wish to include her in the bargain," said Mr. Goldsborough, smiling.

Shirley felt that her own dignity as well as her mother's would be compromised if the argument were pushed farther.

"What's his is mine, indeed!" she said to herself, bitterly. "That's the worst lie in the whole marriage service. I wonder why they put it in?"

She went very often to the wood-carver's cottage: it was like a little piece of heaven, and rested her, she said. For Shirley, as is the way of women, had gone to the heart of the subject at once: she had had no battles to fight with social prejudices, no difficulty in finding the right focus, as had been the case with Tom. That Elsa Engel should be even distantly related to their own absurd Mary, with her trusty heart and unreliable head, was simply comical to Shirley, who from the vantage-ground of genteel poverty had always viewed classes more on a level than is possible to most people; but those who see classes on a level are more easily able than others to note the varying heights of individuals: so there was no sense of social inequality to vex Shirley's intercourse with the wood-carver's family. But of that consciousness of inequality which lies at the root of hero-worship and justifies it—that is, makes it righteous—Shirley had her due proportion; and it was a constant delight to her, and source of refreshment, that the world held those whom she was able to love and reverence as heartily as she did Grandfather Engel and Elsa.

She found her way to the little cottage one September afternoon, when the woods were just gaining their first touch of red. There was a crispness in the air and a faint haze over the distant hills that told

of the near October, and Shirley was not sorry to meet Elsa at the gate, in her out-of-door dress, with a basket on her arm, and a shining tin can in the other hand.

"Going out? How nice!—that is, if I may go with you," she said. "It is such a perfect day, that it seems a sin to be shut up within four walls."

"Ah! so!" replied Elsa, with a soft sigh. "You may gladly go with me, dear friend; but there are sad sights to be seen on such a day as this."

"But they will not last long, Elsa: in the beautiful time coming, we shall all be happy."

Elsa smiled, and yet sadly shook her head. "For many, for most, of these," she said, "no deliverance will come in this world but death. And, someway, I cannot be sorry, my Shirley, when one of them seeks out that deliverance for herself. It is wrong,—yes! but to the dear Father above it is but as the impatience of an angry child who throws himself against the door of the closet wherein he has been locked."

"But the child has done wrong, Elsa, before being locked up; and most of these poor sufferers are good. It is the wicked ones who are well, rich, and happy."

"I do not know," said Elsa; "some say there is no poverty or pain without some fault; but I am sure it is not always the fault of the individual sufferer. We do not know, Shirley; but God knows."

They had by this time reached the point where the steep street led downward into the town. Shirley paused for a long look over the beautiful panorama of hill and valley they were leaving.

"I rather wish we were going in *that* direction," she said, wistfully; "but of course wherever you go is right, dear Elsa."

"Let us carry the beauty and the glory in our hearts," returned Elsa, "for they need it where we go."

There were no tenement-houses in Smoketon, but there was something immeasurably worse,—the private house used as a tenement. From a dingy street the two girls turned into a filthy alley, where piles of garbage lay rotting in the gutters. There was scarcely room to walk, between the broken curb and the low, once white wooden steps that cropped up every two or three yards, as it seemed; and what foot-way there was, was rendered unsafe by the broken pavement. Scores of children of all ages, some with hair bleached by the sun till it was by far the whitest thing about them, others grimed from hair to heel until it was hard to say if they were white or black by nature, announced themselves as literal cumberers of the earth, which, in spite of the great hills and the wide deep valleys around, had apparently no place for them upon her bosom except under the feet of the passer-by.

The houses were but two stories in height, which at first thought might be considered a gain; but the population of each was such as six stories could not have sheltered with comfort and decency. Each dwelling, however, had its cellar-way, politely termed its basement entrance; and into one of these Elsa made her way, closely followed by Shirley.

The room they entered was evidently a kitchen; for a huge cook-

ing-stove stood nearly in the middle of it, and between that and the one low window, considerably below the level of the pavement, a tall, stalwart-looking German woman stood at her ironing-board.

She nodded pleasantly to Elsa and fixed a curious gaze on Shirley as the two girls entered the open door without the ceremony of knocking and passed through to a back room, whence sounded the whir of a sewing-machine and the peevish wail of a young child. This room was smaller and darker than the front one; its one window was quite high in the wall, and under it stood the machine they had heard. Before it, bending over it, her motions as regular and unvarying as if she herself formed part of the machinery, sat a woman who ought to have been young. Her long black hair hung tangled and dusty over her shoulders,—though she had evidently tried to fasten it up with a broken comb. Her dress was a tattered and filthy calico which had once been black and white, but now could scarcely be called either; and there was plenty of evidence through the numerous rents that she wore very little besides.

On a small chair in the corner sat a boy of perhaps seven years,—sat, because he was unable to stand; for his form was bent and distorted, and his poor little face was the face of a malicious fairy. On the floor lay a baby of two years, thin and wizened, clad—for there is no other word to take the place of the misnomer—in what had once been a flannel skirt of its mother's. The binding was pinned around its neck, and the poor little arms were thrust through holes that had been torn for the purpose. The arms themselves were covered with what upon further examination proved to be the legs of a pair of worn-out knitted yarn stockings. Both children, the room, and the mother herself were rather more than dirty; and upon each side of the machine lay, as if in mocking contrast to the attire of the inmates, upon a newspaper spread to prevent their contact with the filthy floor, a pile of light-colored fall wraps, dainty in cut and delicate of hue, in which the mother was rapidly stitching the seams. At the cry of delight which broke from both children, this woman did not pause or turn her head.

"Good-day, Marie," said Elsa.

Shirley wondered how she dared use the words in such a place as that; certainly she got no answer; but she did not wait for one. She had already the baby in her arms, and was feeling her feverish hands and poor little hot cheeks.

"No, no," cried the little cripple, peevishly; "put Minne down, Elsa, and take me in your lap. I am so tired of this chair!"

"Minne is ill, Friedel," said Elsa, gently; while Shirley mutely held out her arms to the child, who pushed her crossly away and covered his face with his poor sleeve. "Marie, you know that she is ill?"

"And what good if I do?" replied Marie Wahman, as she dropped a garment upon the pile at her left and caught up another from the right. "Have I time to stop and nurse her? Besides, if the good God take her to Himself that will be best of all. She will be a woman if she lives; and there are worse things in this world than starvation, for a woman."

"I have brought some milk," said Elsa: "that will be good for her, and also for Friedel. Where is Teresa?"

"Gone! She did not come home last night. I know why. Do not dare to blame her, Elsa."

"*Mein Gott!*" said the girl, with a look of terror; "and she but barely fifteen!"

The mother gave a short, hard laugh, more expressive and more terrible than words. "Teresa will not long be young," she said. "Elsa, you see my hair, how it is thick and long? When they have told me to cut it off and sell it, I have said, 'Ah, no! if I should take to the streets at last, I should need my hair.' And I ought to have done it, Elsa, but I was a coward; I could not give myself to such a life; I thought starvation better: therefore Teresa has gone instead. Elsa, I could have saved my child, and I did not."

She spoke in a shrill, hard, tuneless voice, without pausing, or raising her eyes from her work.

Shirley leaned against the grimy wall, white and trembling. Elsa had lifted the baby to her lap, and was holding to the little parched lips a glass of cool sweet milk, which it drank greedily. She motioned to Shirley to do the same for the boy; meanwhile little Minne nestled her head against the kind breast that supported her, and fell into a soft and sudden sleep.

"There is little amiss with her: she will soon be well," said Elsa, tenderly.

"*Gott bewahre!* she had better die," said the mother.

"So I think," said Friedel, sagely. "She does nothing this day but lie on the floor and cry, so that she makes my head ache; and she will not pick up my spools when I drop them," showing a long string of the only playthings he possessed. "Yes, yes, she had better die."

"Do you not love your little sister?" asked Shirley, gently.

"If she dies there will be her share of bread for me," said the boy, shrewdly.

At the sound of a strange voice Marie Wahman turned for the first time; then she pushed back her chair, rose swiftly to her feet, and confronted the intruder. She was deadly pale,—Shirley had never seen any one so utterly bloodless,—and her face was worn not merely into furrows, but, as it seemed, into chasms, from amid which her large black eyes shone, fierce, wolfish, terrible. Her dress was so nearly reduced to ribbons, as Shirley now saw, that it could with difficulty be kept about her; it slipped from her shoulder with the rough abruptness of her motion, and she held it across her wasted bosom with one hand, while with the other she threatened her uninvited guest.

"You!" she cried, wildly. "How dare you come here and be pretty, and happy, and young, and good also? What is it to you if we live or die? Go home and send your mother to me! Does she love you better than I love my child? No; but she has more money; and therefore you live safe and honored and happy; and when you die there is your place in heaven ready for you; while *my* child has only hell before her,—hell here, and hell hereafter. And you think

that Jesus Christ is your Saviour? I tell you, no! What saves you is money!—money!—money!”

Shirley could not speak; she held up her hands as one begging for mercy. Elsa would have interposed to shield her, but, before she could speak, a wild shrill laugh was heard outside, and the form of a girl rushed into the room. She had her mother's black eyes and abundant dark hair; the paint on her pale cheeks was smirched and smeared over her whole face; the tawdry finery which she had, as was afterwards understood, borrowed for the occasion, was torn and disordered. She threw a roll of bank-notes at her mother's feet, caught up Friedel from his chair, and kissed him. “Friedel,” she cried, “you shall have a little carriage to ride about the streets, and a blue coat with brass buttons. And you, mother, no more work for the sweaters! you shall live like a lady. There's the money, and plenty more where it came from.”

The woman stood for a moment looking from the money on the floor to her daughter's face. The room,—malodorous enough before, heaven knows!—was redolent with the fumes of whiskey. She did not need to ask why Teresa had not come home earlier.

Suddenly the ghastly face flushed crimson, her eyes filled with blood; she rushed forward and tried to snatch the sleeping baby from Elsa's arms.

“Give her to me!” she cried, furiously; “let me dash out her brains against the wall and send her home to God, before the devil gets his grip of her also!”

There was a short, fierce struggle, then a fall, and Marie Wahman lay upon the floor, with the red life-blood pouring from her lips.

When they took her up, she was quite dead.

“Could you not have helped her? Could you not have saved that poor girl?” asked Shirley, passionately, of the German woman who had stood ironing in the outer room, and who ran hastily in at the outcry.

The woman looked at her curiously, then shrugged her broad shoulders. “Help her!” she said. “Do you suppose I did not help her when I could? But what is the good of helping one or saving one, when there are so many others? They are like flies: kill one, and a hundred come to the funeral; and so save one of these girls, make her able to earn an honest living, and, while you do it, a fall in wages throws a hundred into the sweaters' hands, or on the streets. No one can help them but the dear Lord God; and sometimes it seems as if He would not try.”

“What is a sweater?” asked Shirley, as they went home together.

“A sweater,” replied Elsa, “is one who takes large quantities of work from a clothing-house and puts it out again to women who undertake to do it for him. The difference between what he receives and what he pays for the work is, of course, his profit.”

“Then he does none of the work himself?”

“None at all.”

“And the clothing-houses know that when they give it to him?”

“I suppose; but ach, no! they *cannot* realize it!”

"It is cruel, wicked, of them!" cried Shirley; "it is murder,—murder!"

Her eyes grew suddenly large with dread and horror.

"Elsa," she whispered, "tell me, does Mr. Golds—I mean, do you know what house Marie Wahman's work came from?"

"Shirley," said Elsa, solemnly, "I did not take you there to show you, but it is best you should know; only, remember, it is always true that they know not what they do. Smoketon is but a little place, and in it is only one house where work is done like that which lay on the floor yonder,—the floor too foul for those fine coats, but clean enough for a human child. And that one house is—Goldsborough Brothers."

VI.

In spite of her poverty, Shirley's life had been a sheltered one; she knew little of the world, little of business customs and code of morals; nothing of the cesspool of infamy that poisons in secret our whole social life, except vaguely and indistinctly, as of "something not nice to talk about." Such innocence is a beautiful thing. Would to God it were possible for every young maid! would to God there were no cesspool at hand to swallow up a sister before her eyes, and to turn herself sick and faint with the fumes of its horrible iniquity!

Elsa Engel had lived her sweet life close to the knowledge of evil, all untainted and unsmirched thereby; for hers was the purity of the diamond, a purity possible to but a few stainless souls; yet even Elsa had not foreseen the effect of so sudden a revelation upon a mind so ignorant, yet so quick of apprehension, and a heart so loving and tender, coming also, as it did, just upon the joy of the new faith that had dawned upon her spirit.

She went home, pale, wide-eyed, and silent, and sank into a chair dumbly despairing. Were her feelings morbid and exaggerated? Perhaps; but to Shirley even her own poor luxuries rose up in judgment against her, as though she had no right to cleanliness and comfort, to a roof over her head and bread to eat, while for the lack of these things girls not as old as herself were—

She trembled from head to foot, her teeth chattered as if with an ague-fit, her eyes swam, her heart beat faintly.

What was that flash upon her toilette-table? There! it was gone; no, there it came again; now it burned like a spark of prismatic flame. Her eyes grew clearer, her brain steadied itself: she understood that the afternoon sun had found out a crevice in the closed green shutters and had sent a long ray like a finger to point out to her a dainty pin, set with a single diamond,—Mr. Goldsborough's last gift.

Goldsborough Brothers!

She sprang to her feet; she threw her arms wildly into the air. "I cannot see him! I will never see him again! I will never, *never* marry him!" cried Shirley, aloud.

Mr. Goldsborough came as usual that evening; but Shirley was in bed with a headache, he was told—quite truly.

"She was out all the afternoon with that Engel girl, dear knows in what sorts of places," said Mrs. Meredith, "and this is the consequence. She is too much upset to tell me what happened, except that some woman burst a blood-vessel, or something, and died in her very presence."

"It is outrageous that she should be exposed to such sights," said Mr. Goldsborough, indignantly; "and really, Mrs. Meredith, if you don't put a stop to it, I will."

"Indeed, I wish you would," replied the widow, sincerely.

The rich man meditated. "I'll tell you what to do," he said. "Find out from the Engel girl exactly what happened; and if the people are poor, let me know how much money you want for them. That will cheer up Shirley and show her that you sympathize with her on general principles, and that you object simply to allowing her to kill herself. She has been just a little *tête exaltée* ever since the unfortunate day when she made the acquaintance of that hoary old humbug, and needs to be handled with gloves on."

"Why, you know *who* those Engels are," said Mrs. Meredith, with scornful emphasis,—"cousins of our Mary in the kitchen?"

"Don't depreciate them to Shirley, though," said her future son-in-law, smiling: "remember, there are more ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream; better ways, too. Good-night."

"As if I did not know how to manage my own daughter!" said Mrs. Meredith, looking after him.

But she took good care to follow his advice; and the "points" which she readily obtained from Elsa and confided to Mr. Goldsborough made them both more determined than ever to separate the two girls.

"I am very sorry for the poor souls, and quite understand how Shirley, in her ignorance of business, holds me responsible," said the rich man, thoughtfully, when a day or two had passed and Shirley still refused to see him.

"I will write to him when I get stronger," the girl said, "but I pray God never to see him again. I hate him."

The message reached her *fiancé* in a much modified form; yet he grew a little pale over it, and bit his lip before he could answer calmly, as recorded above.

Mrs. Meredith was as ignorant of business as Shirley, and almost as unversed in the world's wickedness; moreover, her sympathies had been deeply moved. "I don't wonder her heart broke,—poor mother!" she had said; and now she ventured to intermeddle, timidly enough, on behalf of other mothers and daughters.

"Mr. Goldsborough," she asked, diffidently, "is that sweating system really necessary? Would it not be possible to abolish the middleman?"

Mr. Goldsborough shrugged his shoulders. "My dear madam," he said, "all things are possible, but most things are very inconvenient. The middleman—who, by the way, is often a middlewoman—is eminently a labor-saving machine to the manufacturer: we give him a fair price for the work he undertakes to have done; and what he pays the women is his affair and theirs, not ours."

"But you know that he makes his profit out of their necessities?"

"I know that everybody preys on everybody else, in our modern society; but I don't see what I am going to do about it."

"If you were to give the work directly to the women themselves——"

"These particular women would be rather worse than better off, my dear Mrs. Meredith; for neither I nor any one at the factory has an idea the most remote of their names or local habitations; and you may be very sure the sweaters wouldn't tell: so the practical result of that move would be to take away even the little that they have."

"You could trace most of them, I should think."

"I doubt it; besides, I have certainly not the time to plough around in alleys."

"Then why not advertise?"

The man laughed aloud with amusement. "How many of those poor devils—begging your pardon for the word—have time or money to spend on a newspaper?" he asked.

"Why, they are as completely slaves as if they lived in a dungeon!" said Mrs. Meredith.

Mr. Goldsborough shrugged his shoulders again. "I did not make the system," he said, "but, finding it made to my hand, I don't propose to scatter my brains against it in the effort to break it down. That's all."

"By the way," said Mrs. Meredith, who did not venture to pursue the subject further, "Shirley is very anxious to leave home for a while."

"Perhaps it might be the best plan," said Mr. Goldsborough; "though you may tell her, from me, that I will not try to see her until she sends for me. Her nerves have had a shock, and must have time to recover, I quite understand that,—poor child! Where does she wish to go?"

"Well, at first she wanted to go to stay with the Engels; but of course I vetoed that at once."

"I should say so!"

"Then she spoke of the convent."

"St. Agnes'? Hum! I don't know—well, yes, certainly; just the place for her," cried Mr. Goldsborough, as an idea suddenly occurred to him. "Quiet, country air, regular hours, no nonsense,—nothing could be better. If you like, I will see Mother Ignatia myself, and give her an idea of the situation and the sort of treatment required."

"You speak as if we were sending her to a lunatic asylum! Shirley isn't crazy," said the mother, with some indignation.

"She is morbid," replied the man, "and morbidness may lead to anything. Do you suppose I should take her treatment of me so quietly, if I considered her fully responsible?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Meredith, with a sigh. "If the rest of us felt these things as deeply as Shirley does——"

"It would be a world of maniacs."

"No; the cause of *her* mania, as you call it, would be very speedily annihilated," answered Mrs. Meredith.

VII.

"I must see Elsa before I go," said Shirley, so vehemently that Mrs. Meredith, whose sympathies were on one side, while her inherited opinions remained on the other, did not think best to oppose her. This was on Sunday afternoon, the very day succeeding the conversation described in our last, and Tom was therefore free to offer his escort; indeed, he was as glad to do so as Shirley was to accept it.

For Tom's acquaintance with Elsa had not made much progress since we last had leisure to observe it. He had few excuses for seeking her society, not feeling free to do so openly and avowedly for its own sake, as Shirley did. And in some mysterious way the girl's white soul held him in awe: he felt that an interview obtained by a false excuse would not profit him in the least. He could not look into her pure pale face, or meet the still radiance of her lovely eyes, and feel that he had wronged her even by a shadow of deceit. Other women might be wooed by means of "innocent falsehoods," as they are called; not Elsa Engel; second-best might be good enough for every day, it was not good enough for her; and Tom had come to understand that for him also only the best would suffice,—Elsa herself. The knowledge elevated, purified his whole being; he felt in some dim manner that the one way to make her truly his was to tune his heart and soul to accord with hers; and, though the very effort taught him their dissonance, their lack of accord with the harmony of the universe, even here his easy temper and hopeful spirit stood him in excellent stead, and made him cheerily patient.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it," said Tom to himself, "and it ain't a bad sign that one *can* see it."

He walked along very silently at Shirley's side, this Sunday afternoon, very observant, though, of her paleness and the dark shadows which her brief illness had left under her pretty eyes, and very careful of her at crossings and such-like, with that tender courtesy in which he had always been such a proficient.

Both of them were in rather a mood for silence, and were distinctly sorry when at a cross-street they encountered the vivacious Hopkins.

"Now, it's not possible you are going to old Engel's?" said Hopkins, immediately. "You are? Then, 'Tommy, make room for your uncle!' I'm going there too, and you're the very people to introduce me."

"What are you going to distort out of all possibility of recognition, now, in your wretched paper?" asked Tom, rather crossly.

"Oh, go away!" retorted Hopkins, humorously. "I only want a few funeral baked meats; that's all."

Shirley mentally finished the quotation, applied it to her own marriage, and shuddered.

"Cold?" asked Hopkins, sympathetically.

"She has not been well," said Tom.—"Take my arm, Shirley: the hill is steep just here."

"I heard you were laid up," said Hopkins. "Must have been an

awful shock for you, and that's a fact. I suppose you didn't get to the funeral this morning?"

"I didn't suppose the poor woman would be honored with one."

"Why, I understood your mother came down very handsomely towards the expenses?"

"She did not mention it to me," replied the girl.

"No?" said the newspaper-man, with apparent surprise, while within himself he added, "I thought it was a case of '*alias* Goldsborough.'"

"Yes," he said, aloud, "they had all the trappings and the suits of woe; but I could not find out what was to become of the young ones, and that is what I'm here for. I say, Miss Meredith, if you see an article or so in my paper soon, defending the poor, and doing a little spread eagle about vampire plutocrats and all that, you won't lay it up against me, will you? I ain't malicious: it's only a question of——"

"Most probably I shall not see anything of it," replied Shirley, coldly. "I am going to the country to-morrow or next day for my health, and may not see a paper until I return."

"Then there's an apology clean thrown away," said Hopkins. "Never mind: keep it in camphor seven years, and you'll find use for it at last." But to himself he said, "Goldsborough, my boy, I don't believe you'll make a trade with this party. The bargain's off, or I'm a bigger fool than I know."

The evening was almost too cool for supper to be served under the forest-tree arbor, as Shirley had hoped; but in the door-way which led from the little passage between house and shop, into the conservatory, sat Grandfather Engel in his Sunday coat, and beside him the crippled boy whom Marie Wahman's death had left motherless, whom the old man was amusing by drawing quaint and beautiful designs on scraps of paper. Through the open door into the garden were visible the forms of the two girls, slowly walking back and forth upon the level part of the path, Teresa carrying in her arms the little Minne.

"Is it possible that you have them here?" asked Tom, when, with a thrill of disapprobation, he had seen his cousin, after a greeting to the old man, hasten into the garden to join the others.

"No other refuge was open to them," said the wood-carver, quietly. "Poor children! they suffer for the sins of others."

Friedel's eyes were keen and watchful, and the conversation was rather constrained until Frau Engel came in to carry him off to bed.

Then Hopkins said, "You'll find some difficulty, I fear, sir, in getting these children anything to do; and I understand you are opposed to charity?"

"I?" said the old man, smiling. "Not to charity, my son, but to alms-giving. Yes, it will be hard to find a safe place for Teresa, poor girl, outside of these walls."

"Well, I mean to write up the case pretty thoroughly," said Hopkins: "it's a point where our present infamous system of production is peculiarly open to attack, and Goldsborough is our paper's political

enemy anyhow, so it is killing two birds with one stone, you see. Oh, yes; the Sweater has got to go, and there's all about it."

"All that is evil has got to go, in the end; righteousness will finally triumph, my son."

"But why are you opposed to alms-giving?" asked Tom. "The Bible recommends it, and it is preached in the churches loudly enough, Lord knows."

"Can you give of that which is not yours?" asked the old man. "It is preached indeed loudly in the churches, that a man should give; but scarce loud enough, that he has lawfully nothing of his own that he can give."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing, except himself. For example: a man has money invested in railway-stock, which pays him a yearly dividend. Does he earn that money? It is earned by the train-men and the engineers. Nay, even these could not have earned it but for James Watt, George Stephenson, and a long line of other inventors, upon the fruit of whose genius every child of the race has surely an equal claim. My son, when the Lord Christ said that it was harder for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven than for a camel to go through a needle's eye, what did He mean, think you?"

"Well, sir," said Tom, "that is something that has always puzzled me. I suppose it isn't figurative?" he added, dubiously.

"That the Scriptures contain figurative expressions is a discovery of tremendous practical convenience," returned the wood-carver. "Is it also figurative to say that no robber or murderer hath eternal life abiding in him?"

"I'm afraid that is a cold fact."

"And if private property, beyond the limits of a man's personal needs, is robbery, and involves the murder, body and soul, of the dispossessed?"

"I see what you mean," said Tom, conscious in every nerve that Elsa was approaching the door, "and I agree with my friend Hopkins that the vampire plutocrat has got to be enjoined; the Sweater must go; but I don't see how we are going to manage it."

He did not quite know what he was saying, but it sounded more coherent than he had dared to hope. He took Elsa's hand in his for a moment, found a chair for her, and seated himself on the step down into the hot-house, just where he could see her face. Teresa, with the sleeping child in her arms, had been attracted by his last words, and paused in the opposite door-way to hear what should follow.

Clothed and in her right mind, Teresa was a somewhat stunted and sullen-looking girl, with coarse, dark skin, heavy features, fierce black eyes, and a quantity of coarse hair to match. She was not at all an attractive-looking girl, but of just the sort whom one finds in reformatories and is not surprised to hear of there as difficult subjects. Yet she held the child very carefully in her arms, and hushed her softly, with her face against the innocent cheek.

"It *could* be managed, if the women were organized," said Hopkins. "By George, what a scheme that would be!" he added. "If

we had a missionary, now, to go around and find out who they are, first of all,—for that is the hardest point to overcome,—then get them into the Assembly which the regular workers have already formed.”

“Dues!” said Tom; “you don’t suppose they’ve got any spare change to pay dues, do you?”

“Bah! I’ll collect enough money in a day to pay all the dues they’ll need for six months!”

“And then?” broke in Teresa, without moving from the door-way. Her great eyes burned; but the flame was not a holy one.

“Then strike!” said Hopkins; “that’s all. The whole Assembly, you know, demand to receive work and wages from the factory direct, with no intervention of middlemen, and no discrimination between indoor and out-door workers; though that’s hardly fair, either, for the outs furnish their own light, power, and heat, and so ought to receive more.”

The color had faded quite out of Teresa’s dark cheek; her face was like that of the dead; but her eyes were dreadful. “So easy as that!” she said. “If I had known it a month ago—— Will you do it?” with suppressed vehemence.

“Will I do what?” asked the man, uneasily.

“Will you raise the money? I will do the rest.”

“By George, I believe you could,” he said.

“Teresa, dear child, Minne is waking,” said Elsa, softly. “Come, let us take her away.”

“You see, my son,” said the old man, when Teresa had silently yielded to the gentle hand on her shoulder, and had disappeared into the house,—“you see that the child is in great danger, even here. I am sorry such a thought should have come to her; it will be hard to banish from her mind.”

“But why should it be banished? She is the very one for such a work; her history will arouse sympathy; and we should kill the sweating system in Smoketon at a blow.”

“At the cost of the girl’s own soul,” said the wood-carver, solemnly. “My son, would you try to serve God by the help of the devil? Would you overcome evil with evil?”

“Why, I never thought of it exactly in that light, don’t you know?” replied Hopkins, with some embarrassment. “But let me understand your point of view: do you disapprove of strikes in general, or only this one?”

“There may have been strikes, as there may have been wars,” said the old man, “untainted by malice or revenge, and righteous throughout. But, at best, strikes are but war measures, and war is of the devil.”

“Then you hold, with Tolstoi, that any active resistance, even to the most cruel wrong and oppression, is sinful?”

“I hold,” said the old man, “that love, not discord, unity, not strife, is the law of this world. I hold that the growth of the race has been from the physical to the mental plane, and thence to the spiritual. I hold that good is stronger than evil, spirit than body: therefore, in resisting force with force we are using a weak weapon, which may at

any moment break, or be turned against ourselves, while in opposing good to evil, love to oppression, we wield the sword of the Spirit, which cannot but conquer at last."

"At the long last, perhaps," said Hopkins, with a grimace. "Then you would stand by and see any wrong worked upon the innocent, without raising a finger to help?"

"Not so," said the old man. "For which is worst off, the murderer or his victim? Doubtless the murderer: therefore it is right to hinder a wicked deed even by physical force, though the hindering be at my own proper peril."

"Why so?"

"The man of violence moves only upon the physical plane; if I meet him there, I lay myself open to all the temptations of that plane,—wrath, strife, envyings, and such-like. Nevertheless, to do so may be a clear duty."

"Well," said Hopkins, rising, "if those are your views, I guess I'd better take myself off before Miss Teresa comes back, for I must say that my sympathies are with her.—Tom, you don't want to walk a bit with me, do you? I'll send him back safe against you want him, Miss Shirley."

When they had gone some little distance quite in silence, Hopkins laid a hand upon Tom's shoulder, and recited, funereally,—

"There was a man named Ferguson,
He lived in Market Street,
He had a speckled Thomas-cat—"

"Confound your impudence! what do you mean?" cried Tom, breaking away from him.

"Don't swear, Tommy: it isn't pretty for little boys. I merely wish to remind you how one ambitious Thomas was 'busted in the back,' and to remark, in a general way, that if Elsa Engel is the young lady you were impersonally doubtful about marrying, you've got cheek enough for Jonah's whale."

Tom's first impulse was to knock him off the bridge, which they had just reached; but nobody ever got angry with Hopkins, so he only said, "Tell me something I don't know. It's as clear as daylight that she don't care a snap for me."

"Well, by George, what if she don't?" replied the other, unexpectedly: "it's a privilege just to sit and look at a girl like that,—makes a fellow a better man, and so on, don't you know? And as for the grandfather,—by George, I had to leave instanter, or he'd have had me on the mourners' bench in less than no time. By gracious, Tom, I didn't know there were such people," said Hopkins, leaning his back against the bridge-railing, with his hands in his pockets, and his hat on the back of his head, and gazing sentimentally at the moon. "It makes a fellow understand, you know, how a little leaven leavens the whole lump, and that, don't you see?"

"I don't see," said Tom, "what has produced this effect. She scarcely said a word while you were there."

"Jealous?" said Hopkins, interrogatively, closing one eye and turn-

ing the other on his friend. "No : he don't look it, and perhaps even he is not quite such a fool. It's not what any of them *did*, Tommy, it's what they are; the whole moral atmosphere. To see that girl with her hand on the shoulder of that poor weak child—ah! your cousin is a very good little girl, no doubt; but Elsa Engel don't go to bed on account of the wrong and suffering in the world, any more than any of the other angels."

Hopkins's ecstasies left Tom in rather a depressed state of mind : he retraced his steps slowly and disconsolately to the wood-carver's cottage, to find that Shirley had persuaded Elsa to walk home with her.

"For I don't know when I shall see you again," she had said, and Elsa had yielded.

Even Tom had quite forgotten Mary, who opened the door in answer to their ring, grinned all over her honest face at the sight of them, and grinned still more when she saw Tom start off to see Elsa home.

"Are they keeping company? Is he her fellow?" demanded Mary, looking after them.

"Nonsense!" said Shirley, with severity: "Elsa is not that sort of a girl, Mary. She came home with *me*, and of course Mr. Tom is polite to her."

"He's polite to me a'ready, but he don't look at me so lovin' as that," murmured Mary, unconvinced.

Her fellow! Poor Mary, who had never had a sweetheart! "I'll see him when he comes in, though," she said, with that wistful determination to share, if ever so little, in the joy of others, that is known only to the unattractive and neglected ones.

She drew a chair to the window which commanded a view of the gate, put up her feet on another chair, and laid her head against the window-frame. But, alas! poor Mary was a sleepy-head by nature, and the next thing she was conscious of was a hand upon her shoulder, and a requisition from Mrs. Meredith to know the meaning of this.

It was two o'clock in the morning.

"Where is Mr. Tom?" asked Mary, starting wildly to her feet.

"Mr. Tom? In bed, of course, where he should be at this hour! What business have you with Mr. Tom? and the kitchen gas blazing so high that the reflection on the pavement outside my window waked me out of a sound sleep!" said Mrs. Meredith. "Go to your room at once, and don't let this happen again."

With a burst of tears, Mary obeyed.

But while she had slept, and missed even her poor share of the romance, the glamour of the moonlight had been very strong upon the two who had walked home under its rays. Yet they had said very little to each other; but there had been something in the touch of her hand upon his arm which had comforted Tom. So when they reached the gate he took her hand in his, and looked down into her face,—not very far down, however, for she was nearly as tall as himself.

"Elsa," he said, "I have wished to see you so often, and have had no excuse to come. May I come without an excuse?"

"Yes," she said, softly.

He laid his left hand over hers.

"I'm a poor sort of a fellow," he said, "but at least knowing you has taught me what I ought to be, and perhaps I can grow better, nobler, less unworthy to know you. Will you help me?"

She did not reply in words; she only raised her eyes to his, in the brilliant moonlight. There was no coquetry in that glance; if I dared to define love, I should say there was no love in it. It was as if she had opened to him the depths of her pure soul and let him read there all that he was able to comprehend.

Tom went home as lightly as if he trod upon air; but his slumbers that night were somewhat broken, while Elsa slept the sleep of a tired child.

VIII.

It was upon that very Sunday afternoon, and almost at the precise moment when Tom and Shirley set out upon their walk, that Otho Goldsborough drove up to the gate of St. Agnes' Convent.

His business there was to arrange for Shirley to be received as a boarder for a fortnight, or longer if she chose to stay,—the necessity of giving a *quid pro quo* for the nuns' hospitality had not occurred to Shirley, nor did her lover mean that it should,—and also to come to a little private understanding with Mother Ignatia, the Superior of the convent, a tall stately woman whose sixty winters had not robbed her of her erect carriage and grand air; a woman about whom her serge habit hung as if it had been a queen's coronation-robe; with strongly-marked features and dark deeply-set eyes, that could flash as keenly as diamonds, but, unlike these, could melt to tenderness and pity.

But as she listened to Mr. Goldsborough, Mother Ignatia's eyes were simply clear, intelligent, and business-like; for what he had to say "told itself," as the French have it, and demanded no very strong effort to take it in.

"The poor child is completely under the influence of these crazy Socialists," said Mr. Goldsborough. "I believe they have convinced her that it is her duty to break off her engagement to me, if she breaks her heart in the process. Meanwhile, she refuses even to see me; so that my hands are completely tied; but, as coming out here was her own suggestion, she will be receptive to the influences of the place. And if you can make a Catholic of her, reverend mother, I confess that I should not be sorry: you know I come myself of a Catholic family on my mother's side, and was baptized by a priest, though I have never made a communion."

"It is a duty you should not neglect any longer, I think," said the Mother, gravely; "but as for Miss Meredith, it will be easy to show her how all that is true or beautiful in Socialism has already a place in the Church."

"If you will remember that she has really had a great nervous shock. Fancy seeing a woman drop dead at one's feet!"

"I see. Yes, that was terrible for her. What she wants, then, is

quiet and rest, when I should hope the other matter would right itself."

"Under Catholic influence," said the rich man, smiling.

Neither of the participants had any more notion of considering this conference a conspiracy than had Hopkins and Teresa in planning to "enjoin the oppressor." After all, what *is* a conspiracy? It is not the making a definite plan to reach a definite object, for all of us do that, and get other people to help us, as often as we can; nor is it even the element of secrecy, for there is no law, moral or otherwise, that obliges us to discuss our private affairs until we are ready and willing to do so. Is not the essential feature of a conspiracy that we plan the accomplishment of an object, which in itself may be either good or bad, by *means* the righteousness of which is not altogether above suspicion?

Shirley abandoned herself to the peace of the convent, as a frightened child to the security of its mother's arms. Her tiny room was plain and bare enough to spare her all sense of luxury; and the stillness of the place, the sweet calm faces about her, the concentration of all the beauty, glory, and melody within the walls about the tiny chapel, satisfied her sense of right and soothed her jarring nerves and troubled spirit. For several days she was left to go and come exactly as she pleased; then—she hardly knew how it happened; there was nothing to fret her, no atmosphere of controversy to arouse and agitate her,—but Shirley found herself reading,—reading, too, stories of lives so pure, so noble, that it filled her with strange sweet gladness to know that they had ever been lived; lives of St. Francis d'Assisi, the "Gray Friar," whose bride was holy poverty; of Père Lacordaire, the Dominican artist; of the noble army of martyrs who planted the cross along the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Lakes, and the upper Mississippi. Of these men and their doings, Mother Ignatia was ready to talk to her; that was natural enough; but it was rather a surprise to Shirley to find her so willing to discuss the principles of Socialism, the essential justice of which she was quite prepared to admit.

Shirley did not feel more nearly drawn to Otho Goldsborough by such conversations as these. She compared him, now, not merely with the lofty enthusiasm of Grandfather Engel, but with the heroes of whom she read; and more and more, as her ideal of her own possible life grew clearer and purer, did she feel the utter lack of any sympathy or comprehension from her betrothed husband.

So the fortnight had not ended before she wrote her promised letter to Otho Goldsborough: "I told you from the first that I did not love you; I never promised to do more than try; and now I find that our views of life are so unlike, that if I were to succeed in caring for you it would be a great misfortune to us both. I do not hope to bring you over to my way of thinking, and sincerely trust that I may never adopt yours."

That the mother should be vexed and disappointed was but natural; but she was very kind, as Shirley always said.

Mr. Goldsborough wrote a short, prompt, and business-like acceptance of her decision. Whether his heart had turned from her, or whether his acquiescence were merely a strategic move, Mrs. Meredith

did not know; as for Shirley, the doubt never occurred to her. To regret her decision as soon as it was made would have been weak; therefore Shirley did not regret it, she was quite positive on that point; but a great interest had gone out of her life, and she missed her lover more than she would have believed possible.

The Wahman family were still at Grandfather Engel's; and Mrs. Meredith had "put her foot down," as she expressed it, that Shirley should not be "mixed up with such a girl as Teresa."

"If you were married, it might be different," she said; "but, as you have settled that for yourself, remember that a woman who has her own living to earn, especially as a teacher, cannot afford disreputable associates."

Shirley yielded, for the bread-and-butter argument is the strongest that can be brought to bear upon any subject; but time hung very heavy upon her hands, with the excitement of preparing for her marriage gone out of her life, and her place in the school filled by the substitute whose first quarter's salary Mr. Goldsborough had paid in advance. Shirley often wondered what was to be done about the rest of it, and how that already advanced was to be repaid to her *ex-fiancé*. It was a minor matter, perhaps, but it helped to make his utter silence the most wearing form of revenge he could have chosen.

She had been at home nearly three weeks, when, one day, as she returned from a very welcome errand up-town, which had helped her to feel as though she were still of some slight use in her day and generation, she became suddenly conscious of a very wide smile approaching to meet her, which smile, a moment later, took on the physical semblance of the journalistic Hopkins.

"Well met by moonlight, Miss Meredith!" said Hopkins. "Not that it's really moonlight, you know, but Shakespeare says so, and Shakespeare's sure to be right. That is a fundamental principle of all criticism."

"Well, moonlight may be the name of it," said Shirley, smiling, "but it looks to me very like a Scotch mist."

"Is that so?" he asked, in apparent surprise, turning to walk beside her. "I'm glad not to have *missed* you, at all events. Have you seen your friend Miss Engel lately?"

"As well as I can remember, after such a pun, I don't think I have," replied Shirley; and at that very moment, as she smiled brightly into Hopkins's ugly face, Otho Goldsborough turned the corner and met them, touched his hat, and passed without a word. Shirley whitened as though he had struck her.

"He despises me!" she thought.

Hopkins glanced at her sympathetically. "It does make a fellow sorry even for a Goldsborough, who has lost a girl like that," he thought; "but why should she seem to care more than he does?"

In a moment more they reached the store for which Elsa worked; and here Shirley paused.

"I wonder whether Elsa may not be here now," she said: "it is her day for bringing home work. Good-morning, Mr. Hopkins: I shall go in and see."

She was as flushed now as she had been pale, sparkling and brilliant, her pretty mouth dimpled with smiles. "Rum critters is women," soliloquized Hopkins, as he walked off alone, fairly puzzled for once in his life.

Elsa was not in the store,—had not been there, the proprietress said, but would surely be in during the course of the day. Could she deliver any message? Shirley had answered no, and was turning away, when Teresa Wahman entered.

Her fierce black eyes brightened at sight of Shirley. "Stop," she said; "I want to speak to you;" and, as Shirley hesitated, "I have a message from Elsa."

The girl sat down to wait and listen, while Teresa transacted her business as Elsa's ambassador.

"She wants more material, this time," said Teresa; "for she has taught me to knit those pretty little silk socks in the leaf-pattern. She said you could always find sale for them."

"So I can: they're unique," said the proprietress. "Elsa is real good to you, ain't she?"

"Well, I should smile!" replied Teresa, fervently. "Not that it's any credit to her, though," she added: "it comes as easy to her to be good as it does to a cat to climb a fence. It's her nature."

She turned abruptly to Shirley.

"I'm ready. Come on," she said.

Shirley hesitated. "Cannot you tell me here?" she asked; for indeed the bold ways and loud harsh voice of the poor child were very painful to this daughter of centuries of culture and refinement.

"You don't want to be seen on the street with me!" cried the girl, with a hoarse laugh.

The proprietress stepped forward quickly. "Of course she don't, Teresa," she said; "nor you can't blame the young lady.—Just step into my little parlor here, miss: if she has a message from Elsa, it won't hurt you to hear that; but as to being seen on the street with her, you are perfectly right. She don't understand the difference between her and a young lady like you."

"Don't I?" said the girl, sullenly, when they were alone in the little parlor referred to. "I don't know why I don't, then. Your mother had time to look after you and teach you to be a lady; mine,—you saw for yourself how we lived and how she died. When I was only four years old, I could sew on buttons as well as you can now, and I was kep' at it, too, sometimes fourteen hours a day. Nor that wasn't the worst, neither; they was lots of things I never knew was bad till Elsa told me. Fact is, I don't see how we could have done no different, livin' ten of us, men, boys, and women, in the one room."

"Ten in one room!" cried Shirley.

"Not the one you saw us in," said the girl: "we'd just moved into that one, which come cheaper on account of bein' a cellar. There was only one more family in that one besides us, and they was a woman and two daughters. They worked in a artificial flower factory, them three, and that was why they wasn't at home when you was there. The youngest daughter died just before I went to the bad. Doctor said

it was arsenic as they uses in the green leaves, you know; and the others won't be long behind. You just ought to see the sores on their faces and hands."

"How horrible! I have read of such things."

"Yes; readin' about it is one thing, and seein' of it is another," said the girl. "Doctor said there was other dyes could be used to make just as pretty a green, but arsenic come cheaper; and o' course the boss don't care how many women die, 's long's they's plenty others to take their place."

"There ought to be a law," said Shirley, "forbidding the use of arsenic in manufactures of any kind."

"And then another law, to say as they should mind that one," said Teresa. "No, miss, laws ain't no good. What we want is to organize, to demand justice and resist oppression."

"You must have been talking to Mr. Hopkins."

"Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't," said the girl, cautiously. "Tell me, miss; is it true that you ain't a-goin' to marry Otho Goldsborough?"

Shirley drew herself up haughtily. "I really don't see how my private affairs can possibly interest you," she replied.

"That's the second time you've reminded me as I'm no better than the dirt under your feet," said the girl, low and vindictively,—"you as would have been worser than me if you'd 'a' been brought up as I was."

"Teresa," cried Shirley, catching the girl by her poor dress, as she flung away angrily, "oh, can't you understand?—but no! of course you cannot! that is the very misery of it! we cannot even understand each other!"

"Elsa understands me," replied the girl, sullenly; "nor she ain't ashamed to be seen on the street with me, neither; and she's enough better than what you are."

"Indeed she is," said Shirley, humbly. "Did you say you had a message from her?"

"I said so, but it was a lie," returned the girl, calmly. "I knew you'd never stay without it; but I wish now I'd let you gone; 'tain't no use to expect nothin' from none o' you aristocrats. If 'twasn't for Elsa, I'd go back on the streets,—I would; there's nothin' in the world *but* that except hard work; and if I don't get no credit nor respect by bein' good, I might as well have a good time."

With a look and shiver of horrible repulsion, Shirley swept past her, and was gone before Teresa had fully realized the situation, very fortunately for all concerned, as the poor girl immediately rushed after her in a fury, and was with difficulty checked by the proprietress.

"Now, you go home," said that worthy person. "Don't get excited, you know; because there's nothing to excite you."

"I'll tear her eyes out and strangle her!" cried Teresa.

"No, you won't; you only think you will," said the proprietress. —"She's a poor lost thing that Elsa Engel is trying to save," she explained to a customer, when Teresa had finally been persuaded to depart in peace.

"Elsa Engel! oh!" said the customer.

"Yes; you know *her*!" said the proprietress. "And she says to me, Elsa says, 'I can't keep the poor child a prisoner, Mrs. Long,' she says, 'and if I let her come after my work, it's a risk; but if you're willing to help me save one of them little ones for whom Christ died,' she says,—and I interrupted her right there. 'Elsa Engel,' I says, 'willing is a long word,' I says, 'but if you'll send her, so do; and if she makes a disturbance in my store it's my loss; but if she trades off the bundle for liquor, or drops it in the gutter, we'll share the damage,' I says."

"Elsa Engel is as good as her name," said the customer.

"Just so; and if there is any reform *in* that girl she'll bring it out. You see, she's so far above all that sort of thing, Elsa is, that she don't feel it as we do; but there's no denyin' that to ordinary Christians Teresa is a trial," said Mrs. Long.

The house was very quiet when Shirley reached home. She went in by the dining-room door,—which, as we have seen, opened on the side-yard,—up the dining-room staircase, and into her own room, so quietly that Mary, who was, as Shirley at first glance supposed, tidying the wash-stand, did not hear her.

A second glance, and Shirley stood quite still, gazing intently. Was it—could it be? No,—yes,—oh, impossible!—Yes! Mary was brushing her teeth with Shirley's own tooth-brush!

"Mary!"

The girl whirled suddenly around, brush in hand and open mouth full of pink lather. "Throw that thing out of the window!" commanded Shirley, pointing with rigid finger, like Macbeth at the air-drawn dagger. "Throw it out, I say!" her voice rising to a shriek, "and the tooth-soap, *too*! Do you suppose I'll ever use it again?"

Then, suddenly overwhelmed by the comic aspect of the case, as Mary stood staring, choking, and utterly uncomprehending, Shirley dropped into a chair and laughed and cried hysterically, which, setting Mary off at the same upon a grander scale, brought Mrs. Meredith and a detachment of irrepressibles from the school-room, to find out the cause of the disturbance.

"I didn't mean no harm," sobbed Mary, when she had been piloted out of the room and partially quieted; "I never seen nobody brush their teeth till I come here a'ready; and when Miss Shirley was sick yet, and I handed her the tooth-brush and soap, I thought it must feel so nice."

"And have you ever used any one's tooth-brush until to-day?" asked Mrs. Meredith, with Shirley's horror in a milder form.

"Never, never," asserted the girl; "but at Cowan's they had only one tooth-brush yet, for all of us to use. Oh! Miss Cowan she was a nice lady!"

"Yes, she must have been," said Mrs. Meredith, mentally resolving to throw away all brushes then in use and lay in a supply of new ones that very day. "You'll never do it again, Mary?"

"Ach! *nimmer, nimmermehr*!" cried the girl. "I didn't know it was no harm; but Miss Shirley she went on so, it must have been awful!"

"Oh, well," said Shirley, with a sigh, when she was able to discuss the subject calmly, "it's hard for us to realize, but I don't believe she *did* know there was anything out of the way in it. A tooth-brush, like many other things, is a question of education. Sometimes I wish I were less fastidious."

"No, don't do that," said Mrs. Meredith. "These minor morals, Shirley, are the guardians of one's real modesty; and we cannot afford to part with one of them."

"But if they make us careless and unsympathetic?" said Shirley, thinking of Teresa.

"Perhaps," said Tom, "it is like a dream I had once, a mere question of focus. Some people see their own image so large in their mental camera that there is no room for any one else's feelings."

"Tom!" said Shirley.

IX.

Otho Goldsborough, having seen Shirley tremble and grow pale at sight of him, went on his way triumphant. "She is already penitent," he thought: "it is time for my next move."

So he went to see her the very next morning, as one who knew that her mornings were now free; and when she came into the room, he held her hand for a moment without speaking.

"You will think me a poor-spirited wretch," he said, at last, "but I cannot stop loving you, Shirley. Are you tired of your freak? Will you come back to me? There! I never expected to ask you!"

"No; I never thought you would," she said.

"Come, sit here and tell me all about it," he went on. "I could not understand that crazy letter."

"You have never understood me," said Shirley, quietly.

He frowned, for he had hoped to carry his point by storm, before she could gather strength to oppose him. Perhaps he should succeed better on another tack; for Mr. Goldsborough was thoroughly convinced that a woman ought to be conquered, not deserved.

"Then I am to believe that you have deceived me all this while, when you professed to love me?"

"When did I profess that?" she asked. "From the first, I have said that I did *not* love you, though I liked you very much; and you said that was quite enough."

"As I say still," he replied. "Your liking is all I ask; and who else has a right to complain?"

"I," said Shirley.

He gave his sudden short laugh.

"You?" he said. "Well, you *are* an exacting little beauty. With plenty of money, and an adoring husband to gratify every wish, what else would you have?"

"A *little* love on *my* side," she replied.

"Why, you own that you love me a little!"

"No; I am fond of you, I like to talk to you; but—oh, leave it there, Mr. Goldsborough: don't make me say anything rude."

"Be as rude as you like," he answered, roughly: "I *will* get to the

bottom of this business. What sort of a husband do you want, if I don't suit you?"

"I never expect to have any," she answered; "but, if I do, he must first of all be a man whom I can thoroughly respect. There! I said I should be rude."

"Go on," he said, with a forced smile. "What have you found out, or imagined, about me, that has cost me your respect? I should like to clear myself if I can."

"I have found out nothing; but what I already know has appeared to me in a different light. If we were put into this world to live just to and for ourselves, Mr. Goldsborough, you would rank as a good man, and I might be able to love you; that is, if any one could love in such a world as that."

He drew a quick, short breath through his set teeth. "I need not ask further," he said: "it is evident that you love me passionately. But tell me one thing more. Who is back of all this? Who is it that you *do* love?"

"No one at all," said Shirley, with her brown eyes looking full into his.

"You wrote that letter entirely of your own impulse, without the advice or counsel of any one?"

"I wrote it," she said, "entirely of my own impulse: I am not so weak and unable to stand alone as you seem to imagine."

"And yet," he said, sneeringly, "as a mere matter of detail, won't you tell me the name of my happy successor? That ape Hopkins, perhaps?"

"I will not tell you anything," she answered, steadily; she was very pale, and her eyes shone; "and, so far as I know now, I shall never marry any one; certainly no one who looks upon me so entirely as a mere plaything that my feelings towards him are a matter of supreme indifference, provided I submit to be loved *by* him."

He put out his hand as he rose to leave, took hers, and wrung it hard before he let it go. "Oh, you are fond of me," he said, bitterly; "you are very fond of me, Shirley. If I had sooner realized just how fond, it would have spared us both some trouble, perhaps. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Shirley, coldly; but there was a strange weight at her heart when he was quite gone.

"I *had* to speak plainly," she said excusingly to herself: "he would not understand. Besides, his attitude was quite as if I had only been waiting for him to hold out his finger; and a woman has a right to resent a slight to her own dignity."

But Tom's words on the evening before persisted in coming back to her: "Some people see their own image so large that there is no room in the camera for any one else's feelings."

"I really do *not* know what has come over Tom," said Shirley.

X.

Perhaps the course of our story would have been different, and the story of the world a trifle less tragic, had Shirley's fastidiousness been

upon a rather higher plane ; for Teresa had had something of genuine importance to tell her, and was fully minded to do so. And the solidarity, the independence, of mankind is a solemn and terrible fact, which, with its consequences, is, like death, rendered only more awful by shirking the thought of it. No word, no action, of ours is without its effect upon those around us, who react upon ourselves and spread the influence in widening circles throughout the globe ; thus returning upon us, touching us at every angle, every point of our being, so that

The trials that beset us,
The sorrows we endure,

are the work of our own hands and of the hands of our forefathers, in which way also the sins of the fathers return again to visit the children.

Teresa had grasped the hope of a possible revenge upon the system which had murdered her mother, with a tenacity upon which even the astute Hopkins had not reckoned when he threw out carelessly the words which had so influenced her. Indeed, as a journalist, Hopkins was rather accustomed to abuse the existing state of things without producing much visible effect ; it was decidedly a surprise to him, therefore, to find himself taken *au grand sérieux* and expected to live up to his professions.

Teresa waited for him to come again to the house where she had found shelter ; but when two or three days had passed without bringing him, she sought him out in his office, which she found in some manner known only to herself, and reminded him of what he had said. Thus assailed, Hopkins was forced to consider the practicability of the proposed scheme.

"The money is all right," he said : "as I tell you, I can get hold of plenty for such a purpose as that. But we want to keep awfully quiet about this, Teresa, because, if you like to be indicted for conspiracy, I don't ; and some of the best measures for enjoining tyrants have been viewed in that light, at times, by the unregenerate mind. See ?"

"I don't know what all those fine words mean," said the girl, spicing her sentence with an oath or so,—she felt at liberty to swear in Hopkins's presence,—"but I see what you are driving at."

"Just so," said Hopkins, politely.

They concerted a plan of action, into the details of which it is not necessary to go. It was indispensable to act with and through the already existent Assembly, to which all the operatives employed in the factory itself of Goldsborough Brothers already belonged, and those in authority proved to be at first in a conservative frame of mind ; but as the measures progressed, and applications for membership poured in, they agreed with enthusiasm that to wipe out the sweating-system in Smoketon would be a feat worthy of the Order.

"If it can be done," said one of them ; "for you know, Mr. Hopkins, an unsuccessful strike is worse than none ; and women—well, women are not tough enough to fight it out, generally speaking."

"Don't you worry over that," said Teresa, roughly. "This strike is going right straight through."

"The fact of the matter is," said Hopkins, "it ought to be done by legislation. That's how they are trying to do it in England. First make your factory-laws very stringent, then extend them to every house, tenement or otherwise, in which the manufacture is carried on."

"Yes, I've heard of that plan," said the Authority, dryly. "Legislation is a good thing in its place, Mr. Hopkins, and I don't deny that its place is factories. Far from it. But there's just this about it: if a woman can't make enough to starve on, *by* living sixteen to the dozen, working eighteen hours or so, and never taking time to clean up, what is she going to do about it, if you enforce all sorts of regulations?"

"She couldn't live, of course, on her previous wages,—that is, she couldn't exist: therefore wages would inevitably rise."

"And so would rent," said the other. "Mr. Hopkins, legislation is no good when it's in advance of public opinion. Why, not long ago there was some abuse in —," he named a certain city, "that wanted straightening out; and the people undertook to straighten it. And when they looked over the statute-books, there was the very law they wanted, passed years ago, never enforced, and forgotten: why? because public opinion didn't insist upon it."

"I don't understand what you mean by public opinion," said Teresa, with the usual embroidery; "but if any adjective policeman had come botherin' the life out of my poor mother as to the way she lived, and how long she worked, I'd have chucked him out the winder and broke his blank neck for him, so I would!"

"There you are, you see," said the Authority. "Besides, how would you reach the farmers' daughters, Mr. Hopkins?"

"Farmers' daughters?"

"Just so; also wives. Don't you know that a good deal of this work goes to the country? and while that's so, you may legislate till you're black in the face, but town wages won't go up. Why, I know one girl,—father's pretty poor,—you know how farmers are,—plenty to eat when strawberries turn out well and the peach-crop's good; when they *ain't*, times are hard. So this girl makes shirts at two cents apiece, and works eighteen hours a day."

"It's a shame! it's murder!" said Hopkins.

"Yass," said the Authority, dryly, "that's about what it is; and this girl says she's bound to have a black lace dress, if she kills herself."

"Pshaw!"

"Well," said the Authority, "if you were a girl, Mr. Hopkins, you might like to have a black lace dress yourself. Personally I prefer a white what-you-call-um—muslin, I guess; but black lace ain't ugly. But you see that nothing—nobody—can remedy this thing but organization, don't you?"

"Well, ain't we organizin'?" asked Teresa.

"That's a fine girl spoilt, Mr. Hopkins," said the Authority, meditatively, when Teresa had left them.

"Well, yes," said Hopkins; "spoilt about two hundred years ago."

"Not so long as that," said the Authority, smiling. "You see,

I knew her mother, who was as fine a woman as God ever made; no coarseness or roughness about her, but all pluck and stubborn endurance right down to the ground. I didn't know what had become of her until I heard of her death; for I was out of town for several years, and meanwhile she kept going down, down, as wages fell, until—well, you know how it turned out."

"Hadn't she a husband?"

"Of course; painter; and, equally of course, painter's paralysis. Lost the use of his right arm when Teresa was a baby; but he lived long enough to give her two more children to take care of—living ones, that is; there were several who died, Teresa tells me—before he finally gave up and died too. He was a queer sort of a fellow, Wah-man; first-rate workman; put him to work, and he'd go like a machine; there never was any difference in the quality of his work; you were always sure he would do the best he knew how. But there wasn't a fragment of originality about him, and once out of his groove he was perfectly lost; never attempted another stroke of work, even so much as making a pot of tea, to save his wife's time; just lounged around, spending her hard earnings in tobacco and beer, until at last he took to whiskey, and that finished him."

"So that was how it happened?" said Hopkins. "Well, I'm glad to know all about it, and how Teresa came to be spoilt, as you express it; for while I try to look upon her altogether in a scientific light, as a product of our social system, I confess that she is apt to jar my nerves. She strikes me as a girl who would have gone wrong under almost any circumstances; and that she will ever be a credit to Fräulein Elsa's teaching, I fear I don't quite believe."

"Well, well, there's no knowing," said the other: "she's young enough to outgrow some of the poison, and strong enough to make herself anything she pleases."

Hopkins's conscience was not quite easy when he thought of Grandfather Engel's words, that they might win the battle at the cost of Teresa's soul; but he consoled himself by reflecting that the old man could not possibly have known what he was talking about, and that souls were obsolete anyhow; while nothing could be more elevating to the character than a struggle for oppressed womanhood.

Teresa, however, cared little enough for womanhood; but she longed fiercely, passionately, for revenge; revenge upon the system that had murdered her mother. It is, however, difficult to hate a system without hating the upholders thereof; and Teresa did not try to do so; to her, the system was Otho Goldsborough.

Elsa found her a heavy charge, given to mysterious absences which made the hearts of her protectors sink with fear; absences of which she would give absolutely no account, while any restraint on her liberty was met with bursts of wild fury, and sometimes of actual violence. Yet at other times she showed an affection for those around her as fierce as her anger; she would kiss them passionately, and assure them that she would try to do right,—she *was* trying; she meant no harm, and had done none; only she must have her liberty.

It was not long before they suspected something of what was going

on; and it must be confessed that the suspicion was a relief, as being less evil than they had dreaded.

Yet the thought troubled the old man. "I cannot work against them, for their object is great and good," he said. "How can I help the good in themselves without strengthening the evil?"

XI.

If the heart of Otho Goldsborough had been hot and bitter when he entered Shirley's presence, what was it when he left her? It had been said of him that he was a man who grew white and cold when he was most angry; and there is no anger like such anger as that. Yet he was not angry with Shirley: it seemed to him that he had never loved her so well; after so long separation from her, all her little tricks of manner and gesture, the turn of her head, the flash of her brown eyes, the quiver of her small, restless fingers, the play of the dimples about her mouth,—all these had for him a double fascination. Even her outspoken condemnation, although it wounded, did not rankle: one of her attractions in his eyes had always been her simplicity and unworldliness; and he felt now that these had been used to turn her against him. And that there was an element of justice in her criticism he readily admitted: he had never pretended to be more than a thorough business-man,—which, as every one knows, does not constitute a claim to saintship. The business of a man of the world is to make money; it is the wife's affair to supply the softening element in his life and to keep him from quite forgetting that there is another world than this. Upon one point, however, he felt that he had been severely misjudged: he was not at all the man to be content with less than his wife's whole heart; but a little coyness in his betrothed had not displeased him, as he had been confident that she loved him better than she cared to show.

But he remembered that there had been a change in her from the day of her first visit to Grandfather Engel; and therewith Mr. Goldsborough breathed a fervent curse through his teeth, with the full conviction that he had reached the root of the matter at last. This crazy Socialist theory had gone deeper than he had understood; that was all. Poor little girl! he had wronged her in supposing some other man—that is, young man—to have caused her defection. Well, maybe he'd never get even with that hoary old rascal, but he rather thought he should try, some day.

It was the very next morning that he received a message that Ludovic Engel would like to speak with him, and sent him word to come to his office at twelve o'clock.

This office was a shabby little den on the ground-floor and at the rear of the great building which he called his factory. The rear of the building looked upon a blank wall across a very narrow alley, and was consequently very dark; and just outside the proprietor's office the elevator rose from the cellar, its sides entirely unprotected, and leaving behind it an awful chasm in the floor, yawning like the mouth of the pit for the destruction of the unwary. There had, however, never been

an accident there, as those who passed it were nearly all *habituals* of the building, and the few strangers who came there were apt, on their first visit, to be warned just in time, and to get such a thorough fright as never after to forget the location of the pitfall.

As the old man entered the dingy little office, Mr. Goldsborough raised his eyes from his letter for a second, then nodded carelessly, and went on writing.

"I'll talk to you presently," he said, without concerning himself that his visitor remained standing. His manner was as cool and composed as ever, but his heart was a volcano of rage. Grandfather Engel's hat was in his hand when Mr. Goldsborough next looked up; and his posture was rather that of a soldier on guard than of a suppliant kept standing to await the convenience of a superior. If anything could have infuriated the man before him to a higher point than he had already attained, it would have been the stately picturesqueness of this figure, with the white hair upon his shoulders, the abundant beard gleaming like silver upon his breast, and the deep eyes looking so kindly out of their dark hollows. No wonder Shirley's imagination had been taken captive!

"I understood," said Mr. Goldsborough, "that you wished to see me. State your business."

"I have come hither on my Master's business," said the old man; "for One is my Master, even Christ."

"There is no business of that kind transacted in this office," said Mr. Goldsborough, roughly. "Suppose you take yourself off."

"When my task is accomplished," said the old man, tranquilly.

Mr. Goldsborough eyed him for a moment, as though measuring his strength; but an undignified struggle was the last thing he could stoop to.

"Well, well," he said, "say your say, you old hypocrite, and be quick about it. My time is precious."

"Ah! thou dear Heaven! *how* precious!" said the old man, solemnly.

"Once for all," said Otho Goldsborough, "I want none of your infernal piety. Do you hear? Now come; you see this button? I give you just five minutes to deliver your pure soul of whatever confounded humbug you have filled yourself up with; at the end of that time I ring for a policeman." He laid his watch on the table as he spoke, and surveyed the intruder with a cold sneer.

"Verily," said the old man, sadly, "the sins of the father of your innocent mother are visited this day upon you, Otho Goldsborough."

"Did you come here to talk about my grandfather?"

"I came to plead with you, if yet while there is time you will turn and repent, blessing both yourself and the poor helpless ones."

"And what am I to repent of?" said Otho Goldsborough.

"Has not the finger of Heaven already made it plain to you? Was not a victim of your oppression—yours, because you permit the system to exist under which such oppression is possible,—was she not struck down in the very presence of the woman you love—"

"By —, if you say another word I'll—I'll strangle you!" said the

rich man. He was lividly pale; the sweat stood in great beads upon his forehead; he clinched his rigid fingers upon the arms of his chair.

"My message seems hopeless," said the old man, sadly; "yet it is not mine, but His, and I needs must speak it. Otho Goldsborough, grandson of Otho von H., the workers beneath your roof have resolved that the system upon which work is given outside is unfair and unrighteous and must be done away. They are banded together to resist you; a committee of them is to wait upon you in a few days. I have come before them as a messenger of peace. In this paper are contained their demands; read it; grant them, for the love of God and your brother; or——"

"Or?"

"Nay, I mean no threat," said the old man, gently: "it is but that, if you refuse, many a struggle must come, and many souls be confirmed in the service of the Beast, whether the just Cause win or lose."

Otho Goldsborough laughed. "It is the wildest scheme that ever was hatched," he said; "not worth vexing one's self about. What is to hinder me from discharging the whole crew and hiring others?"

"The place is not a large one," said Grandfather Engel; "nor, though poverty is on the increase, owing to the sweaters, are there many, outside their present victims, who will work for what they give. And these few are known; they will be watched and guarded; nor, if this were not so, could they alone supply the needs of your factory."

"Time's up," said the rich man. "Shall I ring? or will you go peaceably?"

"I came in peace, in peace do I depart," said the old man. "May God soften your heart, Otho Goldsborough, that you may no more serve the Beast and his image, adding coin to coin, according to the number of his name. Behold it!" he cried, as one inspired, and tracing upon the grimy walls with red chalk, in huge characters,

.666+

"Six hundred and sixty and six," he said,—"*an infinite decimal, increasing to everlastingness by growing less, and less, and less. O friend, put a stop, while you may, to the unholy growth, by the symbol of the Lamb, the sign of the Cross!*"

"I'll put a stop to your preaching first of all," said Mr. Goldsborough, rising. "Did you or did you not understand me, just now? I refuse even to read this paper, and you may tell those who sent you to strike, boycott, do whatever they like. We shall see who conquers. Now go!"

The door of his office stood wide open; the way lay straight forward to the outer door. A second glance assured him that the elevator was above that floor, that the mouth of the pit yawned undefended. He uttered no warning, although the old man had paused upon the very verge of the shaft, unconscious of his danger, to make one last effort for the soul of the man who now leaned forward to watch the result, with a smile of cold, cruel, devilish hatred and curiosity.

"Shall we indeed see who conquers?" he said. "In the battle of Armageddon, Otho Goldsborough, there can be but One Victor. Here

or there His forces may seem to be routed ; but conquerors they are, though, like Him, it may be by their death. May He be merciful to you, *not* as you are merciful to others."

He turned away.

Even then, had his eyes been clear, he could have escaped the fate that threatened him ; but they were full of pitiful tears for the man who sat watching him with that awful smile upon his lips.

And so——

A crash, a terrible dull thud,—and Otho Goldsborough rushed forward with wide eyes and that smile frozen upon his lips by the horror of the moment.

"I have killed him!" he cried. "Oh, my God! I am a murderer!"

Had he not murdered others with a worse death than this?

Feeble women, ground under his iron heel, had been driven many times to shame or a swifter suicide ; but he had called it "business," and had heard no voice of the crying of their blood from the ground.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Otho Goldsborough had answered that question at last.

XII.

But, after that first cry, Otho Goldsborough gave no sign of what was working within him. Clear-headed and cool as ever, he gave directions to the army of helpers who, as if by magic, assembled around him ; for there is plenty of sympathy, and help also, for that which happens only rarely. It is the usual, the frequent, the daily living death of the thousands and hundreds of thousands who spend their lives to buy the necessities and luxuries that make our life possible, whose "bones we grind to make us bread,"—it is these things whereof we think not merely little, but absolutely nothing at all. What fair lady with her flower-wreathed bonnet thinks of the poisonous dyes which, in a time *averaging less than two years*, destroy the life of the flower-maker? What gallant gentleman, with his cigarette between his lips, remembers the maker, poisoned with nicotine? May God be merciful to us—MURDERERS!

Grandfather Engel was lifted once more into the light of day, white, insensible, seemingly quite dead.

But the old man ~~was~~ not dead, said the physician. It was concussion of the brain, how severe could not yet be determined. They must hope for the best, he added, cheerfully ; though to Mr. Goldsborough he said, apart, that the old man was past eighty, and, though a wonder of health and vigor for that age, it was quite certain he would never again be the same man, even if he recovered at all, which was more than doubtful.

"Do what you can for him, doctor," said the rich man. "Spare no expense at all. I'll make it right with you."

"That's all right," said the doctor, "but it shows very good feeling on your part. However, I understand that as it happened on your premises, and all, you feel responsible. And, by the bye, if I were you

I'd have that demon of a hole guarded in some way ; a light fence, for example, with a gate wide enough to roll a wheelbarrow through——Of course I only throw out the suggestion."

"It shall be done," said Mr. Goldsborough, "in some way or other. We have never had an accident here, and it has never seemed necessary ; but it shall be done."

No one suspected that the old man's injury had been more than an accident, but Mr. Goldsborough was considered to show, as the doctor had said, a great deal of very good feeling.

Good feeling ! Otho Goldsborough wondered why the brand of Cain upon his brow was not as visible to other eyes as to his own ; and yet he tried to hide it even from himself, and, in a sort of bravado, found his way late that evening to the wood-carver's cottage. It was overflowing with guests,—hard-handed workmen, poorly-dressed women with their aprons to their eyes, children clinging to their mothers' skirts, all hushed and still with the awe of a great calamity.

They stood aside or drew together in groups as the rich man entered whom most of them knew by sight, but no one came forward to welcome him. There was no hostility on their faces, and very little interest ; only a wondering curiosity looked out from some eyes as to what this man, who had hitherto let their joys and sorrows severely alone, had to do with them now, in the hour of their deep affliction.

"I should like," said the rich man, "to see Miss Engel."

They looked one at the other, and then one of them said that she was with her grandfather, and another volunteered to call her. But still he stood among them solitary amid the crowd, an alien to his own mother's children, a stranger to the brethren of his blood.

"Can any of you give me news of the old man?" he asked. "How is he?"

"He is about the same," said one.

"Has not revived at all?"

"No, not at all."

Ah ! how hotly the brand burned into his brow !

At that moment there was another movement in the crowd, and, turning, he saw that Shirley Meredith had just come into the room, flushed and tearful, her pretty hair all disordered, thinking evidently of nothing less than of her own appearance.

Ah ! Shirley was quite innocent of the old man's blood ; she had no need to preserve an outward calmness.

"Oh, how is he ? tell me he is better !" cried Shirley. Then her eyes fell on Mr. Goldsborough. "You here !" she said : "is it true that it happened at your office?"

"Yes," he said, "it happened at my office."

She came closer to him and put out her small hand with a gesture of sympathy. "I am very sorry for you," she said. "I know how terrible it is, a shock of that kind."

He bowed and turned away : he did not dare touch her pure hand while his own seemed dripping with blood.

Shirley's eyes followed him wistfully. "How he feels it !" she thought. "He looks ten years older, poor fellow !"

At that moment he was speaking to Elsa, who had come into the room quietly, her beautiful face calm but very sorrowful.

"He has not spoken; it may be that he will never speak again," she said, and, lifting her eyes to Otho Goldsborough's face, "it may be, sir, that you heard the last words from his lips!"

Oh, loving, tender words! oh, lips forever silent!

The strong man's pride was utterly broken down. Otho Goldsborough cried out aloud in his great agony: "I saw his danger, and should have warned him! I am his murderer!" he cried. Then he turned from them all, and hid his eyes and branded forehead in his guilty hands.

For a moment there was utter silence, then a soft stir. He had thought never again to feel either pain or joy, after those awful words; but his heart gave a great throb, as a soft little hand was laid on his, and, looking down, his eyes met those, so soft and brown, of Shirley Meredith. He was crushed and humbled now out of all semblance of pride; he fell on his knees beside her, and Shirley gathered the once haughty head in her arms, and laid her cool sweet lips to his burning brow.

"Don't be hard on him," she said, entreatingly; "he has suffered so much,—so very much!"

"Ah, no!" said Elsa, smiling, though the tears rained fast over her pale cheeks; "we will not be hard upon him, friends. Do we grudge the life of even our best and dearest, if it can save a soul? Shall we not rather rejoice? for this our brother was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

"And you love me again, Shirley?" he asked her, when, not many hours later, they stood alone together. "Is it possible that you love me again?—that you who forsook me in the days of my prosperity return to me now when I am a despised outcast?"

"Not quite that, I think," said Shirley: "you have done nothing worse, you see, in the eyes of these people, than you have done all your life, or than hundreds of others do every day. Oh, I did not mean to hurt you."

"If you love me, *nothing* can hurt me," he said; "but how can you love one of whom you think so very ill?"

"Because you need me," she said. "And I believe, Otho, I always loved you better than I myself understood; and now,—oh, you are so strong, so true! you will be so very, very good, now that your eyes are open, and—anyway—I love you, because—well, I suppose, because I love you; that's all!"

XIII.

During the days of watching and anxiety that followed, Tom Meredith was often at the wood-carver's cottage. It was a strange bond that had grown up between him and Elsa; there had no word of love or marriage passed between them, yet each one knew that they belonged only to each other. Tom was much improved, every one said,

—less lazy, more sober and sedate; in short, more reliable, though quite as merry and good-natured as ever.

Elsa would have found it hard to understand these criticisms; for to her the soul of the young man was pure and free from stain as her own,—one of the very few quite untouched by the mark of the Beast. And it may be that Elsa was more nearly right than the young man's less kindly critics: the sweetest souls breathe less freely away from the air of the high countries; they care little for the aims and objects of this present world, and suffer its rewards to slip carelessly from their grasp. Not always do they themselves know what is lacking; but they are convinced that the highest is unattainable, and often consent to dwarf their own natures by contenting their souls with that which they recognize as second-best to something, though they know not exactly what. In the coming days, when the victory over Mammon shall have been won, such souls as these will attain their full development, and blossom into a beauty little dreamed of by those who say of them now, "Ah! he is a man one cannot help loving,—poor fellow!"

Grandfather Engel fulfilled that which had been said of him: his last words were those which were heard by Otho Goldsborough. But just at the last there was a flutter of the eyelids, a smile upon the grandly silent lips; then the eyes opened wide, and their glance fell on that fierce dark countenance with which Teresa crouched near the foot of the bed.

The girl had not been present when Otho Goldsborough confessed himself to the world the murderer which she had always called him; she had not felt the power of Elsa's forgiveness; but she knew the facts, and, even as she watched the dying man, had brooded on thoughts of revenge. The dying eyes drew her closer and closer; they seemed to burn into her very soul; she hid her face from their awful power.

"I won't hurt him! I promise to forgive him!" cried Teresa. "I'll never try to get even with any one again. Oh, grandfather, grandfather!"

The eyelids fell, the face settled once more into the marble stillness it had worn in these last days. His daughter and grand-daughter came hastily into the room at the girl's cry; it was the first time since the accident that both of them had left him at the same time; and now——

"He is quite gone from us," said Frau Engel, as she laid down the mirror which she had held to his lips.

"And no look, no smile, for me?" cried Elsa. "Why did I leave him? who should look last into his eyes but me?"

"She who needed the look," said Tom, softly. He had followed them into the room, and now took Elsa's hand and laid it on the head of the shivering, sobbing Teresa. "Once," said Tom, "I grudged this child to breathe the same air with you, my beautiful darling. Now, the better I love you, the more do I wish you to be to all others the strong sweet angel that you have been to me."

And Elsa put her arms about the weeping girl, and laid the wild dark head upon her pure and tender heart.

"Oh, Elsa, Elsa," cried the girl, "am I so very wicked? Oh, help me to be good, like you."

"God will help us all, dear Teresa," said Elsa, gently.

XIV.

They laid the old man to rest without many tears or loud and bitter wailing, which even those who loved him best, and most would miss his presence and his counsel, felt would be unsuited to the life he had lived and the death that he had died. So, very silently, the long, long train followed his mortal frame to its waiting open grave, round which stood the solemn winter trees, draped each in his mantle of snow fringed with icicles. The hills also were white to the very tops, and the valleys seemed wrapped in one vast winding-sheet.

"That suits the grandfather very well," said Frau Engel, as she looked around, "very well indeed,—this beautiful whiteness. Ah, I hear sometimes people say it is not convenient to be so very good; but for me, I think it is beautiful to have a saint in the family."

"But I cannot find out what the old man ever did, that people should care so much about him," said Mrs. Meredith. "Of course I know he was a good old soul; but if he lived more than eighty years without doing anything but carve clock-cases and candlesticks, I don't see why his death should move people so."

"It is *because* he lived," said Tom, to whom she spoke.

"But if he had been a great reformer——" said the lady.

"The greatest reformer," said Tom, "is he who so reforms his own life that it purifies and ennobles every life that touches it. Of what use will it be if we reform the body of society without touching the soul? Yet there are outward reforms that must be made; but he who overcomes the Beast, the Mammon of greed and selfishness, must do so by the sword which proceedeth out of his own mouth, by the breath of the life that is in him."

Otho Goldsborough had not been among the train of mourners at the old man's funeral. "It would be a mockery," he had said: "there is no place there for the murderer." But it was not often that the pain within him found voice in such words as these. Stern, silent, self-contained as ever, few but Shirley suspected the depth of his remorseful repentance; but in her the comprehension of his sore distress wrought a passion of sympathetic tenderness of which she had not believed herself capable. And on his part also the sympathy she had once craved was poured out in overflowing measure; and, though reforms which he had once scorned he now furthered chiefly to satisfy his restless conscience, one cannot do brotherly acts without awakening in one's self the feeling of brotherhood.

For the rest who remain, they are very happy. Not free from trouble and sorrow; for Tom and Elsa, in particular, have many things to endure: without, sneers and scoffs; within, the jar of differing tastes and habits. But of these matters they have learned the exact value; they love each other, too, so well that each tries to be the readiest to make concessions, and between them they are in a fair way to rediscover the original fount and source of all domestic and social etiquette, which source and fountain, indeed, is but sincerity and

love. Of worldly goods they have enough to live upon, and they ask no more.

Mr. Goldsborough and Shirley have, perhaps, rather more to bear than Tom and Elsa in the way of the world's contumely; for there are what people call "very ugly rumors" afloat concerning the share of the rich man in the death of Ludovic Engel. It has been proved, by the testimony of an employee who saw the fall, too far off to prevent it, that Otho Goldsborough could have been merely a passive agent in the matter; and there is no law on our statute-books to require that each man warn his brother of possible pitfalls. In this respect the race-conscience is better than the law.

Those, therefore, who give least heed to the welfare of their brothers and sisters in other matters are most glad to prove to themselves that there are some things they would not do, by condemning Otho Goldsborough. He bears his partial ostracism very patiently; while Shirley professes to be rather glad of it than otherwise.

"For if we are not expected to go out, or to entertain very much, we can live in a small house and as we like. Besides, if they didn't send us to Coventry, I am afraid we should send them, heartless plutocrats that they are," says Shirley.

There is no such thing now in Smoketon as a sweater; and though the high wages paid in the factory of Goldsborough Brothers both to indoor and out-door workers, and the care taken to insure the well-being of the employees, no doubt keep down the owner's profits, the zeal of the workers, and the reputation which the factory deservedly enjoys among those who have at heart the cause of the oppressed, create a steady demand for its products which places its business as far as is possible in these present days above the ebb and flow of competition.

Teresa Wahman is forewoman, and, as may be imagined, grudges neither time nor trouble to insure that the work which passes through her hands is done by those to whom she intrusts it and is not sublet on any terms. Friedel's lameness is much improved, and he has developed an astonishing talent for wood-carving. He has the old man's tools and models; but it is a strange contrast, his shrunken body and wizened face, in the little brown shop once lightened by that white hair and stately figure. Minne is growing into a very sweet little maiden; and to both of them Teresa is a kind and tender guardian; but her passion is for the sinful and the outcasts of her own sex, among whom she labors untiringly, and with all her old fierce vehemence, compelling them as by actual violence to turn and repent.

"For I've tried both," says Teresa; "and it pays better to live respectable, if people will only fix things so you can."

And very often there are pilgrimages to the cemetery on the hill, where the angel in brown wood blesses the grave of Grandfather Engel.

So, in their several ways, one and all fight valiantly in the great conflict, the battle of Armageddon, which, heed it or not as we will, is at this very moment raging around us; the battle of Him whose name is Faithful and True, against Mammon, greed, and the lust of gain,—against the spirit which says, "Each man for himself! am I my brother's keeper?"

Sometimes they grow weary in the conflict. Sometimes even to Tom, with his cheerful philosophy, which makes the best of what now is, to Shirley's hopeful spirit, and to her husband's steady courage, the hour of victory seems to tarry overlong. Then it is Elsa who revives them,—Elsa who nerves heart and hand again for the deadly struggle,—Elsa, with the white glow of inspiration upon her beautiful face, who unveils to them the legions of guarding angels, and the glow of the dawning victory upon the eastern hills.

For in this battle our weapon is the sword of the Spirit, which kills by making alive, and the Banner over us is Love: therefore a foe that is vanquished is a friend forever gained, and every recruit counts *two*.

And the Day of the Lord is at hand.

THE END.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

IN the sixth volume of Humboldt's personal narratives, published in London in 1826, will be found a chapter of seventy pages on "the practicability of a water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans." This paper, written probably more than seventy years ago, may be read with profit by the statesman of to-day.

At that time no examination with instruments of precision had been made over any part of that region, nevertheless the inhabitants of the different sections knew the local topography, and this was for the most part, if not entirely, in the possession of the Spanish government.

Humboldt enumerates, in order, Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, the Isthmus of Panama and of Darien, the canal of Raspadura, between the head-waters of the rivers Atrato and Choco, the first flowing north, and the latter south, in South America. Of the Raspadura he says, "it will probably be always confined to the system of small navigation,"—that is to say, not capable of being made serviceable for ocean navigation. The word "Raspadura" may be freely translated into English as "haul-over."

He states, "The Isthmus of Nicaragua and that of Cupica have always appeared to me the most favorable for the formation of canals of large dimensions, similar to the Caledonian Canal. In considering a communication between the two seas, capable of producing a revolution in the commercial world, we must not limit our attention to such means as only serve to establish a system of inland navigation by small locks, as in the canals of Languedoc, Briare, etc. . . . In a matter that interests every nation which has made some progress in civilization, greater precision should be used than has hitherto been done, respecting a problem the successful application of which depends principally on the choice of localities. It would be imprudent, I here repeat, to begin at one point without having examined and levelled others; and it would be above all to be regretted if the work were undertaken on too small a scale; for in works of this description the expense does not augment in proportion to the section of the canals or the breadth of the water-channel. . . . The Isthmus of Nicaragua, by the position of its inland lake, and the communication of that lake with the Atlantic by the Rio San Juan, presents several features of resemblance with that neck of land in the Scotch highlands where the river Ness forms a natural communication between the mountain-lakes and the Gulf of Murray."

Had Humboldt lived until his ideas had assumed a positive form, in the actual location of the Nicaragua Canal, he would have seen a great lake one hundred and ten feet above the sea-level, spread out to within less than four miles of the free waters of the Pacific, and within about ten miles of the Atlantic, with low ground intervening, presenting no obstacle to dredging, nor any difficulty to keeping the channel clear when completed.

The transit from sea to sea of one hundred and seventy miles requires only nine miles of canal prism on the lake-level, and nearly all of the remaining nineteen miles of prism can be dug by dredgers, and when executed will require little for maintenance,—a most important feature in the execution of any great work. The portions of the canal leading from the seas to the first locks will be so broad and deep as to permit the largest steamers to pass each other in transit. The "divide" between the lake and the Pacific, which Humboldt half feared might prove a deep cut, is barely forty-three feet above full lake, and has a basin beyond the divide about five miles in length, formed by means of an embankment. In brief, the Nicaragua Canal, as now located, embodies in the highest degree the two axioms of hydraulic engineers,—namely, an abundant water-supply and an entire immunity from floods.

Before the death of Humboldt it was known that Tehuantepec had a summit of about seven hundred and fifty-three feet, Lake Nicaragua, mean level, about one hundred and four feet, Panama three hundred feet, and Cupica about four hundred feet. The survey of the Nicaragua route by Colonel Childs in 1851 should have attracted more attention, and would have done so had it not been that the Panama Railroad, then under construction, and partly completed, lessened the difficulties of crossing the Isthmus in the rush of passengers to California in the early days of gold-mining, and this in itself was a temporary discouragement to a consideration of the construction of a canal.

The conjoint attempt of the governments of Great Britain, France, and the United States, in 1854, on the Isthmus of Darien, based upon the false representations of Cullen, hardly disposed of his pretensions in the popular mind, at least with us, by reason of the unsatisfactory methods employed in our attempt to solve the problem. There is no popular knowledge of what was accomplished by the French; the British operations were from the Gulf of Darien, on the west coast, up the river Savanna, and were conclusive in dispelling false representations, inasmuch as they struck the Sucubti River, bordering on the Caledonia coast-range of mountains, hundreds of feet above the ocean-level. Our expedition from the sloop-of-war *Cyane*, then anchored in Caledonia Bay, was disastrous through the loss of more than half of the party, who died from starvation, and more if not all of them would have perished on the Chuquenaca, near the tide-water of the Pacific, had they not been rescued by their British co-laborers, whose vessel was anchored in the Gulf of Darien. Lieutenant Strain, who was in charge of our party, had not had sufficient experience of the country to teach him to provide the necessary supplies and to husband his provisions, and also to provide the proper instruments to effect the object intended, without which his passing from sea to sea would be fruitless. After leaving the vessel, Strain passed his first night on the Pacific slope of the mountain-range bordering on Caledonia Bay; the next morning in a short walk he reached the Sucubti, as he calls a "considerable stream" that flowed rapidly to the Gulf of Darien, which he followed in its winding course. Persons who have not been in those densely-wooded regions, where the tops of the trees are canopied by

innumerable vines, that shut out in a great measure even the noonday sunlight, and where the ground is all covered with thorny shrubs, can hardly conceive the difficulty of the explorers; the fact that the party waded in the stream where practicable was rather a matter of necessity than of choice. After the second day's travel down the stream, they slept upon an island, and, hearing a dull sound at about sunset, they supposed it was the evening gun of the Cyane. This supposition attracted my attention. For, I reasoned, if they had actually heard the gun, a gap must exist in the coast-range of mountains. Almost every one has observed the great distinctness with which sounds rise to considerable heights, not to descend into the opposite valleys, but to pass upward and onward, until finally lost to the ear through attenuation. I wrote to Strain, whom I knew well, calling his attention to this fact, and asked if he felt quite sure that he had heard the evening gun. Months passed before I received a reply: he was then on the Isthmus of Panama, where he died a year or so later. He did not answer my direct question, but assured me that the region of Caledonia Bay would be found impracticable for a canal location; in his belief the only one was along or near the line of the Panama Railroad.

I brought my ideas before Mr. Toucey, then Secretary of the Navy, in the hope of being allowed to explore a region that seemed to me of so much promise. My attempt was not received with favor, and not long afterwards I was ordered to the steamer Saranac, bound for the Pacific. Soon after reaching the Pacific I was transferred to the steam frigate Merrimac, and when at anchor at Panama was promised the use of a tug by the Panama Railroad Company, to explore the head-waters of the Chepo, the mouth of the river lying only some twenty miles east of Panama. My object was to seek a canal location towards the Gulf of San Blas, through the use of dams and slack-water navigation. The captain, however, refused me a leave for a few days, yet complimented me by saying that he thought my life too valuable to risk on such an enterprise. In February, 1860, the Merrimac returned to Norfolk. In the following June I brought before the Geographical Society of New York a paper relating to Isthmian surveys. It was received with favor by many of its learned members, but the country was even then seething with questions that a few months later ended in the civil war. After the end of the war, in the winter of 1865-66, General Grant, then in command of our armies, was in Washington. From an early association with him when we were children, our relations were not only intimate but even confidential, and the question of a ship-canal was one of frequent discussion. For the furtherance of explorations he paid a visit to Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, and took me with him on one occasion and made an arrangement for a subsequent meeting. Not long after, the general informed me that he would not go to see Mr. Seward again on this subject; he feared it would end in his hating Seward, and he wished to avoid hating any man.

An examination of an enlarged old Spanish map, by General Grant and myself, and further conversations, led to the presentation, through Justice Field of the Supreme Court, of a resolution which was offered

by Senator Conness, of California. The Report (Senate Ex. Doc. 62, 39th Congress, 1st Session) is entitled "Inter-Oceanic Railroads and Canals." In a letter to Admiral Davis, dated July 7, 1866, General Grant wrote, "I regard it as of vast political importance to this country that no European government should hold such a work. For this reason I have endeavored for the last year to get such a thorough survey made by the government of the United States, through the territory of the Colombian government, as would fully determine whether such a project is feasible, not doubting that, on the presentation of such feasibility, American capital and an American company, under some treaty that could be easily arranged between the two governments, would undertake it."

In the autumn of 1867 I was in command of the steam-frigate *Piscataqua*, bound for the Asiatic station. Just before sailing, early in December, my duties called me to Washington. On taking leave of General Grant he expressed his regret at not having been able to bring about the exploration of the Isthmus. I assured him that I felt quite satisfied that he would sooner or later be able to effect his object. During my absence from the United States, Senator Conness obtained an appropriation to explore the Isthmus, and after the election of General Grant to the Presidency he directed my return home. His purpose was that several army officers should execute the topography and I the hydrography of the Isthmus; but other arrangements were made before my arrival, and I was assigned duty at the Navy Department, and requested to confer with the Secretary of the Navy touching all matters connected with the Isthmian surveys then in progress. Briefly stated, sufficient examinations were soon after made from Tehuantepec all along the Isthmus, where necessary, to one hundred and fifty miles up the Atrato River, lying in South America. All the intervening watersheds were sufficiently examined to assure their inferiority to certain other lines over which instrumental surveys were made sufficient to determine their relative merits and practicability for canal construction.

In the mean time, under a Congressional resolution, the President appointed General Humphreys, Chief of Army Engineers, Captain Patterson, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and myself, then Chief of Bureau of Navigation, a commission to examine into and report upon all matters touching the inter-oceanic canal question; and, although we had reason to believe the Panama route inferior in practicability for a canal, we thought it essential to have a close instrumental survey made of it for the purpose of comparison with the Nicaragua route: this was done at our request, and we found our belief as to the great inferiority of the route fully confirmed. We had then before us for consideration fair instrumental examinations of the Nicaragua, Panama, and Atrato-Napipi routes, with calculations and plans, and also many reconnoissances and partial surveys of various routes, sufficient to establish their inferiority. After nearly four years from the date of its formation, on the 7th of February, 1876, the commission reported to the President "that the Nicaragua route possesses, both for the construction and maintenance of a canal, greater advantages, and offers

fewer difficulties from engineering, commercial, and economic points of view, than any one of the other routes shown to be practicable, by surveys sufficiently in detail to enable a judgment to be formed of their relative merits, as will be briefly presented in the following memorandum."

At the time this report was made, Congress was in session; for reasons unknown to me, no action was taken before the adjournment of Congress. After the Presidential election the following November, the Presidential succession was a subject of great anxiety, and occupied Congress and the public mind to the exclusion of everything else. The May following the installation of President Hayes, just previous to his going abroad, General Grant called on him and urged that measures be taken to bring about the construction of the canal; but, as no private company initiated an attempt, it is probable that the President did not see his way clearly to forward it. At all events, when an initiatory company had obtained a concession for the construction of the canal two years later, and asked an act of incorporation from Congress, in his annual message the President was very earnest and emphatic in his expressions in relation to the importance of the canal question.

Very soon after the report of the Canal Commission appeared, or perhaps before, a discussion was begun in Paris by the French section of the International Committee for the exploration of the American Isthmus. Their secretary, M. Drouillet, a French engineer, published a pamphlet proposing methods of exploration, and came to the United States "to appeal to our learned Societies to lend their aid to make a serious exploration of the Isthmus." He asserted "that the problem of inter-oceanic navigation is at present incapable of solution on account of the insufficiency of geographical data, and of the flagrant contradictions which exist in these data,—an insufficiency and contradictions which do not permit the engineer to study profoundly a definite project." In a paper presented by me to the Geographical Society of New York, read October, 1876, I endeavored to show that the data were ample, and that the deficiency was in M. Drouillet not being able to separate the apocryphal from what was authentic and based upon ample instrumental examinations.

About the same time the French initiatory society sent an expedition to the watershed of the Gulf of Darien; it spent some months in examinations near the river Paya, and elaborated a plan for the construction of a canal with a tunnel of indefinite length, the Atlantic terminus of which was not determined or visited. I discussed this proposed canal route before the Geographical Society in November, 1878. In 1877 the French initiatory society sent another expedition; after a brief visit to the region previously visited, it returned to the Isthmus of Panama, and made a dozen cross-sections along the line of the railroad, and proposed a plan for a sea-level canal based upon them, which elicited the high encomiums of M. de Lesseps in the Paris Canal Congress in May, 1879. In the month of March preceding, President Hayes sent for me, and, after a brief conversation and discussion, said he thought my attendance at the Paris Canal Congress was desirable to

maintain great national interests; I said that I had not looked upon my going in that light, though as he was of that opinion I would waive my objections and prepare to go, but expressed an unwillingness to present officially our surveys in mere platitudes: with his permission I would write what I proposed to say to the Paris Congress, and present it to the Secretary of State, and to him, to make such modifications as they might think proper. I would then feel assured that what I would utter would meet the approval of the Executive department of my government. This was assented to and carried into effect. A French translation was made at the State Department, and a copy was obtainable in either language by the delegates. On the opening of the Congress, May 15, 1879, I presented the surveys and reports in detail, followed by remarks, from which I quote:

"The long period of time over which the surveys of the United States have been prosecuted, designed to elucidate the problem of a ship-canal, indicates a persistent interest in this subject. I am happy to add that the present Chief Magistrate and his Cabinet are fully alive to the benefit to be derived from a full consideration of the construction of an inter-oceanic ship-canal, now that further researches of the topography of that region no longer promise commensurate rewards.

"In the consideration of a great work, such as the construction of a ship-canal across the American continent, we may well suppose that its permanency should be regarded as important as the selection of the route itself, involving the least cost of construction with the minimum of problems of doubtful cost in the execution of the work. With these points assured, the question becomes fairly debatable whether the physical conditions are to be considered too formidable to admit of the execution of the work,—in fact, whether a grand idea for the amelioration of the great commerce of the world can be put in execution, or perforce abandoned, through the existence of obstacles too formidable in their nature to admit of an endeavor to overcome them.

"Should it be considered, after a careful and minute examination of the question, that a commercial or monetary success is practicable in the construction of an inter-oceanic ship-canal, whatever error may obtain through the selection of an inferior route through a misapprehension of conditions of permanency, or of first cost of construction, in the location of the ship-canal, would work a double injury, in the failure to yield a proper dividend, by reason of an unexpected and extraordinary cost in construction, or constant demands for heavy expenditures in the endeavor to keep the canal navigable, and in the probable imposition of tolls, that would tend to drive away or fail to secure a considerable part of the tonnage which should naturally pass through it, and which would make the ship-canal appear rather as an obstructor than the promoter of a world-wide commerce. I feel sure that these considerations will have weight in the mind of our distinguished President, at whose call this assemblage has met, to whose genius and indomitable energy are due the inception and the completion of the Suez Canal. The people of the United States will look with great interest upon the discussion and deliberations of this distinguished convocation, and to suggestions which indicate the means

that may be adopted to secure a speedy commencement of the work of an American inter-oceanic ship-canal on such a basis as should assure its uninterrupted prosecution and early completion. It would seem that this object could best be accomplished by making the work international, could a satisfactory basis of co-operation be arrived at."

Civil Engineer Menocal, who had also been detailed by the President at my request, was then called upon to make a technical presentation of the Nicaragua and Panama routes, both of which he had been engaged upon in making the surveys. He was listened to with great interest. He expressed a willingness to discuss the Atrato-Napipi survey by Lieutenant Collins, which he said presented relatively such unfavorable conditions that he would only do so by the request of the presiding officer, M. de Lesseps, who did not make the request. The reports of Mr. Menocal and myself will be found in "Instructions to Rear-Admiral Ammen," etc., published by the State Department in September, 1879.

Soon after my return from Paris I wrote to General Grant, then in Japan, and suggested the necessity of his taking in hand the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and received a telegram of approval. Unhappily, after his arrival in Philadelphia in November he swerved from his purpose: had it been otherwise, in my belief the canal would have been completed years ago. At that very time, Lesseps not having received a moneyed support, although he had a large majority in his Congress, went to Panama, "to see for himself," as he said, and very soon after proclaimed to the world, "I do not hesitate to declare that the Panama Canal will be easier to begin, to finish, and to maintain, than the Canal of Suez." On that assurance the proverbial French stockings were emptied into his lap, and tens of thousands of ignorant, confiding people have been utterly ruined.

Very soon after the advent of Lesseps, his agent Blanchet returned to Nicaragua to secure a canal concession that had been agreed upon with the Executive department of that government, and failed by only one vote of confirmation in the Senate in March, 1879, two months prior to the Paris Canal Congress. Had that concession been confirmed, the Nicaragua route would doubtless have been adopted by M. de Lesseps, the worse than worthless Panama concession held by Lieutenant Wyse and others would not have been an alluring bait for its victims, and at this time our coasting-trade between the two oceans would be paying the extraordinary tolls that would have been imposed, and, worse still, this highway would have been under European domination and would have become an important factor in European politics.

Several of our citizens who were apprised of the movements of Blanchet formed an association, sent an agent to Nicaragua in advance, and secured as favorable a concession as could be desired. The following winter, when they attempted to obtain an act of incorporation for the Maritime Canal Company, they found the indomitable Captain Eads in the way, who proposed a Tehuantepec ship-railway with an endowment of \$60,000,000 of guaranteed bonds as sections of the work were completed, including water-portions that were almost navigable without improvement. The occult agents of the Panama Canal Com-

pany were there also; it had endowed an "American syndicate" with an annuity of half a million dollars for five years "to preserve American neutrality"! The Secretary of State pretended to be a friend to the promoters of the canal, but secretly opposed the passage of an act of incorporation for the company. He wished the concession to lapse in order to make a treaty with Nicaragua empowering our government to construct the canal; and these objects he effected. When the treaty he had made was put before the Senate it would have been speedily confirmed had it not been for the powerful influence of the incoming Administration; a delay in its confirmation was asked "to withdraw it for further consideration and amendment." On President Cleveland coming into power the treaty was withdrawn from the Senate, not for amendment, but to stifle it, when the fact was well known that had it not been withdrawn not a dozen Senators would have voted against it.

In Cleveland's annual message, many persons, without respect to party, read with painful surprise the President's depreciation and setting aside of the canal scheme when our government was fully empowered to proceed with the work. An Isthmian canal had occupied the minds of our statesmen since the time of Jefferson, without respect to party. Before this action on the part of President Cleveland, it had been demonstrated, through long and expensive government surveys, that beyond peradventure the canal, if constructed, would be a munificent commercial certainty to its constructors, with toll-rates that compared with a Cape Horn voyage would be a mere bagatelle. Since the time of Clay and Jackson, who were warmly interested in the bare possibilities of a ship-canal, our possessions on the Pacific coast had increased from a mere foothold to territories of vast extent and enormous natural resources. In 1788, Jefferson, then in Paris, wrote to a friend at home, "With respect to the Isthmus of Panama, I am assured by Burgoyne that a survey was made and a canal appeared very practicable, but the idea was suppressed for reasons altogether political. He had seen and examined the report. This report, to me, is a vast desideratum, for reasons political and philosophical." Shade of Jefferson! your ideas are not in the minds of your self-asserted and reputed followers, who have had control of this great republic!

With Clay in 1824, Jackson in 1835, and ever since, when the question of a canal was discussed, it received the hearty concurrence of all, quite apart from sectional or party lines. After an acquisition of an immense territory on the Pacific coast, of enormous natural resources that could only be advantageously developed through the construction of a canal, and after the execution of the long and satisfactory surveys before referred to had established a commercial certainty, then, I repeat, it was assumed that the construction of this canal was a matter of little moment,—that it might as well be constructed by Europeans, if at all, as by ourselves! Its government, its domination, and its toll-rates affecting vast prospective coasting interests, it was assumed, might just as well be in foreign hands as in our own: *the canal would be neutral!* Constructed by our citizens, under an act of incorporation from Congress, and fortified in such manner through our government as to forbid pecuniary embarrassment during its construction, or foreign

interference in the future, it may when constructed be *neutral* in a proper sense of the word, altogether different, however, from the neutrality which would attach to it were it constructed by German subjects under an incorporation from His Imperial Majesty, or were it under the protection of the government of France. The ablest of our Senators of both parties were the earnest supporters of the Nicaragua Canal construction by our government when the treaty was before the Senate, and more recently, when a bill was before Congress for the incorporation of a company to construct the canal, it received the warm support of the ablest men of both parties in both the Senate and the House, and of every section, in fact, of all, save those who have one idea,—that they belong to a “district,” and have little if anything to do with the great external interests of a nation.

The construction of the canal under an American company is no less necessary to the peace of Europe than it is to the peace of Central America and a large part of this continent. The “war-clouds” that are so sudden and so frequent, that threaten Europe, should not disturb this great water-route of the future, more important to us on this continent than to Europeans. Had the Panama Canal proved a success under French auspices, it would have been a bone of contention between France and her neighbors, and the toll-rates agreed upon in the concession would have made it a question whether anything would be gained by passing through the canal rather than around by Cape Horn. Thus we might have had an Isthmian canal without any great commercial advantage, and a great military disadvantage, had the Panama route been practicable.

So much has been said of Panama as a “short line” and other supposed advantages, that a comparison of it with Nicaragua may be instructive to those who have not examined the subject. The length of the prism of the Panama Canal required is forty-six and one-half miles, which comprises the entire distance from sea to sea. The length of the prism required on the Nicaragua Canal is less than twenty-eight miles, sixteen of which can be dug by dredgers; and the entire length between the seas, one hundred and seventy miles, is through canal prisms, the lake, the river San Juan, and in basins formed through dams and embankments. In pursuing a passage through the Panama Canal, were it constructed, it would be necessary to pass south around Cape Mala, for vessels making voyages in the Northern hemisphere, which would apply to four-fifths of the traffic, and to reach the sea off Brito would impose an additional voyage of more than six hundred miles on the vessel if from an Atlantic port, and more than eight hundred if from a port in the Gulf of Mexico. From the almost constant calms in Panama Bay and in the sea adjacent for hundreds of miles, it would be impracticable for sailing-vessels, as shown by Captain Maury half a century ago.

Vessels trading in the Northern hemisphere in passing through the Nicaragua Canal would not have to go out of their course in doing so, and would have favorable winds on passing into the open sea, and those passing into the Southern hemisphere, if from the Gulf of Mexico, would not increase the distance materially, nor would it be greater than

one hundred miles to those from Atlantic ports, and with an advantage of fair winds to take them sufficiently off shore when reaching the latitude of Panama to avoid the almost constant calms that prevail there.

It is quite certain that if the Panama Canal should be built it will have a summit above sea of not less than one hundred and twenty-four feet, required to free it from the destructive effects of the floods, and even then with fourteen feet more elevation in lockage than the Nicaragua Canal the cuts in earth for five miles would be quite deep, with an extreme tendency of the earth to slide. In short, one of the most serious difficulties of the Panama route is that when a given amount of work is done, it is so subject to the destructive effects of floods as to make the maintenance extremely difficult and expensive.

Unhappily, the Isthmus of Panama has a pernicious climate; this was made known at the time of the construction of the railroad, and has been confirmed by the tens of thousands of victims in the attempted construction of the Panama Canal. The reverse of this is found to obtain in Nicaragua: even at Greytown, although intermittent fevers are common they are of a mild type, such as is usual on the borders of the Chesapeake and neighboring waters. In December, 1887, sixty persons, engineers and their assistants, went to Nicaragua to complete an axial location of the canal, and were accompanied by one hundred or more Jamaicans and thirty or forty Nicaraguans in the capacity of laborers. The rainy season was unusually long, and the parties were operating for six weeks in the low grounds on the east coast and wet daily through showers and wading; their operations under more favorable weather continued for six months; and in all that time there was not a serious case of illness among the whole number employed. There is probably no part of the United States where the same labor and exposure would not have been attended with illness fatal to some of the party. No less than five surveying-parties had preceded this large force; the medical officer attending them was Surgeon Bransford, of the Navy, who gave his ideas as to the causes of this immunity from disease before the Association for the Advancement of Science in the meeting in New York in August, 1887.

Nine years ago the work of construction began on the Panama Canal; now we learn that a Board of engineers is about proceeding to Panama to determine upon a plan for the continuation of the work! What has been done in great part, year by year, has been undone during the heavy rains. If engineers "determine" on a slope and Nature does not approve it, she puts on the finishing touches to suit herself; and this has been the case at Panama. The deeper the cut the greater the wash and the amount of dirt to be removed. Should this Board of engineers "determine" on a sea-level canal, it will be found, as in the past nine years, that at times they have altogether too much water. If they "determine" on the last idea of M. de Lesseps of having the summit of the canal thirty-three feet above an admitted constant water-supply, they will find they have a great deal of pumping and very little water to pass ships from sea to sea. They have a difficult task, with which we have nothing to do but to look on with wonder, if not with

admiration. The *Engineering News* sums up briefly the relative merits of the two routes as follows :

"At Nicaragua there is no insolvable Chagres River problem ; there is much less canal in excavation ; there is less deep cutting ; there is no problem of water-supply ; there is no rotten sliding rock ; there are no endemic pestilences ; there is a stiff trade breeze blowing all the year round to maintain health and comfort ; there is a prior knowledge from detail surveys of just what is to be done, which was wholly lacking at Panama ; there is the advantage of all the experience gained at Panama, and of an official base on this side of the ocean instead of on the other side, and there is the practical certainty of far better management. These are enormous advantages, and it therefore seems to us that no reasonable man can doubt, first, that the canal can be built for from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000 at the very most, and, secondly, that it will be exceedingly profitable even at that rate."

That the Nicaragua Canal will be constructed, and without delay, is assured by these facts, which tell not the less why the Panama Canal proved a failure, and will never be completed, if that word is regarded as applicable to a work that even as a lock canal has not at this time one-quarter of the work executed. Authorized by the Executive department of our government, I said in the Paris Canal Congress that "the people of the United States are not disposed to consider the construction of the canal solely with reference to the degree in which the commerce and interests of the United States will be relatively benefited through its construction as compared with the advantages that may accrue to other commercial nations. Such a ship-canal cannot fail to be a great and common benefit, and especially in opening a rapid and easy transit between the Atlantic coasts of Europe and America with the western coast of America and the speedy development of Australia. Regarding this inter-oceanic ship-canal, when constructed, as the greatest artificial highway that can be constructed, conferring benefits on all nations and peoples, the people of the United States consider its construction as one of common interest, and the guarantee of its neutrality a duty in common to all nations."

Daniel Ammen.

CRYSTAL AND CLAY.

GENIUS pours
Forth from her crystal chalice, golden-lipped,
Ruddy and generous wine.

Talent stores
The few last drops that carelessly have dripped,
And claims the parent vine.

Percy Vere.

MY ENEMY.

EVERY one, whether American or English, who calls himself or herself a mountaineer knows Zermatt and Seilers' Hotels, where an Alpine climber is not considered a hero unless he can beat the record of some dozen other heroes who have gone before him, or unless he can find some fair lady ready to believe a thrilling tale of extraordinary danger where unheard-of coolness and matchless courage have been displayed by the reciter.

I shall always remember one special evening when several of the Monte Rosa male guests, myself included, sat round the small tables outside the hotel, drinking tea to please the ladies and smoking our after-dinner cigars to please ourselves.

On that special August evening I recognized fully that I had an enemy and that I almost—was it more than almost?—hated Haden Colmer. There he sat opposite to me, Harry Venner; and as the fading light added beauty to his handsome face I owned to myself that, in spite of no angry words having passed between us, this man was the obstacle to my happiness.

He was now talking to Maureen Mellish, and she was answering him with a lovely smile of perfect understanding. Before the advent of this same Haden Colmer I had sat in the chair next to Maureen, and I had told her tales of my exploits, and she had admired my courage, and so forth; but when he came I found that I had to sit opposite to him and listen to tales of *his* exploits, and that Maureen expected me to admire *his* courage, and that when this duty was accomplished I was rewarded by seeing them walk off together to admire the view!

The view at Zermatt is the Matterhorn pure and simple; but this one mountain took a great deal of viewing!

No, I could not pretend to be as handsome, as amusing, or as fascinating as this man: his very brilliancy made me silent and stupid, and his stories of exploits in all sorts of dangerous passes and in unheard-of circumstances put mine into the shade. I knew I could do a thing or two which few could surpass, but this stranger smiled at the few experiences I tried to throw in, a smile which I fancied in my hatred was meant to insult me. Worse still, I saw that Maureen was quite won over to the enemy and I was nowhere now, to use a slang expression. It was constantly, "Mr. Venner, have you heard Mr. Colmer's account of his ascent of one of the Himalayas?" or, "Do you know, Mr. Venner, that Mr. Colmer has discovered a new peak of the Caucasus, where foot of man never trod before him?"

"Humph!" I said. I suppose my "humph!" was expressive, for Maureen exclaimed,—

"Indeed his account of it was lovely, delicious!"

I felt savage with my enemy: he was carrying everything before him, even,—yes, I knew it,—even Maureen's heart; and I was deeply in love with her, and fancied, before he came, that I had some chance.

"You seem to have done a good many foreign things, Mr. Colmer. I suppose the Matterhorn, with several guides to drag you up, is too common an expedition for you."

"Well, yes," he answered, "the Matterhorn is rather stale: it is given up to ladies now, *place aux dames*; three went up last week: still, one might saunter up there some day."

I thought he cast a patronizing glance towards the grim mountain: so I remarked, carelessly,—

"You might go up the western face by Penhall's route, for instance, if not alone, then with one guide." I said this on purpose to goad him on; but I knew well the dangers of that route except in very special weather.

Maureen laughed happily: she knew nothing of the dangers of any route, not being at all a "Matterhorn lady."

"That would be worth doing, I suppose by your tone," she said. "Really, when I see parties start for the Matterhorn with guides numberless and enough ropes to drag a triumphal car of Juggernaut, I don't think much of the sunburnt creatures who come back singing 'See the conquering hero.'"

"I know nothing of these parts," said Haden Colmer, "but I have been on worse mountains. If you command," added my enemy, calmly, "I shall obey, Miss Maureen."

"Hush," I said, a little frightened, though I did not believe the hero meant what he said. "The Seilers won't like it if they know you intend to undertake such a rash adventure. The Swiss think unusual routes must be dangerous and that you require an army of guides. Of course, with my experience, I could do it with one guide, or with a friend without any guide at all; but——"

"But you doubt mine?" said Colmer, with a smile which made me hate him all the more because it was so devoid of scorn. Of course he was too sure of his superiority over me in everything, in Maureen's good opinion as well as in mountaineering, to be angry. This I said to myself.

"Yes," I replied, fiercely, though so low that I hope Maureen did not hear.

"Have you done Penhall's route?" said Colmer, lighting another cigar.

"I'm going to do it shortly," I said.

"Alone, or with an army of guides?"

"Arthur Keith will join me, I dare say." Maureen looked round to see why I answered so shortly.

"If Mr. Venner can do it with young Keith, there can't be much danger," said Colmer. "Keep our counsel, Miss Mellish, but what will you give to the one who beats the record?"

"How shall I know?" she said, laughing. "Or wait: I know a good test: I shall ask you for news of each other."

"Thank you, but I am not going with Mr. Colmer," I answered; and then, not being able to trust myself any longer so near to my enemy, I rose and walked away, fancying as I did so that I heard them speaking about me. How easily jealousy makes us unjust!

My conscience reproached me, but I laid it to sleep, thinking that the boaster was very unlikely to take my words in earnest, and that he certainly could not attempt Penhall's route without advice. Anyhow, I would be beforehand with him: so I took an early opportunity of asking Arthur Keith to go with me, without letting out our destination to the Zermatt world. Though young, he was a good mountaineer, and he eagerly accepted the invitation.

But now a strange thing happened!

Two days after my proposal, Keith and I started for the Stockje hut without telling any of our friends. We reached the well-known *cabane* at eight o'clock, and we gazed with unmixed admiration at the gloomy west face of the Matterhorn, the rocky walls of the Tête du Lion, and the glittering ice terraces of the Dent d'Hérens. Between the first two peaks lay the fearful couloir of the Col du Lion.

Nature was truly awful and majestic in this spot, but even here I thought, "My enemy is but a brag: *he* could not attempt this."

We turned into our woollen sacks early, as we meant to start at two A.M., and, though I heard some travellers clatter in later, I did not rouse myself to find out who they were, till, in the small hours of the morning, I was roused by my friend's saying,—

"Here, old fellow, wake up. I say, I'm awfully sorry: it's nearly time to start, but I feel so seedy that there's not a chance of my being able to go on."

His suffering face told me his was no shamming business.

I whistled softly.

I was in despair; but at that moment another woollen bag roused itself, and out of it appeared my enemy! A guide also woke up,—*his* guide!

"I'm going to do the Matterhorn by Penhall's route," he said, calmly. "Two will be better than one. Let us go together, Mr. Venner, and my guide can take your friend home. He looks quite unfit to go alone."

I was torn by conflicting feelings. I did not want to go with *him*, and yet I could not bear to let him go first.

"I'll go back with you, Keith," I said, slowly.

"Nonsense! accept Mr. Colmer's offer. I dare say he'll be better than I am; but I'll get down alone: so pray take your guide."

We wouldn't hear of his being left: so, after more talk, and much against my will, I at last decided to go on; and this was how it came to pass that I took Penhall's route in company with Haden Colmer, my enemy.

When we started from the hut in darkness we heard an ice-avalanche thundering down from the precipices of the Dent d'Hérens; then perfect silence succeeded, which I did not trouble to break. We descended the moraine and reached the glacier, which was full of crevasses, though free from snow, and, still by lantern-light, made our way towards the Col du Lion; but we were soon obliged to reascend the ice slope so as to reach the snow-field formed by the northwest ridge of the Matterhorn and the east ridge of the Dent d'Hérens.

Though I did not waste my words on Colmer, I was surprised to

find that, much as I had doubted it, he was a good mountaineer. It does not improve one's temper to discover one has suspected a man of false boasting and then find out that he has spoken the truth. Ah, Maureen might well admire him, and I—well, even in this exploit I felt I might be left in the lurch.

On we trudged; and when morning broke the Matterhorn stood between us and the sun, and after a long walk we reached the foot of the mountain, where a well-known rocky promontory projects into the glacier. We attacked these rocks, whose slopes inclined downward, and whose polished surface reminded me that a grinding glacier had once been over them.

Each of us had in our pockets a drawing of Penhall's route. Consulting these, we ascended higher and approached Penhall's couloir, and after a bad bit of climbing we looked down on its narrowest point.

But once here how were we to proceed? On the opposite side of the couloir the rocks looked horrible. However, we managed to climb down to it, and saw that the ice was furrowed by avalanches. There was no time to stop: so we followed it up higher, and, crossing it, got on to the rocks, still sloping, still slippery, some actually covered with ice. It was horrible work! Once, in a pause, Colmer looked at me calmly and said,—

"We are now cut off completely."

"No going back, certainly: so we *must* get to the top," I answered, feeling that now, at least, my enemy did not think this easy work.

At one o'clock P.M. we were standing upon the terrible Matterhorn on a level with the Grand Tower, and the summit, the goal of our expedition, lay close before us, but, though so near, what stood between us and success was covered with ice, and another precipitous ice couloir was apparently securely guarding the way to glory.

I turned towards Colmer with a grim face:

"Can *you* get to the top?"

"Can *you*?"

"No; it is impossible: we are driven back."

"We settled just now that going back was impossible, and the sun is coming round our side," he added, "which means a storm of stones. Halloo! here's a specimen."

"Back at once, Colmer! there's not a minute to lose," I cried.

"I thought you made light of it. By jingo!"

"Back! back!" I cried again, in low tones, and my words seemed to return to me with the addition, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but conscience said,—

"You knew the dangers, he did not."

Good God! It is terrible in the midst of fierce and powerful nature not to feel at peace with one's conscience. I did not think now of my own danger: my one idea was, "I must save him at any cost."

But in the midst of these awful dangers what was I? Only among such surroundings can man perhaps realize how truly he is a mere atom in the hands of his Maker.

The sun striking on the western wall of the mountain loosed from their icy fetters stone after stone and sent them whistling past us.

I pulled off my shoes and took the lead ; though time was so important to us, every step had to be considered and the rope continually tested between us, for the icy ledges were so fearfully difficult that sometimes I had to trust entirely to it. When we once more reached the ice slope I could not stop to put on my shoes again, though my feet were cut by the ice, for not a moment was to be wasted, as whole avalanches of stones came down ceaselessly.

At last we reached the couloir which we had previously crossed and whose furrows told us what to expect. We had to choose either to bear for several hours the furious showers of stones, any one of which might kill us, or else to chance crossing the narrow couloir, on the other side of which was comparative safety ; but then the couloir was the war-path of the avalanches !

Moments can be like eternity ; and such an eternity was this moment to us. The sun came burning down upon us, and the pelting stones swept down from every side : Dante alone could have described this Inferno.

"Shall we risk it?" I said, pausing to pull on my shoes.

The handsome face close beside me wore a look I shall not soon forget,—it was so grave and earnest. I wanted to hold out my hand and say, "Forgive me," but there seemed no time for even this, as he answered,—

"The risk is about equal, but crossing this couloir certainly seems the shortest road to safety. Let me go first."

The snow was suspiciously soft as we cautiously stepped down upon it : no need of cutting our footholds here, as we had done upon the ice-field.

Suddenly a roar is heard ; there is a shower of fresh stones ; I am conscious of a mighty avalanche nearing us. Retreat, there is no time ; but I do not lose consciousness. I am blinded by powdery snow. I feel sure my last hour has come. Good God ! I never asked *his* forgiveness ! Then I am dashed over rocks, I feel myself lifted up and thrown over two immense bergschrunds like a ball hurled from a boy's hand. At every change of slope I know we are flying into the air, then plunged into snow, then hurled against each other. Surely all is over, surely I am dead and this is only an after-consciousness ! Countless thoughts throng my brain, and always one thought, "Is he dead ? What will Maureen say ?"

Then suddenly cessation of motion ; the avalanche has expended its force. And where am I ? where is he ?

In the great silence after the deafening roar I slowly recognize that we are lying on the Tiefenmatten glacier ; we have fallen down between five and eight hundred feet ; and yet I am alive. Is he ?

In a few moments I recovered entire consciousness, and, feeling the rope not broken, I pulled it. Yes, he was there, half buried in the snow. I shook him, and he awoke ; but, oh, God ! he did not know me ; he was delirious, and even tried to resist me as I pulled and pulled with all my enfeebled strength at the rope, for I knew we were still in the track of the avalanches, and that another might come at any moment and sweep us into eternity.

At last I succeeded ; but how much better off were we ? We were far away from any human help. Haden Colmer was raving in delirium ; and I ? The exquisite pain I felt told me well enough that I had sprained my ankle. Otherwise, strangely enough, I had nothing but bruises, and no bones broken.

What could I do ? Why was he not saved and I in his place ? How could he live long in this condition, or how could I get him help, unable as I was to walk or to stand upright ? If he died, I should be a murderer !—a murderer ! No, no ; I could still crawl. I would get help ; I would go to the Stockje hut on my hands and knees, for there was sure to be some one there.

For a moment I prayed : that prayer forever burnt out all feelings of jealousy and of enmity. I tore off my coat and wrapped it round poor Haden Colmer, who was talking wildly about " Kathleen " (did he mean Maureen ?), and then, alone, and on my hands and knees, I began my terrible journey.

I cannot describe the awful mental and bodily experience I went through. I was a mass of bruises ; my knees were cut and bleeding, my hands also ; but, though the pain, aggravated by intense thirst and weariness, was acute, I kept repeating to myself, " I must save him ! I must ! " Every now and then a mocking voice seemed to say, audibly, " Why not stop and rest ? Why not leave him to his fate ? No one will blame *you* ; " but, with a sudden thrill of horror, I was able to answer, " I *will* go on till I die."

At last the Stockje hut is in sight. I try to call, but my voice dies away without a sound being heard. I creep on till I get close up to it. The door is shut. I clutch hold of the ledge and raise myself up to look in at the window. It is empty, and night has come.

I sink down again upon the earth, utterly dejected. I feel that God does not mean me to save him. I must give it up, and lie here and die. I have failed. No, no ! I think of his earnest look, and I remember my own hateful thoughts ; then once more I take courage, and go on crawling, crawling onward by the light of the stars. Shall I be in time ? Shall I have strength to reach the Staffel Alp ? Surely God will help me, and will give me courage to bear the pain. And He does. At three o'clock in the morning I awake the sleepers with my strange story and the bare facts of my extraordinary journey.

But yet another disappointment awaits me. No one there will volunteer for the search on the awful glacier. " He is dead," they say : " there can be no doubt of it. Why risk any more lives ? Your escape from the avalanche and your journey down here are nothing less than miraculous."

" Only try and save him," I cried, as if he had been my dearest brother. " If you will not go, then send to Zermatt for a rescue-party : there are brave fellows there." Some one is easily found for this mission, and the others turn their attention to doing something for me. I realize that I am dead beat. My head is getting weak, and I ask for a pencil and paper, on which I jot down the exact spot where he is to be found. As I am writing, " For God's sake go at once," the pencil drops from my fingers, and I lose consciousness.

When I regained possession of my senses the first words I said were, "Where is he?" I noticed that I was at the Monte Rosa Hotel and in my own room, and the doctor was feeling my pulse as he answered, kindly,—

"Yes, he lives, thanks to what you wrote down, but that he is alive is all that can be said for him. He was brought back here at eight o'clock last night. His delirium saved him, for he tore off his clothes and rolled back into the snow, which froze about his legs, so that they had to cut him out with an axe. The cold saved his brain. He may lose his eyesight and may have to have his legs amputated, but—yes, he lives."

He lives! These words took such a load off me that I got well in a few days, except for my severe sprain; but every time a doctor approached me I repeated,—

"You shall not amputate his legs. You *must* save him without that. Surely modern science is cleverer than that."

I got one doctor on my side, so the other two put off the amputation, hoping against hope.

As I lay on my bed I hoped and prayed. How terrible it was to me when they called me a hero and my friends discussed my journey! Worse still, one day, when I was moved to a sofa, Maureen and her mother came to see me, and with tears in their eyes thanked me for saving "dear Haden"!

"I did nothing worth mentioning," I said, looking at Maureen very sadly. Though I loved her more than ever, I did not now wish to take her from him; for did not "dear Haden" mean that she loved him?

But imagine my surprise when she added, softly,—

"Oh, Mr. Venner, you don't know what it means to us, or why we are so grateful. We couldn't tell you before, because it was a dead secret, but he was in love with my cousin Kathleen, who is a ward of chancery, and he is not yet allowed to see her: so he came here, in order at least to talk about her with us. He was always wishing me to give him news of her when our letters came in, for she managed to put in little messages to him."

I gazed at her with a look she certainly could not understand. After all, my hatred had been misplaced, and all my wicked jealousy uncalled for!

"I thought it was you he cared for," I gasped.

Maureen did not answer, but I saw her blush deeply. The load was lifted from my heart; but I was indeed thankful that I had conquered before I knew the truth.

I need only add two things:

Though Haden Colmer's illness was a weary business (he only recovered consciousness after twenty days), yet he did pull through, and, what was more, no limb was amputated. When he was well enough to talk over the events of that awful day I made a clean breast of it, and found, to my relief, that he bore me no grudge, and seemed too full of what he called "my heroic journey on all-fours" to entertain any other thought about me.

But a few days after, Maureen answered a question I put to her with the little word "yes," and then she added,—

"Oh, Harry, how could you doubt my feelings? I ought to have told you about my cousin, but I did not guess that you would fancy I would change, and before Haden came I thought you understood I did care about somebody! Haden is a fine fellow, and the best about him is that he admires you so much."

If I was much humbled, I had also much cause for thankfulness.

* * * * *

As I write, my wife receives a letter to tell her that Kathleen, having attained to years of discretion, has been allowed to marry Haden Colmer. So the man who was once my enemy is now my cousin; my friend he has been for several years. We have agreed to spend our next summer holidays at Zermatt; but I am sure our respective wives will not allow us again to try Penhall's route, for fear we should not a second time come safely out of an avalanche.

Esmé Stuart.

HOMEWARD.

WHEN I come to my Father's house he will hear me:
 I shall not need
 With words implore
 Compassion at my Father's door:
 With yearning mute my heart will plead,
 And my Father's heart will hear me.

One thought all the weary day hath caressed me:
 Though cloud-o'er-cast
 Is the way I go,
 Though steep is the hill I must climb, yet, oh,
 When evening falls and the light is past,
 At my Father's house I will rest me.

For thither,—whatsoever betide me;
 Howe'er I stray,
 Beset by fears,
 Wearied by effort, or blinded by tears,—
 Ah, surely I shall find my way,
 Though none there be to guide me!

Florence Earle Coates.

A BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE WITH PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

I MAY boast that Paul Hayne was my friend, though it was never my good fortune to meet him. I became intimately acquainted with him in a correspondence that lasted little more than a year; but it was carried on during the last months of his life, when, in his acute physical suffering, he craved sympathy and longed for a confidant, to whom he could trust the forebodings that love would not allow him to confess to his wife. He turned to a stranger with all the trustfulness of his nature. The letters, the notes, the scraps of words, came often, almost up to the end,—indeed, for some time after he knew that, like the character in James Payn's story, he was "under sentence of death." No one could have received these communications in an irresponsible frame of spirit: they called for all the sympathy that one could give. But I must not convey the impression that the pervading tone of Mr. Hayne's correspondence was one of sadness. If there were mournful chords in his confessions, there were also the pure notes of love and hope. Despondency sometimes appeared like an overhanging cloud, but it was always penetrated and dispelled by the sunshine of his nature. In the same letter, often, there would be an unconscious hint at poverty or a story of suffering side by side with some expression of delight or enthusiasm. The winds and the snow of an unprecedented winter could make his unprotected Southern home cheerless or even comfortless, but they could not affect the warmth of the poet's heart. As I look over the bundle of letters that were traced in his small, precise hand, I am struck both with the abundant cause that Mr. Hayne had for believing his lot cruel and with the forgetfulness of self that made possible his broad human sympathy for those who were struggling as he had done toward the poet's fame. If a poem of promise appeared over an unknown name, he would ask me for the author's address and would write him a note of praise and encouragement. Praising came as easy to Mr. Hayne as letter-writing. He must have loved to do both. To one who did not understand his keen sympathy, the praise may have seemed as fulsome as the letter-writing seemed unaccountable; but it was merely the natural expression of a sentiment in accordance with his Southern traditions and inheritance. In the North one hesitates before addressing a stranger or commending a friend; in the South one stops at nothing if the heart is touched.

I have spoken of Mr. Hayne's precise hand. The appearance of his letter was as characteristic of him as any of the sentiments it contained. The forms and features of the letter were accepted by me as the true representation of the writer's personality. I could not watch the play of expression on his face as he talked, but here I had the play of expression transmitted through his hand as he wrote. He made my task easy. The purple flow of his ink was dotted, accented, and interspersed with marks that, read aright, builded an unmistakable

personality. The underscoring of a word revealed the intense expression he wore when writing it; one exclamation-point, I knew, was accompanied with a smile, and another with an outcry; a dash at a certain point implied nervousness, and at another earnestness; at each parenthesis I could hear his voice lowered to a whisper in token of confidence. All this is less imaginary than one may think who has never seen one of Mr. Hayne's letters, marked "private," with "private" twice underscored. They do reveal all and more than I have said.

But I must let the letters speak for themselves. They will appear very different printed in black ink and shorn of those characteristic marks and signs to which I have alluded. But they may, nevertheless, give an idea of the poet and the man. It is not necessary for me to introduce myself, as I am told it is the custom to do in parts of the South, by giving my family history, before referring to the chance that put Mr. Hayne and myself in correspondence. It is only necessary for me to say that Mr. Hayne wrote to me first as the editor of the poetical department of a paper to which he contributed. That the correspondence which grew out of this relation of contributor to editor was not a usual one for those similarly situated, the following extracts may in a measure prove. I shall scarcely be able in any case to quote a letter entire, for nearly every one contains matters that are still "private" or of interest only to myself. I shall try to quote such passages as will best reveal the character and broad sympathies of the poet.

On December 15, 1884, Mr. Hayne wrote, in reference to an issue of *The Independent* that contained a number of poems by Mr. Swinburne,—

That Swinburne number was superb. For years I have corresponded with Swinburne, and I can assure you that personally, despite (*entre nous*) some eccentricities, he is a singularly kind-hearted man. How could it be otherwise with one who so loves children?

In the same letter he touches upon a number of editorial matters, which I think are not too private for publication. He continues,—

Enclosed please find a sonnet ["The Renegade," suggested by a painting of Kaulbach's, in Munich], which perhaps may suit you. Did you ever chance to see the engraving from Kaulbach's half-symbolical painting, which once hung in the Athenæum Hall, Boston? The Titan figure is wonderful. You have two of my poems on hand, accepted; but they are neither long; therefore I venture to offer just one more. In regard to them all, I leave amount of *honorarium* to your own judgment, knowing you'll do what is fair for a rather "impecunious" personage. By the way, did I tell you how successful that "Reade *In Memoriam*" has proved to be? Letters from James Payn, Blackmore, W. Collins, etc., have been received concerning it. It seemed that I might tell you this without undue egotism.

In the above letter the poet's sensitiveness is characteristically shown by the way in which he half acknowledges his poverty and in which he shrinks from the pride he might justly have felt in the acknowledgments that came from Charles Reade's dearest friends.

On February 5, 1885, Mr. Hayne wrote,—

Did you chance to receive from me a small batch of verses, quatrains, etc., some weeks ago? I trust they may suit. Meanwhile, if a quatrain is among them entitled "A Winter Conceit" and beginning, "A homeless Wind sighed up the rock-bound hill," please put the manuscript in the fire. 'Twas sent by mistake.

I was provoked that we could not print the quatrain named; for it was the best of all. But I did not put the manuscript in the fire, as bidden. I have the leaf before me now. The same quatrain, in substance, is given in two slightly varying forms. If I remember rightly, I was to choose the one I liked best. I will give the two renderings as they stand. My pencil-marks show that I had selected the first for publication. The above letter, however, prevented the use of either, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the poem in the *Atlantic Monthly* soon after, where I inferred it had been lying so long that Mr. Hayne had forgotten that it had taken a previous flight before it came to me. I quote the two forms:

A HOMELESS WIND.

A homeless Wind sighed up the rock-bound hill,—
Heart-broken, faint, disowned by all its kin,—
Shook the closed door, and moaned outside the sill,
"Open, kind Souls! ah, let me die within!"

AN AGED WIND.

An aged Wind sighed up the rock-bound hill,—
A pauper Wind, disowned of all its kin,—
Shook the closed door, and moaned outside the sill,
"Open, kind Hearts! ah, let me die within!"

The months of February and March, 1885, were particularly severe in the South. Mr. Hayne's feeble constitution shrank before the northern blasts. He made constant references to the effect the weather was having upon him. On February 26 he wrote,—

The terrible weather is spreading sickness all about us in this portion of the world. It will kill me, I fear, if long continued. Never in the memory of the oldest person has such a winter been known at the South. "Sunny South" is now the most ironical of expressions.

Later he said,—

Think of its snowing here in the South on the 23d of March! I saw a large flake on my window-sill just now.

From the particularization of the latter clause, one imagines that he stopped in his writing to wonder at and admire the large flake, with its beautiful star-like crystals, even though it and its fellows, like Vandals of the North, were bringing woe to Southern homes and robbing the roses of their bloom.

The following letter may be quoted almost entire. It was in answer to a slight change I had suggested in one line of a quatrain. Young editors nowadays are sticklers for form, and I fear I have been no exception to the rule. I must confess, however, that I felt the force of the rebuke which this letter, though with far from any such intention on the part of Mr. Hayne, contained. After reading

his letter I believe I would have accepted a sonnet by Shakespeare, even though it did not follow the strict Italian form, in preference to one of the flawless sonnets of the so-called "versicle-icicle" school of to-day. The letter of May 12 ran as follows :

You are right, a thousand times over, about that line : by all means change it for me to

"The earth is set to a bridal tune," etc.,

instead of

"The whole earth's set," etc.

The fact is that I have so imbued my whole being with the style of the Elizabethan dramatists and the earlier English lyrists that sometimes I forget the artistic demands of our day in regard to fastidiousness of execution, delicate wording, and rhythm. I get firm hold of a strong thought or fancy, or a genuine conceit, and fail to be as particular as I ought to be about the "setting." So I am grateful for any suggestion in this line. *A propos*, one of your distinguished Northern writers, who comes down to the South every season, showed me, not very long ago, a note from a comparatively young Boston editor which modestly suggested a change in one of the paragraphs of a prose article, which said author had sent to him. Author (a man of eighty or so) became furious. "Why," said he, "here is a fellow who might be my son undertaking to teach me how to write!" "Don't you think," said I, soothingly, "that the *real* question is, whether your correspondent is right or wrong in his suggestion? If right, why don't you accept his suggestion and thank him for it?" But I might as well have advised the wind! For my part, if a child of five gave me what is called in flash language "a new wrinkle" upon any topic whatever, I'd accept the "wrinkle," and kiss the child with all my heart and lips. But authors, and, I fear, poets especially, are a "dour set," as conceited as peacocks. . . . X— Y— Z— is a poet (within his limitations) of marked power, *entre nous*, a far better poet and essayist than novelist, *me judice*. Regarding his "———" and its successor "———" he will, I'm afraid, never forgive me because I was compelled in bare honesty to tell him (he had mailed me copies of both works for review) that, whatever their merits, they displayed but little knowledge of Southern character among the higher aristocratic classes. . . . Here again comes in a prominent example of authorial vanity. I may tell you (in strict confidence) that never, in a literary experience of thirty years, have I read a letter so Himalayan in its arrogant self-assertion and self-stultifying absurdity as the one Z— wrote me upon the occasion mentioned. He endeavored to explain afterwards, but I have evidently been stricken out of his good books forever. Why, the fellow was so absurdly mad that, although he knew that I was ready and eager to review in the most favorable way his volume of poems, he wouldn't even mail me a copy. Pardon this piece of private history. Z—, personally, can be a charming man.

Lest it should be thought that these references to Z— were the result of jealousy, I may say that the two in no way came into competition with each other, and I may give, furthermore, an example of Mr. Hayne's attitude toward one with whom he did actually come into competition. *The Independent* published at one time side by side a poem by Mr. Hayne and one by another, — a younger and almost unknown man. One of our leading critics wrote Mr. Hayne a note of congratulation on his poem, and Mr. Hayne in reply "enclosed to him —'s noble tribute, to show how the subject was treated by another hand." Referring to this in a letter to me, he said, —

I love to see a strong quick stroke in the "Lists of Literature," — yes, even if the adroit lance should pierce my own shield. Poets should be brothers, or at least courteous rivals, scorning envy as they would the "foul fiend" himself!

The effects of the severe winter lingered with Mr. Hayne almost until summer. He wrote as late as the 28th of May,—

Rheumatism or some confounded stiffness of the joints forces me to the pencil at times. Hence the manuscript of Hugo verses enclosed. The greatest Frenchman since Rabelais, perhaps, is dead.

He was still confined to the use of the pencil when he sent this in midsummer :

Not long since I saw a most curious "mist" which for a whole day lingered on the landscape, seeming to poison everything. Its appearance caused me to experience a superstitious thrill, for it corresponded with descriptions I had read of such phenomena coming before the cholera. The enclosed verses [descriptive of the phenomenon] I hope may suit you. I took much pains with them. By the way, I received (this in confidence) a letter from Tennyson, to whom I had sent a manuscript copy of the sonnet you accepted some time ago (I mean the sonnet headed "To Tennyson" *à propos* some lines from "In Memoriam"), in which the Laureate suggests that the verb "yearn" in the last line is not a happy expression. The line runs thus :

"Ah! Love in heaven yearns not 'a life behind.'"

Please substitute some other word, as thus :

"Ah! Love in heaven lags not 'a life behind.'"

Or can you think of something better?

Ever cordially,

PAUL H. HAYNE.

"Lags" won't do! If you cannot find a better phrase for me, let the original "yearn" stand.

This suddenly strikes me as admissible for the last line :

"And leaves no yearning for 'a life behind.'"

I have given the postscripts as a good illustration of the quick workings of a poet's mind. His suddenest thought was his happiest. But he was not satisfied with the line, and some days after wrote again, suggesting still another change. The sonnet was finally published in the following form on September 24 :

"A LIFE BEHIND."

TO LORD TENNYSON.

But evermore a life behind.
In Memoriam.

O Sovereign Master of a thousand lays,
But sovereign most when sounding thus the deep
Abysmal gulfs of death's mysterious sleep,
Diving far down its dark and fathomless ways,
To find some radiance in the awful maze,—
O Master, canst thou doubt *whose* soul shall keep
Firm faith with thine, where hearts have ceased to weep,
And eyes are purged from grief's funereal haze?
Thy threescore years and ten are overpast;
Therefore, grown eager now, "thine Arthur" waits,
A fair Immortal, by the fadeless gates,
God's hour, long-severed bonds of life to bind.
Fruition crowns all loyal souls at last.
Ah! love in heaven grieves not "a life behind"!

I may seem guilty of a breach of confidence in the letter quoted above, and in one or two other cases; but I cannot think that at this date and under the circumstances it is so in fact. Mr. Hayne referred again to Tennyson's letter concerning the sonnet:

It pleased him, beyond doubt, and, I think, touched him too. But he is *not*, emphatically, a man "who wears his heart upon his sleeve." . . . What is your opinion of Edwin Arnold's last poem in the December *Harper's*? His "Light of Asia" I think superb in parts; but I am afraid he is harping rather too much upon *one* string.

On the "last day of the year, 1885," Mr. Hayne sent out the following note:

To the old it is a pleasant thing to receive any manifestation of sympathy and attention from those who have taken the front seats in this strange theatre of life, while we, the old codgers, retire into the shade of the back boxes, as is only right and becoming.

After a reference to the duties and exactions of an editor's life, he continues,—

I have been an editor myself, more than once, under exacting conditions, and know only too well the "wear and tear" of such an occupation. Still, it has some glorious compensations: I mean the editorship of a hebdomadal, or monthly: to manage a daily of large circulation is simply a fiendish exaction, a constant present torture, with paralysis or apoplexy in the not remote future. Well, once more I wish you a happy, prosperous New Year. . . . Tennyson wrote me two or three times this year. My sonnet, I think, pleased him.

With the beginning of the New Year, Mr. Hayne's sufferings began to increase. The weather was quite as "unprecedented" as that of the winter before. Each letter now contained references to the subject that was uppermost in his mind,—the effect of the cold upon his weak body. And still the tone of the letters was rarely despondent. There was, perhaps, an undercurrent of sadness, but life was still buoyant. Mr. Hayne had implicit faith in the doctrine of the German proverb, "*Humor verloren, alles verloren.*" The following quotation from a letter dated January 31 shows how he kept his faith:

Cold weather here still continues. I feel well-nigh "abolished," as a Frenchman would remark. *A propos*, what clever fellows those Frenchmen are! Here's a specimen of French theatrical criticism. A certain actor performed in pantomime the rôle of a donkey upon all-fours. "For the first time," said his critic, "Mr. X. has failed to present worthily the character of an ass!" Now, that is neat!

In another note, written two days before the above, the unexamined character of the season is thus described:

Such desolation, such suffering, from an unwonted temperature (because of our open houses built for the semi-tropical, not the semi-arctic, zone), you could hardly imagine. We have fireplaces for wood,—no stoves generally, no pipes to heat our dwellings and produce an equable warmth. Thus, one side of a man is toasted, the other frozen. For a full century there has been no such season as this.

Soon after this a letter was received which plainly told that the end was impending and that the Southern poet would never again have to

fight against a far-strayed Northern winter. After speaking of some winter sonnets which the bitter weather had inspired, and which he had sent for publication, he went on to say,—

I think you'll regret to hear that I am being forced now to gather together and draw in all the strings, so to speak, of my life and business, since the winter, still upon us, has well-nigh finished me. In confidence, sacred confidence, I may tell you that some nights ago I had a serious hemorrhage, this time from the lungs. I was standing about twelve one night by the fire in my parlor, everybody having retired, when suddenly I felt as if a giant had me by the throat, and the next instant the blood came welling up. I sunk half unconscious into a chair, and when partially restored went to bed without even telling my wife. This probably is the beginning of the end, and, but for some I love, it would be welcome. Not that I intend to give up! Bless you! that sort of thing isn't in my blood. Pardon such a gruesome confidence. Your notes have made me feel very cordially toward you. God be with you, my young friend, in this strange world of ours.

I will quote entire the last note I received from Mr. Hayne; and I will close this brief article, which is my tribute to the memory of the Southern poet, with a stanza from the words his son spoke at the father's grave. The letter was written in pencil, and ran as follows:

21st Feb., 1888.

I cannot tell you, my dear Mr. Bowen, how touched I was by your last kind letter. Yes, we have been drawn to each other during our correspondence of the year or so past, and if "*Kismet*" be not indeed written on my brow, and I can survive this wretched winter, we may possibly meet in the flesh. But, alas! it is improbable. I can't tell you how I loathe a "cow's death,"—as the old Norsemen used to express it,—and the prospect of a protracted illness nearly drives me wild! I would lead (weak as I am) a "forlorn hope" tomorrow in any *righteous cause*, only to procure the welcome "quittance" of a bullet through brain or heart!—One quick pang, and then—Freedom! Freedom!—in performance of sacred Duty! You comprehend this feeling,—I am almost sure you do. Of course it proves a lamentable feebleness of will on my part. One ought certainly to be ready to "suffer and be strong;" yet is there much in constitution, in temperament,—and I find patient endurance *so* difficult! Pardon such egotism. Once for all, I desire to express my sincere sense of all your kindness, and believe me, *here and Beyond*,

Faithfully yours,
PAUL H. HAYNE.

His mouldering dust can never hear
The tenderest footsteps drawing near;
But far beyond our finite view
His spirit walks the boundless blue.

John Eliot Bowen.

A TOUCHSTONE.

HIS finest skill, his subtlest art,
Against oblivion naught avails,
If in his song the poet fails
To touch the heart.

Charles Henry Lüders.

THE AUTHOR OF "METZEROTT, SHOEMAKER."

WHO wrote "Metzerott"? was the question discussed at every afternoon tea-drinking in Baltimore last winter after Prof. Richard T. Ely, of the Johns Hopkins University, had piqued public curiosity by announcing that the author of this much-talked-of book was a Baltimore woman. Immediately every girl who had wielded a pen became the possible heroine of the hour, from the maiden who indited lines to "The Beautiful Spring" to the professional society gossip whose most brilliant literary effort had been the description of Mrs. Toplofty's latest gown: all shared alike the honor of being accredited with the authorship of the famous book of the season.

While society was thus exemplifying its lack of perception, and the daily papers were printing lists of names any one of which might belong to the "great unknown," the latter was far from the halls of pleasure, living her creed of Christian socialism among the working-women of her city, dividing her time and energies with those whose condition in life she would better, while the petted belles of the Monumental City were dividing her honors among themselves.

But Katharine Pearson Woods cared little for the world's applause; for just when success crowned her work, and hero-worshippers were making pilgrimages to see the hero, she cast her lot with the Knights of Labor, dedicating her talents to the emancipation of the working-classes and to exposing the degrading condition of city factories.

She is a thorough convert to Mr. Bellamy's theories as set forth in "Looking Backward." Indeed, the influence of this ideal twentieth century upon Miss Woods resulted in the production of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," which Mr. Bellamy in turn recommends to the Nationalist party as a clever exponent of his views.

It was through a letter of his to Prof. Ely eulogizing "Metzerott, Shoemaker," that the identity of the author became known; for Prof. Ely, with the best interest of the modest young author at heart, entertaining for her the warmest and most sincere friendship, gave the name of Katharine Pearson Woods, with Mr. Bellamy's letter, to the Baltimore *Sun* for publication.

This announcement caused not a little excitement in our midst. A general falling of feathers occurred among those who had been disporting themselves in borrowed plumes, while intellectual circles hastened to seek fellowship with the new light.

Miss Woods, however, with the characteristic modesty which prompted her to publish anonymously her powerful book, would not allow herself to be lionized, and declined social invitations, to become an active member of the Nationalist Club. The Economic Club, of which she was the organizer, also claims much of her time and interest. This association is largely composed of Johns Hopkins University men, and not a few progressive women, who feel it their privilege and pleasure to keep in touch with the times. Here political economy

is discussed in the most parliamentary fashion. Not long since, Miss Woods took an active part in the debate on "the advisability of the government controlling natural monopolies." She is now preparing a paper on labor organizations from a Nationalist stand-point, to be read before the Nationalist Club.

The author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker" has no appearance of the revolutionist. She is of medium height, with a delicate *spirituelle* face of rare sweetness of expression. Her forehead is massive and intellectual, while her luminous gray eyes burn with the latent fire of genius. She is, however, "but yet a woman," for a curled bang of soft brown hair falls lightly, almost flippantly, over that same intellectual brow. She dresses quietly and is simple in her tastes, never indulging in extravagances.

But let us see what influences of ancestry and consanguinity tended to the development of so striking a character as that of our pioneer woman Socialist, Nationalist, and Knight of Labor.

Miss Woods comes of good old pioneer West Virginia stock on the paternal side, men who for generations were surveyors and civil engineers, from whom she inherits her broad and analytical mind. From her maternal ancestors, the McCabes, she gets her marked literary ability.

Her great-great-grandfather, James McCabe, was one of General Montgomery's staff-officers during the French and Indian War. He was wounded at the battle of Quebec in 1759. When the American Revolution broke out, he raised and equipped a regiment at his own expense and fought on the Continental side. This large demand upon his resources bankrupted his estate, and he was compelled to sacrifice everything, including even his baby's cradle, which he declined to withhold, preferring to cut down a tree and model it into a couch for his offspring rather than deprive others of their rights.

Miss Woods's grandfather, Rev. James Dabney McCabe, was one of the most gifted members of the Virginia and Maryland diocese in his day. Although born in Wheeling, West Virginia, the author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker" passed most of her childhood in the quaint old rectory of St. James's Church on West River, Anne Arundel County, Maryland, becoming a member of her grandfather's household upon the death of her father, which occurred in Baltimore when she was but nine years of age.

Just at this time an uncle and a great-aunt who had run the blockade with their families arrived at the old parish house, bringing together under one roof eight juvenile cousins; decidedly a socialistic environment for the young genius. But the little Katharine had not yet learned the beauty of dividing her pleasures with others, much preferring solitary walks through the quiet woods to romping with the noisy brood of cousins, none of whom sympathized with her moods.

The great gloomy garret was another favorite haunt of the dreamy child. Here she would revel in the treasures of her grandfather's library, many of which had made their way up there from the overcrowded shelves of his study.

At the age of ten years this serious little girl devoured Neale's

"Tales of the Early Church," while sitting under the dusty eaves of the attic; and whenever allowed within the sacred precincts of the study, "Pearson on the Creed" or "Lardner's Lectures on Astronomy" was sure to claim her youthful attention, each volume being as large as herself.

Wishing to secure greater educational advantages for her children, Mrs. Woods returned to Baltimore when the author of "Metzerott" was fourteen years old. Here she soon gave the first evidence of an inherited literary tendency by competing for the prize offered by *The Young Idea*, a little paper edited and published by two choristers of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church. The prize was for the best poem contributed to their columns within a certain time. Katharine submitted her first youthful effusion. Success met her on the very threshold of her career, and she won the coveted prize, which proved to be an engraving, cut from *Godey's Lady's Book*, of Shakespeare at the Court of Queen Elizabeth!

At the age of seventeen Miss Woods was entered at the then fashionable seminary conducted by Mrs. Converse and Miss Miller, the latter a former pupil of Harriet Beecher Stowe. She had hitherto never attended any school, her education having been entirely under the careful direction of her accomplished mother, who preferred keeping her delicate child with her. The arrival of the All Saints' Sisters from England, in 1872, materially affected Miss Woods's destiny. This Order began its work at Mount Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church in Baltimore, of which she was an active member.

Becoming deeply absorbed in the mission-work, she determined to devote her life to it; and with that object in view she entered the sisterhood as a postulant, in 1874, but remained only six months, on account of failing health, the Superior and her physician advising her to return to the world.

Those six months of self-denial left their lasting impress upon a character already keenly alive to the needs of suffering humanity. They did more: they helped to develop the latent spirit of Christian Socialism which is so essentially a part of Miss Woods's nature. A rule of the convent was that the postulant must eat all set before her. Many times this proved a difficult task, and she who had far more than her needs required felt an unexpressed longing to divide with those who had none,—the hundreds of wretches who were starving for bread. No environment could have been more conducive to the production of a Christian Socialist; and so it happened that the germ of this new religion, the "Universal Brotherhood," took root in the convent.

When it became necessary for Miss Woods to give up the religious life, she at once decided to substitute literature for the cloister.

In 1876 she began teaching school at Mount Washington, Maryland, but afterwards resigned to accept a position in a school at Wheeling, West Virginia.

In 1884 the *Chicago Tribune* published a series of prize stories. It was about this time that the great two years' strike occurred in Wheeling; and Miss Woods, who was much interested in the condition of affairs, wrote two stories about the lives of the nail-operatives there.

Both won prizes, as did also a third, which was a love-story. Thus encouraged, she was more than ever anxious to adopt authorship as a profession. She immediately took up the study of sociology, spending much time among the German population in Wheeling, where, it will be remembered, the opening scene in "Metzerott, Shoemaker" is laid.

Miss Woods had given up teaching several years before she began her book.

She took no one into her confidence when she first began to write. Her mother and sisters had no suspicion of her secret, unless they drew their own conclusions upon occasionally discovering the amiable Katharine seated at her desk with "her head so full of big knowledges that she couldn't speak a pleasant word to anybody."

Her desk was, by the way, presented to the author of "Metzerott" by a friend many years ago, with the admonition to "write something great here." The request has proved to be a prophecy.

Miss Woods decided quite accidentally upon the name of her book. While riding through Washington, the name of Metzerott in large letters on a sign attracted her attention just when she was casting about in her mind for a good title. This struck her fancy, and, with the suffix "Shoemaker," was at once adopted. An amusing coincidence is that she kept her manuscript in a *shoe*-box, without discovering the fact until the story was completed.

Miss Woods is a most valuable member of The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, of which Mrs. Frances Litchfield Turnbull is president.

She is a very facile writer. "Metzerott, Shoemaker" was begun in December, 1888, and finished in July, 1889. Within the year she has also written "The Mark of the Beast," which appears in this number of the magazine, and almost completed another novel, "A Web of Gold," which will soon go to press.

In addition to this, she has edited the Woman's Column in the Baltimore *Critic*, and contributed special articles to *The Christian Union* and other journals.

Baltimore is justly proud of her gifted daughter, whose fame is fast spreading abroad, and whose fine and earnest work marks a new period in American fiction.

Hester Crawford Dorsey.

OUTCAST.

WOMAN and man, cast out
From the garden of the Lord,—
Before them, danger and doubt,
Behind them, the flaming sword,—

Gaze in each other's eyes :

Lo ! what outweighs the ban ?—

"We have hope," the woman cries,

"We have love," the word of the man.

Solomon Solis-Cohen.

CURRENT CONCENTRATION OF INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL.

AMONG the various phases of modern material progress, there is, perhaps, none more conspicuous or more suggestive than the displacement of small industrial and mercantile establishments by large ones. Whether to the manufacturer, the merchant, the banker, the economist, or the statesman, the movement is pregnant with interest, because prophetic of an inevitable evolution of new forms of commercial, financial, and social organization.

The yoking of steam to machinery gave the initial impulse to this tendency; and the perfecting of mechanical appliances, concurrently with the economizing of the cost of steam, has been one of the chief factors regulating the progress of the movement. So long as a pair of arms were the chief motive power and a pair of hands the chief manipulating instruments of productive agencies, the chance for a wealthy manufacturer to outdo a poorer one was mainly restricted to the narrow limit of his superior advantages in buying raw materials and in marketing his goods. But when machines displaced hands, and steam superseded muscular power, the difference between the efficiency of a large capital and a small one became enormous. It is no longer muscle, but *mind*, that determines the measure of productive capacity and the cost of employing it. A veritable controlling psychical energy has been transfused through the industrial forces and processes; and the principal limitations upon the amount of product and on the economizing of methods must henceforth centre in the capacity for scientific discovery and the scope of inventive genius. And, in these days of marvellous discovery of the latent powers and resources of nature, that limit seems to recede more and more as we advance in investigation.

But our great scientific discoverers and our men of inventive genius decline alliance with any but the *kings* of finance, in applying their discoveries to the purposes of industry. A producer with small means cannot afford the risk of preliminary experimenting with new powers or processes; still less is he able to buy a plant consisting of complex and costly machinery; and yet less is he able to provide such machinery on the large scale which is, in most cases, necessary in order to realize the utmost economy of production. There is, therefore, no choice but between, on the one hand, rejecting the beneficent results of the inventions that have alleviated the drudgery, toil, and slavery of muscular production, that have universally cheapened the cost and that have also immensely augmented the supply of all kinds of products, and, on the other hand, intrusting the control of the industrial forces to those who alone possess the means to use them to the greatest advantage.

It is one of the most gratifying facts in the history of this industrial revolution that it has been attended with so little suffering, so little discontent, so little attempt at legislative restraint or "regu-

lation." Everywhere, except among the minor communities, small manufacturers have been overthrown, small shopkeepers have had to descend to the rank of employees, and in no branch of trade has there been exemption from the ever-increasing ascendancy of large capitals. In this process of readjustment, thousands of fortunes invested in small industrial plants have been utterly lost, and hundreds of millions of capital employed in machinery neither worn out nor antiquated have disappeared before the competition of later improvements which their owners had not the means to procure. Indeed, so rapid is the progress of discovery, that what was the most approved machinery two to five years ago is now superseded and worthless by the side of a later invention. In this way, an enormous loss on industrial plant is constantly in progress; which amounts to an unascertainable but serious drawback on the advantages accruing from our ever-improving appliances. Whilst, in view of these facts, it is evident that only colossal capitals can deal with a progress that leaves so much destruction in its path, yet it is a remarkable circumstance that this course of events is accepted with such quiet acquiescence, if not even positive satisfaction, by the masses who have the power to compel attempts at legislative interference. To my mind, the explanation of this phenomenon in popular sentiment lies in the fact that all classes have a sort of intuitive perception of such inferences as that this new drift comes inevitably from the intellectual development of the age, that large capitals are alone competent to deal with ever-expanding productive forces, that the law of "the survival of the fittest" is not only indefeasible but just and beneficent, and that, in some way which they imperfectly comprehend, the masses have been rising and their comforts increasing through all this revolutionary transformation, so that, on the whole, there is no great danger in waiting quietly for the outcome of further developments.

The men who have lost their heads under these transmutations are not our average citizens, whose opinions are usually regulated in the long run by common sense and common justice, but *the capitalist class themselves*. In several important branches of trade, where the class of small producers had been so far extinguished that the business was almost confined to a few establishments of moderate or large capital, the tendency towards consolidation has been so indiscriminately sanctioned that it is now concluded that the change cannot go too fast nor too far; and hence has arisen the current mania for the concentration of all individual firms or corporations in a given trade into one single mammoth organization embracing virtually an entire industry, associations of this kind having been generally designated "trusts." The sugar, cotton-seed, and lead trusts may be mentioned as specimens of the kind of combinations to which reference is here made.

Apart from the few ostensible reasons put forth by the reticent promoters of these organizations, there have undoubtedly been other special considerations contributing to the formation of these all-inclusive amalgamations. Those probable hidden motives may be thus briefly summarized: 1. Although the small capitals had, in the case of these trades, been largely weeded out, yet among those who remained a compé-

tion so active existed as to make production very unprofitable. 2. It was apprehended that the weaker firms might become reckless in competition, and thereby cause serious losses to those better situated and precipitate an ultimate crisis. 3. Improvements in methods of manufacture threatened to make a large amount of existing plant worthless ; and even many concerns enjoying large capitals did not care, under the existing condition of trade, to make the required large outlays on improved plant, whilst at the same time they feared that some of their strongest competitors might do so. 4. The general tendency of prices had been, for an unusually long period, persistently downward, and this also created a necessity for economies in production, to provide which would be inconveniently costly. 5. Everywhere, a tendency towards production in excess of the capacity of the home market was apparent, and yet, as supporters of the protective policy, these amalgamated interests could not urge any such change in that policy as would be needed in order to get wider access to the markets of other countries. 6. They also, probably, foresaw that the decline of agriculture in this country, as compared with our other industries, must soon bring a large supply, if not an embarrassing surplus, of labor on the market, which they could deal with the more effectively if they were closely united. 7. They probably discerned a drift of opinion towards a freer foreign-trade policy, and imagined they would be better prepared to deal with it if their ranks were more compact. 8. They had suffered seriously from the aggressive demands of employees, and imagined that this danger could be better controlled by a united directorate than by a number of individual establishments.

Thus circumstanced, the condition of the trades thus resorting to amalgamation was neither profitable nor promising, and they stood prepared for any expedient, no matter how desperate, that might seem to open a way out of their dangers. The plain men of business in these trades sought to deal with their case on the most available methods of expediency, and with little or no regard to economic principles or to considerations of public policy, or even of legal restraint. They concluded that as the dangers were grave, so the treatment must be heroic. Accordingly, the several trades referred to determined that the only conclusive remedy was for all the firms or corporations engaged in a particular industry to surrender their independent existence and amalgamate into one all-controlling "trust" or "combine;" and in the several trades that have taken this course it has been found possible to get the co-operation of such a large proportion of the individual establishments as to make the amalgamations practically complete.

The thing thus aimed at was expressly, though not avowedly, the creation of close and absolute monopolies ; and that result has been in a large measure accomplished among industries employing a notable proportion of our industrial capital. To the promoters of these organizations it may be conceded that, by the course they have taken, the following advantages have been brought within their reach : (1) They will henceforth have the labor organizations under readier control ; (2) they are less subject than before to competition in the purchase of their raw materials and in the selling of their products ; (3) they may adjust the

supply of their manufactures to the demand ; (4) they are free to employ only such of the amalgamated machinery as is most efficient and economical, and to discard the superseded ; (5) they may sell to what buyers they please, on what terms they choose, and at their own prices ; (6) they can secure and control new and improved methods on easier terms, and they can reject with safety any that are offered if they are deemed too costly or too revolutionary to suit their convenience.

These apparent advantages seem fraught with such unbounded possibilities of profit that the founders have not only capitalized indiscriminately along with the best plant large amounts of old and worthless property at its original cost, but have, with recklessness and dishonor, issued "certificates" to several times the amount of the largely fictitious valuation of assets, and with sanguine hardihood have announced that they can earn regular and liberal dividends upon this mass of grossly "watered" obligations.

It might be supposed that, if the founders had confidence in their achievements, and felt sure that they had devised a form of industrial organization which would permanently enlarge their profits and protect them against the ordinary vicissitudes and risks of industry, they would put their "certificates" in their pockets and hold them permanently as the safest and most productive form of investment, each holder having the felicity of living on an enlarged income without the worry and toil of active business. But, strange to say, no sooner have the organizations been consummated than the organizers have become eager sellers of their "certificates." Within the last twelve months, Wall Street has been flooded with these new issues ; "pools," under the management of bold speculative leaders, have been formed to transfer the new scrip to the public ; the channels of speculative information have overflowed with stories of wonderful earnings and large forthcoming dividends by one or other of the "combines ;" and if a large proportion of this nondescript paper has not passed into the hands of unsuspecting investors and of transient speculative holders, it is mainly because prudent brokers have discouraged such dealings and the banks have wisely rejected the aqueous scrip as collateral.

Those who best comprehend the aims that control men of business will not hesitate to construe this marketing of the "trust" issues as implying that the bottom motive of the organizers has been to sell out their property and business to the general public, the new form of organization being merely a device to facilitate and conceal the operation. So far as my own observation extends, there is but one opinion among the experienced men of Wall Street on this point. If the "trusts" were sound enough to stand the test of experience, and were so certain of yielding large profits, why not wait until results had strengthened the institutions in public confidence, when it would be so much easier to sell the "certificates" and their market value could be so much more easily advanced ? But the actual incontinent hurry to sell seems plain enough evidence that the architects have no great faith in the foundations of their seductively imposing structure.

This manifest lack of confidence among the creators of "trust" scrip is nothing more than might have been expected from the nature of the

case; for who is so well situated as the promoters to appreciate the fact that these combinations are fatally unsound? And what weak points they had not perceived, a thousand critics whose judgment commands respect have exposed to public view, so that the owners cannot conceal from themselves the daily accumulating evidence that their interests are far more gravely imperilled under their present form than they were under the former conditions of divided ownership. For what are the facts that now stare them in the face and which the public at large are rapidly coming to comprehend? Briefly, these: (1) The legal status of the "trusts" is open at various points to very serious question: some of the ablest lawyers in the country declare that, in certain fundamental respects, the powers they assume to exercise are either without legal warrant and definition or in flat violation of the statutes; and as embodiments of unqualified monopoly they are contrary not only to the spirit of law but also to a body of legal decisions declaring monopoly unlawful, because opposed to natural rights, to public policy, and to the public welfare. (2) Public feeling is assuming an attitude of hostility which can hardly fail, sooner or later, to find response in legal enactments designed to neutralize their monopolistic functions. (3) The transference of an enormous extent of industry from normal to grossly artificial conditions is perceived to constitute a most threatening danger to public confidence, to the stability of business at large, and to the credit system of the country, so that men begin to fix the date of the next panic as synchronous with coming embarrassments of the "trusts." (4) There has been, so far, no authoritative definition of the rights, powers, privileges, or responsibilities attaching to the "certificates," and their value, as an investment, is correspondingly uncertain. (5) It remains to be determined whether, having been issued by trustees, those instruments do not carry unlimited liability.

It cannot be a small matter to these organizations that, for the foregoing and other reasons, the distrust, the sober judgment, the legal opinion, the legislative attitude, the commercial sentiment, the banking estimate, and the popular feeling of the whole country are being arrayed against them with constantly increasing menace.

Obstacles of this character, however temporarily embarrassing, might possibly be ultimately overcome, if the "trusts" were founded upon an intrinsically sound principle; but they have no such final support to rest upon. Their ultimate hope is in the brute force of the principle of monopoly. Can they safely depend upon that prop? The question, here, is not whether a monopoly is morally and politically just, nor whether it is beneficial or otherwise to the community at large, but whether under ordinary industrial conditions it can be perpetuated as against the temporarily subdued forces of competition. I venture to affirm that, unless those natural laws inherent in human nature, and in human society, and ever hitherto effective through all the changes of social conditions, can be overborne and obliterated by a mere conventional compact, a permanent monopoly unsupported by government power is an impossibility in the nature of things. There may be cases where legal prescriptions or temporary exceptional conditions

may make competition transiently difficult or even impossible; but no such plea can be urged in favor of the current "trusts." The greater the success of an attempted monopoly, the stronger the inducement to new competition. The more absolute the control obtained by a monopoly, the less the inducements to efficient management of its affairs, to the cheapening of methods of production, and to the exercise of invention, of which competition is the parent. The exemption of an industry from competition amounts to its exemption from the most potent influences tending to the perfection of processes and the cheapening of production. Indeed, it is perfectly safe to say that the progress of manufactures is far more dependent on the sharpness of competition than upon even the manufacturer's selfish desire to make money or the prudence and skill of his management. Competition means the incessant struggle of each producer against all others to give the best possible product at the lowest possible price, and its result is to work out the highest perfection attainable under a given set of conditions. The lack of this stimulus puts an embargo on industrial progress, retards the perfecting of methods of production, encourages the retaining of old plant instead of substituting for it new and improved facilities, and thus, in the end, means costly production and relative dearness of products. This being true, how can it be denied that a monopoly must, from inevitable intrinsic causes, ultimately work itself into a condition of general inefficiency that will tempt competitors into the field? By the law of its own conditions, therefore, exclusive enterprise cannot fail, sooner or later, to work out its own defeat and overthrow; and how much sooner must the failure come, when the enterprise is organized upon such a grossly speculative basis as we find in the case of the recently established "trusts"!

For the reasons above stated, I can see no other fate for these combinations than their ultimate disastrous collapse; and as they have already conspicuously failed in their main purpose of transferring their interests into the hands of the miscellaneous public, it is not impossible that the fatal end of this great industrial fiasco may come sooner than is now anticipated.

The failure of a false method in the concentration of capital, however, carries no implication against concentration conducted upon a true principle. Large consolidations of capital have succeeded as against smaller ones, simply because they have enjoyed a greater ability to command the conditions necessary to success, and especially such fundamental conditions as relate to improved methods and costly plant. Thus large capitals are the natural product of competition; and competition seems destined to carry this tendency to still greater lengths, until our industries at large are conducted by a relatively much smaller number of establishments than now exist.

If it be asked under what organic form the large industrial and commercial enterprises of the future should be conducted, I would answer that the existing State laws relating to corporate enterprises need but to be broadened in their scope, and more strictly defined in respect to their safeguards, in order to meet all the requirements of the case. The law should sternly prohibit all such secrecy as to the conditions of organiza-

tion, all such irresponsibility of control, and all such spuriousness of capitalization, as flagrantly characterize most of the existing "trusts." All issues of stock or bonds, except for a full and legitimate equivalent, should be prohibited, and every form of evasion of that requirement should be made a penal offence. Statements showing the financial condition of the corporation should be regularly issued in a form that would give to creditors and stockholders such information as their interests required. To obviate the possibility of corporations attempting the folly of carrying amalgamation to the length of monopoly, the conditions under which consolidations would be permitted should be rigidly defined. In brief, the law relating to corporations should be so amended as to secure the utmost conservatism in organization and management, and the most complete publicity on all matters upon which those interested had a right to be informed. Large trading or manufacturing enterprises thus regulated by State laws, without being at the same time needlessly restricted, would rank in the public estimation as one of the most attractive forms of investment; but until the statutes relating to such corporations are judiciously revised, those laws must act as a hinderance rather than an encouragement to the beneficent effects accruing from large concentrations of capital.

It would not seem improbable that a point may be reached in this process at which some form of co-operation will be attempted for the promotion and protection of mutual interests among the members of the several industries and to hold in check certain illegitimate excesses of competitive antagonism. All this, however, may be done without danger of vitiating legitimate competition or trenching on the proper freedom of industry, and might be made conducive to promoting a healthier and safer condition of trade, for competition at present is frequently imprudent and needlessly hostile, and we may hope, as among the good things to appear in the coming industrial millennium, for more amenity and more moderation in the exercise of this beneficent form of warfare. But it would be a grand mistake to suppose that large industrial enterprises may be safely prostituted to speculative objects, as so many of the "trusts" have been. The public have been so shocked by the recent scandalous attempts to make large industries mere footballs for Wall Street speculators, that they will put their investments into those industrial securities only that are based on a *bona fide* capitalization and conducted by men of known honor, ability, and means. To such enterprises the public may intrust their money with more safety than they find in many other reputable forms of enterprise; and, if I do not mistake the drift of the times, securities of that class will soon be more in demand from prudent investors than they now are.

Henry Clews.

PAPUAN DANCES.

FEW human customs have had so varied a history as dancing. To us, dancing appears a simple and trivial occupation, or an exercise undertaken for its stimulating and pleasurable sensations. This simplicity is really a secondary feature, and there appears to have been in recent years a tendency to yet greater simplification and consequent meaninglessness. Such dances as the valse, for example, monopolize the programme to the increasing exclusion of the "square dances," as these in their turn have practically supplanted the "country dances." What has operated in the ball-room makes its effect felt in the village assembly, and those rural dances which amused our forefathers have passed into desuetude.

The simplicity of modern dancing is probably another expression of the restlessness of our age. The lust for excitement causes the more sedate older dances to be discontinued, and leads to greater sensuousness of motion. The study of square dances such as the lancers and quadrilles, and particularly that of country dances, opens up a subject worthy of extended research. Similar dances are common to many countries, and their variations are of great interest.

Festivals connected with spring, harvest, and similar occasions are wide-spread, and the dances associated with them in country villages are the degraded remnants of ceremonies which once had a more or less religious significance. The Yule-tide mummers, with their dance-masks, have only very recently passed away. This old association of dancing with religion is well known, but as the spirit of reverence increased so the dancing diminished. One may probably discern in the most elaborate religious ceremonies of modern days the survival of ancient processions, the more active movements having long since disappeared.

There is an immense amount of information concerning past and present ceremonial and festive processions and dances scattered up and down in literature. But it is to savage people that we must turn for suggestions as to the probable significance of many of them. The conservatism of the savage is the sheet-anchor of the inquirer into folk-lore.

There are yet savages who have sacred initiation and funeral dances; dances which inaugurate the return of certain seasons, the latter having perhaps a less religious import than the former; processions in connection with fishing-expeditions; war-dances to celebrate victory; and purely festive dances.

I have had the good fortune to witness some of these among the Papuans of Torres Straits; the others I have had described to me by the natives themselves.

Towards the end of 1888 I paid a short visit to Muralug, commonly known as Prince of Wales Island. This is the largest island in Torres Straits, and the nearest to Cape York. Here I was entertained with a war-dance, a most interesting rehearsal of a dance which forty

years ago would have commemorated some deed of valor or treachery. I gathered that such dances were never indulged in for mere amusement, and were quite distinct from what I have termed the festive dance.

It was evening, on a sandy shore. A gloomy mangrove swamp extended away to the right; to the left stretched a bay edged with a beach of white coral sand against which the waves gently lapped. In the foreground were three fires; near one was a native house of flimsy construction open to the wind, in which were the women and some children. The view behind was blocked by trees on rising ground; above was a clear blue sky studded with sparkling stars; and the moon, being in her second quarter, shed a soft silvery light on all.

Near a fire sat the primitive orchestra. The drums were beaten in rhythmical monotone, and a wailing chant accompanied them. Gradually from the dim distance swarthy forms came, as it were, into focus, and marched along in twos or threes; then in sinuous course they passed along in front of the fires and countermarched into the gloom; again and again they performed their evolutions, varying the celerity of their movements to the time of the weird singing. A mass of dried herbage thrown on a fire lighted up the scene and revealed a glowing picture of barbarism.

The blackness of the dancers' nether parts is intensified artificially; the upper portion of their body is smeared with red ochre; the frontlets, crossed shoulder-belts, and anklets of pale yellow leaves gleam brightly. The round shell ornaments stand out with opaque whiteness, while the pearly crescentic breast-plates shine with a softer lustre. The loin-cloths and bits of red calico on the armlets or in the hair give further color; bunches of leaves inserted in the armlets at the shoulders appear as verdant epaulettes; other bunches may be inserted in a belt behind, the green showing up in vivid hue by the camp-fires. The bizarre effect is enhanced by black cassowary plumes projecting from the gauntlet on the left arm or stuck into the belt at the back.

The yellow frontlet or chaplet is either a simple band or looped; or it may be prolonged into two streamers; again, white feathers may be inserted into the frizzly hair, or a fine effect is produced by a coronet of cassowary feathers.

This dance illustrates the "war-path," the band of pretended warriors sometimes marching, more often skipping or stealthily stealing along, suddenly coming upon the foe with a "*wahu!*" then they skip two or three times, usually raising the right leg, brandishing their weapons at the same time; again and again the dread "*wahu!*" resounds. This really effective manœuvre shows to yet greater advantage when instead of being in rank the men deploy in a semicircle facing the flaring fires, when, with their glittering eyes and gleaming teeth and waving of bows, arrows, and stone clubs, one realizes how terrible to the lonely and surprised enemy must be the "*wahu*" of such a foe.

The series of war-dances concluded with an evolution in lively measure, evidently indicative of military success, as with exultant cries the performers swayed their right hands. The dire significance of this last movement is not difficult to discover. It represented what for-

merly occurred after a successful foray ; for after beheading the slain with their bamboo knives, the victorious warriors threaded the heads on the rattan slings, which always hung on their backs when they went on the war-path, and as they returned joyously home they swung their ghastly burdens backward and forward with jubilant cries.

This dance finished, the old men begged off. They had walked thirteen miles that day to dance to me, and now they were tired, and left further dancing to the younger men, who forthwith disappeared into the bush.

In due time they re-emerged and treated us to an ordinary secular or festive dance, or *kap*. The dance, like all semi-realistic dances, is composed of "figures," which are in fact so many separate dances.

I gather that there is no set order for them. There is certainly considerable variety in the "movements," but, so far as my experience goes, one special "figure" always terminates the proceedings.

In one "movement" the whole company circles round and round, two deep, with all sorts of gestures. They might even be termed "antics," cringing, swaying, leaping, tripping. It is noteworthy that the circling may be from left to right or from right to left. Thus there is no reminiscence of sun-worship or other symbolism in their gyrations.

In the processions round the platform of turtle trophies the men of Mabuag, I was informed, marched invariably from left to right with noisy rattles and whirling bull-roarers. Should one inadvertently march in the counter-direction the turtle would swim away from the island.

In one dance a man advances singly and dances with stamping feet, illustrating the putting out of a fire ; in another the men continually stand on one leg and rapidly move the other up and down, or, it may be, jump with both legs.

In the "crab dance" a man dances in a crouching attitude with the upper arms horizontal and the forearms vertical ; the "iguana dance" represents the large local lizard (*Varanus*) whilst swimming. Some of the "figures" illustrate an action in real life, such as agricultural, nautical, or fishing employments ; for example, a man would crouch and move his hands about as if he were planting yams, or seeking for pearl-shell at the bottom of the sea.

The most complicated figure I saw was one executed at Mowat, on the neighboring coast of New Guinea. The men advanced in a line up each side of the dancing-ground ; the first pair who met retreated a little in the middle line, still facing the spectators ; when the next two arrived the first pair separated to allow them to pass between, and the new-comers took up their position behind the former, and so on until the last pair passed between the gradually lengthened avenue of standing men.

The "pelican dance" concluded the evening's entertainment. The general body of the dancers stood together in the background, and from among these two men (occasionally a single man) stepped forward and danced vertically on the tips of their toes on the same spot. As the drum-beats became more rapid, their jumping was accelerated, their

legs keeping time, till with the quickened music their feet became almost invisible from the rapidity of their movements, and they seemed as if boring a hole in the ground, whilst the dust rose in clouds about them.

This style of dancing reminds one of Longfellow's description of the dancing of "the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis" at Hiawatha's wedding-feast :

Then more swiftly and still swifter
Whirling, spinning round in circles, . . .
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Naturally, this could not last long ; and when fatigued, the pair retired, their places being taken by another two, and so on till all had displayed their terpsichorean skill ; and indeed it was a splendid exhibition of activity and *verve*. The spirit of emulation is largely evoked in this figure, and the onlookers admire and applaud the most vigorous and staying dancer of this particularly fatiguing step.

Not many years ago these islanders had a most unenviable reputation for ferocity, exhibiting a fierce determination to murder the encroaching white man. Now they will walk thirteen miles to dance for the amusement of an Englishman they have never seen, scenting tobacco and other largess from afar.

While the black man was dancing his "*kap*" in literal war-paint and decorated with shells and feathers, a channel only a mile in width separated him from a party of white ladies and gentlemen dancing together in civilized dance garb. Little thought the latter that the despised "nigger" would consider it indelicate for men and women to dance with one another, especially so closely together as the custom of modern "fast" dances permits, or that the figures of their square dances were relics of such realistic dances as were in actual force across the narrow channel.

When the history of the evolution of the quadrilles or country dances shall have been written, their origin will be found to be very little different from that of the dances of savages, and both find their explanation in imitations of every-day life.

When I first saw a "*kap*," the familiar "mulberry-bush" game of one's childhood rose to my mind as a relic of barbarism transformed into a child's pastime. This particular "*kap*" I refer to was got up for me by my friend Maino, chief of Warrior Island. Shortly afterwards I had the pleasure of returning the compliment by giving him a ticket for Gilbert and Sullivan's "*Mikado*," which was put on the boards at Thursday Island by a travelling operatic company. His delight at witnessing a "*kap* along white man" was extreme, and great was the yarning that went on around the camp-fire on his return home.

It was on Thursday Island itself that I witnessed the only true native ceremony I have seen.

In the early part of November, 1888, a few natives from Nagir and Muralug, then resident on Thursday Island, got up a dance to in-

augurate the approach of the rainy season, or, as it is usually termed, the "Nor'-West." Night after night they practised their chant, and in the daytime they manufactured their masks. These were all of the same pattern, and consisted of a lower portion in the form of the usual conventional crocodile's head, surmounted by a human face surrounded by an open-work setting; below was a grass fringe. This portion entirely covered the head of the wearer, the mask being held solely by the teeth, which gripped a stick extending across the central cavity. Above this was fixed a representation of a sawfish five feet in length. Towering above its centre was a long, narrow, erect triangle covered with turkey-red and flanked with white feathers. Feathers from five different kinds of birds, from a bird-of-paradise to a pigeon, adorned this remarkable structure, which attained to a height of four feet six inches. The masks were painted with red, white, black, and a little blue pigment. In olden times such masks would be made of turtle-shell. These were constructed out of old pieces of boxes and kerosene tins.

The dancing-ground was in front of a small screen (*waus*), behind which the performers retired in rotation for rest and refreshment. The first dance began on a Sunday afternoon, and was continued nightly till the following Thursday. The date was evidently fixed by the rising of a particular star. There was great sameness in the dancing, which was practically confined to one man appearing on each side from behind the screen; the pair advanced forward with a sedately capering step, crossed over to the opposite side of the dancing-ground, and ultimately retired to the ends of the screen: then they crouched down and slowly waved their heads from side to side. As soon as the chant was finished, they disappeared behind the screen, when their places were taken by two other performers. A free translation of the sawfish chant is as follows:

1. Now I can see my reflection in the pools on the reef.
2. You cut the shoot of the coco-palm for me.
3. Farewell, dead coco-palm leaves. Ho! there the lightning.
4. Fish now approach the shore, and we must build fish-weirs in their route.

The following notes may serve to explain the allusions. The first line refers to the glassy surface of the sea during the calms of the "Nor'-West." At this season vegetation becomes rampant, the dead leaves falling off at the end of the southeast monsoon. The sprouting leaf of the coco-palm is split into long narrow bands, of which frontlets, crossed shoulder-belts, and anklets are made: these are worn in the dances. The dante-petticoats of the men are also made from these shoots: so this is equivalent to saying that preparations for dances must be made. Sheet-lightning at night is a very characteristic feature of the rainy season, and it occurs only then. Sometimes the lightning is so frequent that there is a continuous glare in the northwest, recalling certain manifestations of the Northern Lights of higher latitudes. This is also the season when shoals of fish approach the shore. These are entrapped in some islands by means of large areas on the flat fringing reefs being enclosed by low walls which are about two feet in height and are com-

posed of loose stones. The fish come in-shore with the high night tides, and, as the water recedes, are caught within the weirs.

Thus this song of the Change of the Seasons commemorates the season of growing crops, abundant fish, and continued festivity. The ceremony in connection with it may be directly compared with the harvest and other seasonable festivals which in degraded forms are still kept by ourselves.

It would unduly extend this article to attempt a description of the processions connected with the turtle-fishery, or of the solemn dances by masked figures during the initiation of the lads into manhood, or of those which formed part of the funeral ceremonies. Outsiders are too apt to think lightly of rites of the meaning of which they are ignorant, and to jest at the trappings of a ritual when they do not possess a key to the symbolism intended to be thereby conveyed. Only those who have been brought up in a faith can feel the emotions of sanctity which an ancient ceremonial calls forth, hallowed as it is by the associations of past generations. It is doubtful whether there is a single race of men to whom such feelings are unknown, and they may be found to be strongly developed where least expected, so great is the religious solidarity of the human race underlying all superficial differences.

Alfred C. Haddon.

THE ART OF INTERVIEWING.

"WHO put that head over the talk you had with me yesterday? I don't like those little lines between the different points of the discussion. I suppose you can't help it; but I do dislike to see a newspaper article treated like a shopkeeper's advertisement of his wares. When it affects me, I object to being dressed up like an Indian, with war-paint on, red blanket, tail-feathers, and a head-gear two feet high. In fact, if there is anything I do detest, it is the modern system of interviewing; and yet it seems to be the only way in these days to reach the general public and get them to read what you have to say upon any important subject."

These were the words used to me one morning not many years ago by one of the greatest men I ever met. I had talked with him a number of times upon very important subjects for publication. He always spoke reluctantly, and never failed to object to the scare-heads over the articles and the sub-heads running through them. Yet this form of presenting his views and public conduct changed in almost the twinkling of an eye the estimate of the American people of this wonderful man's acts while he was Attorney-General and Secretary of State in Mr. Buchanan's cabinet. When it was done, against his will, he marvelled at the invention of a newspaper's device that enabled him to readily reach the humblest, as well as the highest, when a statement, however strong, put in the form of an essay, seemed to be neglected save by the few. In other words, while he was one of the greatest masters of the English language in this country, and a king in the realm

of thought and expression, it took him a long time to get used to the mighty changes war made in journalism, and he was never quite contented with them. I recall my experience with Judge Jeremiah S. Black to introduce some interesting recollections of public men, and at the same time to use it as a peg upon which to hang an answer to the oft-repeated inquiry addressed to every man engaged in active newspaper life:

"How and why are people interviewed? Are interviews reliable? and what good purpose do they serve?"

These are broad questions, and it would take all the pages of this magazine to properly answer them. But the suggestions they involve may be treated by personal experience and anecdote in a way that may cover the whole inquiry.

If the whole story of by-play and caprice that I have watched in the many encounters I have had with all classes of people could be written, it would make a large volume. Few human beings have the same manners, eccentricities, and ambitions; and to watch and note the various emotions that can be read in the faces of men when their vanity or interests are being touched is a very interesting pastime. Early in my career as a writer fortune threw me in the way of doing a great deal of interviewing, and for many years my assignments in journalism for this purpose have taken a very wide range, gathering in the utterances of nearly every public man in this country, North, South, East, and West, who has helped make its history for the past thirty years.

The art of interviewing consists in taking a mental photograph of the words of another, and developing it into a complete story or word-picture; but it is often as difficult to get as a tin-type of a petulant child. Perhaps it would be fair to call the one who follows this profession a literary sponge, taking in and giving out the views of others. Since I have been employed in this phase of journalistic work, the demands upon me have run into almost every channel of human thought and action,—love, war, romance, religion, statecraft, murder, law, traffic, and nearly every other subject which has a place in the human conception, sometimes including in a single day's work a half-dozen different conditions of life, running all the way from that of the President of the United States to that of a common thief.

Mr. J. B. McCullough, the editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, is, I believe, the inventor of this intellectual instrument of torture, or delight, as the case may be. At least his genius in the direction of interviewing developed almost immediately after the war, when he was a day-laborer in the ranks of journalism, instead of the editor of a powerful newspaper. This class of work made him famous, and other able newspaper-writers quickly saw its advantages, and it grew rapidly in public favor, although many national characters of that day seriously objected to it. But for twenty-five years, through evil and good report, it has been the pleasant and efficient method of reaching the general public, and the statesman has been obliged to bow to the demands of journalism and the whims of the reader. Like all other changes in a great industry, the method has been abused both by interviewer and

interviewed, fully as often by the latter as the former. But had it not been for the interview much valuable matter relating to the history of this country since 1860 would have been lost, not only to the nation, but to the nation's annals.

In the years since the civil war entirely changed the character of public journals from mere editorial statements and current comment to mighty purveyors of the daily happenings of the world, important men have been much too busy to write out their views upon matters of moment which the public desired to know; and the average reader is too restless to read them if they had. In fact, without the interviewer the history of the last thirty years would not and could not have been written, and the score of restless workers who have been detailed to catch the thoughts and recollections of men while they walked or worked have done a great public service.

It is true that some of the material gathered has not been reliable, and much of it has needed pruning. Sometimes negligence, often lack of knowledge of the subject talked about, and extraneous things liable to slip into a hurried talk, have now and then discomfited both writer and talker. But, as a general rule, the work has been conscientiously done, and has served a most valuable purpose. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where there have been difficulty and complaint it was more the fault of the city editor, or some one above him, who assigned the reporter to the duty, than of the scribe himself. Then perhaps some one up-stairs has tempered the tone of the interview to suit his own ideas, which is sometimes done in a newspaper office, to the injury of the man who did his duty fairly. The fact is, that few editors, either at the city desk or in the more dignified coops in the cockloft of a newspaper building, exercise good judgment in the selection and ordering of their subordinates. The duties of a city editor, who makes most of the assignments, are very arduous, and he is usually a nervous man, always in a hurry. It is quite natural, then, that the first man on hand is often sent out to do a most weighty piece of interviewing, without reference to his fitness for the task. Misstatements and other errors have thus sometimes crept into this class of work, through the carelessness or necessities of those in authority, and given public men an easy opportunity to deny their own words, if their statements did not happen to strike the public, when in print, as they expected they would when they uttered them. Hence the frequent distrust that lingers in the public mind when some important interview is printed. From the very nature of things, then, it is easy for a public man to discredit the work of the interviewer if it does not happen to suit him, and all because the rush and crush in a daily newspaper office forbid careful work and careful supervision.

Many elderly journalists, who are still in harness, and have made a name, were good correspondents, and that means, as a rule, a good interviewer. Murat Halstead, beginning life years ago as a reporter, did some great work in both of these branches of newspaper endeavor, as also did the brilliant Henry Watterson after the war, and Joe Howard, George Alfred Townsend, and a score of other fine writers, who, following the inspiration that strife gave to journalism, developed

a strong individuality that has made their names almost household words. Many of them have proven good editors, as well as matchless men in the hustle of daily effort in all the by-ways of life. Whitelaw Reid and W. F. G. Shanks are two strong examples of that small class of men who are able to manage a newspaper "up-stairs" as well as in the field. Both were very able war correspondents before they drifted into the editorial room. But these men were bred and taught amid the stirring times which came to the Fourth Estate from 1861 to 1868, when General Grant was elected President. Since the negative era was ushered in in 1876, the demands of newspapers have shrunk, until a boy is called to do the duty once delegated only to a master. If the "old-timers" are inclined to find fault with this new condition of affairs, they must remember that from the ranks of these beginners the great journalists of the future must be recruited. It will need some startling crisis either in peace or war to develop the latent forces in them; but the country and the profession are poor indeed if there is not in this new material the ability and energy to fill the places of the able men, young twenty-five years ago, who are rapidly passing beyond the exactions of every-day exertion. The boys must have a chance, and it is well that they are learning the rudiments of their trade in this dry and shrivelled time, when the world seems to be floating along on an even keel, and commerce the only thought of man.

This condition of affairs recalls a recent *bon-mot* of Chauncey M. Depew, who was interviewed by a boy from some daily, who in his report omitted everything the great orator desired to say, and misstated what he did get down. This provoked Mr. Depew to say, "There are more carpenters undertaking to do cabinet-makers' work in journalism to-day than ever before in its history."

At a breakfast-party in London Mr. Depew emphasized this view of journalism by relating several stories about being interviewed in which he was misquoted, and deprecated the necessity for this haphazard way of gathering news, but admitted that it seemed indispensable to modern journalism. Yet I know of no one easier of access when he has an opinion to express than Mr. Depew, nor a man whose words have a richer flavor for an interview upon almost any subject.

"A good interviewer must have singular qualifications, and is born, not made." Very few men trained in editorial work are of value as interviewers or correspondents. They have intruded their own opinions into everything they penned so long that it is almost impossible for them to report the language of others without weighting it with their own comments. Then they are rarely ever good judges of men, for their lives are naturally secluded ones and calculated to make them opinionated and theoretical. A man to be a successful interviewer must have a thorough knowledge of the world, touch elbows with every class of society, be a careful student of human nature, have a quick and reliable memory, good judgment, good faith, and an intelligence broad enough to thoroughly grasp any subject he is discussing with his victim. To use a note-book is to destroy the freedom of expression of the person attacked. This kills the interesting personality

which should pervade every interview, if this method of gathering news is to fill its full purpose.

It is the flavor of the talker, and not of the writer, that the reader wants, and no man in journalism has yet been found strong enough to intrude himself into this work to the satisfaction of the reader, no matter how entertainingly he can weave words. The demand which made the interview possible as a popular means of recording events, opinions, and recollections has ever stood as a rebuke to a broad license of expression on the part of the writer that was not dominated by the views of the one speaking. The attempt to do this on the part of some journalists, coupled with a fear as to the treatment of the matter by the editor after it reaches the office, has made many public men very shy of answering questions upon important matters. But, despite all these drawbacks, they have one by one come to conclude that, after all, the interview is the only practical way of reaching the public, if they want their opinions read. Many of them, like Judge Black, have yielded reluctantly, and in this very reluctance I have found some of the most interesting phases of my work. Interviewing, like all other serious occupations of life, has a very broad vein of humor running through it, and it takes as many turns as the number of people operated upon.

Of many professional incidents caught while driving at men the spile of inquiry, an encounter with Robert Toombs, of Georgia, was, I think, the most trying and ludicrous and prolific in results of any I can recall. While spending a week with Alexander H. Stephens at his quaint country home on the Georgia Central Railroad, about eighty miles from Atlanta, I undertook a mission to the first Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy. I had spoken with the Vice-President at that famous little place called "Liberty Hall," on the outskirts of that straggling hamlet of Crawfordsville which Mr. Stephens called his home. I had done so many times before, because Mr. Stephens was fond of being talked with for publication upon important subjects, and was one of the very first of the public men of the land to appreciate the fact that the general reader would peruse an article in conversational form when he would shun an essay. When he wrote his "War between the States," just after the rebellion, he put two thousand pages in the form of question and answer. From that day until he died, he almost always sought that method of appealing to the public.

I was travelling South at the time of my visit to him, for the purpose of allowing the men whom Mr. Davis had criticised in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" to speak of his work in their own terms. General Joe Johnston, General Longstreet, and Mr. Stephens had already spoken, and their words were in type, when Mr. Stephens suggested that I should visit Mr. Toombs. His home was at Washington, some seventeen miles from this little railroad-station. One morning I hired a horse and buggy to drive over there. A talkative darky piloted me to the point where the Confederate government dissolved forever and Mr. Toombs lived in peace. A drive of three hours brought me in front of an ancestral mansion that was grand in its stateliness and traditions. A grove of great trees, and a beautiful lawn, surrounded the house, built in the old Southern style, when land and

negroes were the pride and hope of the Southern heart. It was a beautiful afternoon, late in June, and Mr. Toombs sat upon the broad porch, enjoying the breeze that was tempering the Southern sun.

Mr. Stephens had given me a strong letter to the old-time statesman, urging him to receive me as his friend and to speak with me freely upon the matters about which I desired to inquire. He had also warned me not to allow Mr. Toombs's manner to disturb me in the least, no matter what he might say. So when I ascended the steps I was prepared for whatever might occur. The veteran was then partially blind, and the letter of introduction had to be read to him. He heard it, and then turned to me in a very abrupt manner and said,—

"So you are another d——d Yankee, come all the way from the North to see me? Don't you know, sir, that I am an alien? I have no respect for this government, and mighty little for the people who live under it. I haven't been North but once since the war. Then I stopped over in Washington, and went up to see Grant, who was President. I said, 'General Grant, I never travel through a foreign country without calling on the Chief of Police; and I think you are the biggest one I ever saw. Therefore I am here to pay my respects, as is my custom.'"

For a time which seemed to me to be an hour Mr. Toombs in very forcible language expressed himself about Yankees; and when he stopped long enough for me to make an inquiry, I said,—

"Mr. Stephens was anxious I should call upon you."

"Oh, yes, you Yankees have made a fool of Stephens ever since the war, and he thinks pretty well of you; but I don't."

"Very well," said I. "It is too late for me to return to Crawfordsville to-night, and if you will be kind enough to direct me to the hotel I will be obliged to you."

"Do you mean to insult me, sir? I do not permit a hotel to exist in Washington. Any gentleman who has money enough to pay his hotel bill, sir, is welcome to my house, and I live, sir, upon ancestral acres that have been handed down to me from kings, and to which there has never been a deed acknowledging either the existence or the authority of this blasted government."

This incident and speech broke the ice. Mr. Toombs directed a servant to take my horse, and soon I was sipping a julep from a great silver cup and chatting with one of the most interesting men I have ever met. I tarried with him for some time. The next day we went over to the railroad-station, called upon Mr. Stephens, and then took the train for Atlanta. He treated me with princely hospitality, and during our association gave me an interview that was not only unique in its character, but of great value to me. When we parted, he had atoned a hundred times for the bluff he gave me when I presented my letter of introduction. As I bade him good-by, he said,—

"If I didn't know that you were a Yankee, I would have thought that you belonged to this section; but that don't matter: you are always welcome to my house."

As a general rule, public men from the South are quite easy to interview. They like to talk, and usually talk well. The social side of

their nature is so broad that it is not difficult to get on the very best of terms with them, when they are satisfied with your position and intelligence.

Jefferson Davis was one of the most difficult men to lead into an interview I ever met south of Mason and Dixon's line, and his seeming austerity and my impatience came near costing me one of the most important pieces of work I have ever done in the interviewing line. Almost immediately after my visit to and talk with Mr. Toombs,—which was, by the way, a terrific assault upon Mr. Davis and his book,—I started for Beauvoir, the home of the Confederate Ex-President. On my way Senator Ben Hill, who had given me a strong personal letter to Mr. Davis, flashed me the story, which caught me on the train, of General Garfield's assassination. This startling news I carried to Mr. Davis, at his quiet little home on the Gulf, seventy-five miles this side of New Orleans. Up to that time Mr. Davis had never submitted to an interview upon the important questions which were bred and were settled by war. Weighted by the responsibility of my mission, I thought the telegram from Senator Hill would open the door to an interesting discussion, during which I could get him at his ease and then quietly drift upon the subjects I wanted him to talk about. Therefore I presented it almost immediately after Mr. Davis welcomed me to the broad porch of his delightful home and read the letter which I brought from one of his most intimate friends, then a United States Senator from Georgia. I was correct in my first supposition. He at once began discussing the effect of General Garfield's death upon the country. I followed his words closely, merely making a suggestion now and then, to call out some new idea. Then I endeavored several times to shift the conversation to other channels; but he would always return to the first one. In my anxiety to approach the subject in my mind and closest to my heart, I came near making a fatal error, which but for a social incident would have sent me home shorn. I said,—

"Mr. Davis, I have been South for a month, permitting the different Confederate generals and statesmen to criticise your book for themselves, and I approach you that you may speak upon their criticisms through the newspaper I represent."

Mr. Davis's face assumed a very serious air, and he drew himself up, saying, quite emphatically,—

"Sir, I have never permitted myself to be catechised upon any of my public acts, or upon any matters upon which I have acted, or chosen to speak of."

I thought I was gone, when a tall, stately, magnificent woman appeared in the door-way, and was at once presented by her distinguished husband, who informed her that I was a friend of, and had just come from, Senator Hill. She turned the conversation into a social vein, and before it had ended the ice of austerity had entirely melted, and I spent some of the most interesting hours of my life with the man who a few moments before had positively declined to be catechised upon any subject whatever. My mission ended, I went away and wrote nearly two newspaper pages of an interview of the most important character, giving Mr. Davis's views upon many questions,—his first utterances

since the rebellion. After its publication he wrote me a personal letter of thanks for its tone and temper, and frequently treated me with great courtesy afterwards.

Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia, was one of the best men to interview I ever knew. He had wonderful powers of expression, and, unlike most Southern men, spoke tersely and to the point. He could say a great deal in a very few words, and was full of the best social elements of life. He always greeted a journalist in a manner that made him feel at his ease, and usually sent him away with what he wanted to know.

Until recently Mr. Blaine has been one of the most difficult men in the country to interview, and even now will only talk for publication with his most intimate friends in the profession, and then almost always insists upon revising the interview. Alexander H. Stephens was equally particular. Time and again while Mr. Blaine was engaged in his hardest political struggles, I have tried to get a few words for my papers upon the results he had accomplished. I remember that only two years before he was beaten for the Presidential nomination in 1880, and then became the Secretary of State in Garfield's cabinet, I was a guest at his house in Augusta. He had just won one of the most bitterly contested State campaigns in his political career. I asked him for a statement of the situation, and some little story of how he had won the battle. Senator Hale was present at the moment. Mr. Blaine turned to me quickly, and said, pleasantly,—

"Oh, interview Hale. He can tell you all about it. I do detest being quoted in the newspapers in the form of an interview."

Two years later, when he was assailed about his South American policy, one of the most important incidents of his remarkable career, he at once sought the form of an interview, and two long ones from him were printed in nearly every newspaper in the land. He wanted to reach the general public, as well as the statesmen of the country, and he acknowledged that the only way to do it successfully was in a conversational form. Since that time he has always sought the interview when attacked upon any important matter which he desires to answer. No greater tribute could be paid to the efficiency of this class of newspaper work.

General Grant was the best man to interview I ever met. He would only talk to a person whom he knew well, and then he could tell you exactly what you wanted to know in fewer words than any man I ever made an inquiry of. He was very pleasant to newspaper men in whom he had confidence; but when one came about whom he did not know or trust, you couldn't get a word out of him with a crowbar. He never cared much to talk for publication, and never did to any extent upon public matters except to John Russell Young, who, by the way, is one of the ablest and most successful interviewers of any time. He alone among scores of daily toilers with the pen of this day is equally able as an editor, correspondent, descriptive writer, or tapper of sap from all sorts of fountains of information.

Roscoe Conkling was the only public man I ever met who never would be interviewed for publication upon any subject whatever. He

once told me that he would rather have a mad dog set upon him than to have a newspaper man sent after him for a talk. Two or three times in his life, interviews were printed with him, which he never intended should go beyond the privacy of his room, and he never forgave the men who quoted him. He had one able correspondent discharged from the *Herald* for publishing a talk with him which occurred at the breakfast-table, and Mr. Bennett directed that he should never again write for his paper.

Years ago I had a very singular experience with this statesman. It was just after I had stepped over the threshold of my profession that I carried to his house a telegram from the editor of the paper I was serving. It asked for an advanced copy of the speech he was expected to deliver in the Senate within a few days. Mr. Conkling read the despatch, when a well-defined sneer came over his face, and, turning to me, he said,—

"Young man, say to your master that when I speak in the Senate the words are the property of all: until that time they belong to me. Good-evening."

I left, thinking Mr. Conkling one of the rudest men I ever met. Closer contact later in life taught me that he was one of the most gentlemanly and considerate.

Charles Sumner was by no means an easy man to be led into a talk upon public matters. After the passage of the treaty of Washington I once interviewed him as to the meaning of the damage clause of that instrument. He was exceedingly dignified, although in his own apartments, with his dressing-gown on. He spoke with great deliberation and to the point. I could readily remember everything that he said,—although he was talking upon a very important subject.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, like General Gordon, of Georgia, is just the kind of man that a journalist likes to meet for business purposes. Both are fine talkers and say original things. If the subject is very important, Colonel Ingersoll will write it out for you while you wait. He does dislike to be misquoted, and he says that interviewers so often miss the mark that he prefers to do the work himself when he will talk at all.

Women, as a general thing, furnish lots of amusement to the interviewer. As a rule, they start in with the emphatic declaration that they will not say a word. Then they go on and tell you all you want, and a good deal more besides.

David Davis could not be interviewed. While he was a justice of the Supreme Court it would not have been proper, and after he became a United States Senator he always believed himself to be on the high-road to the Presidency, and was afraid to talk, lest he might injure his chances of getting there. I never approached him but once, and that was for the story of how Lincoln was nominated in 1860. I told him that I had already secured the recollections of two of the men who then operated with him, when he drew himself up and said, very seriously,—

"There are only four men who know the history of Mr. Lincoln's nomination, and any one of them would be a fool to tell it."

General Simon Cameron was a very difficult man to talk with for

publication, unless he had thorough confidence in the writer who approached him. He could talk very entertainingly, if he would; but his Scotch sagacity made him put his words close together unless he knew exactly the company he was in. He was not at all fond of talking for publication, and, although he cared very little about it, he was shy of the comments of the press. In his later years he often refused to talk, upon the plea that old men were always more or less garrulous, and he had a horror of being regarded as too talkative.

John Sherman is a difficult man to interview; but he does not seriously object to it. In fact, he is very pleasant with a writer he knows. But, despite his great ability, he is not fluent, and it is very hard to get from the very best work with him anything more than a cold statement of facts.

Senator Edmunds can never be interviewed upon any subject. His chum while in the Senate, Senator Thurman, nicknamed the "Old Roman," was very much like him.

General Ben Butler is a capital subject for the interviewer. He likes that form of addressing the public. He always talks with spirit and originality. Any man to whom he will speak at all can always get a good story from him, that is full of meat; but he usually wants to revise it before it is printed. He is very particular.

Ex-President Cleveland is usually a good man to seek information from. He is quite easy of access, and does not waste any words in what he has to say. Ex-Governor Foster, of Ohio, next to General Grant is the most perfect man I ever met for interviewing purposes. He always gets in a good deal of his personality and imparts a zest to his words. Business-men, as a rule, are rather undesirable customers for the journalist. They are careful about what they say, and have few entertaining subjects to talk about. To a greater or less extent this is true of lawyers. Ex-Governor Hoadley, of Ohio, is, however, a decided exception to the rule.

Senator Ingalls does not object to talking to the public second-hand, and of all the prominent public men of the day he undoubtedly talks best.

General Sheridan always refused to talk for publication; so did the late Speaker Randall; but ex-Speaker Carlisle—now Senator—is an easy statesman for the interviewer's auger. In fact, a great majority of the men now dealing in public affairs greet the interviewer cordially, and send him away with what he wants to know. But the great difficulty with interviewing at the present moment is that people care very little about the opinions of public men, for there are no large questions stirring the national heart. Turning from my experiences with public men to other professions, I have found ministers exceedingly easy victims for the trained newspaper man. The big editors of the country are difficult to handle, with the exception of Mr. Dana, Mr. Halstead, and Mr. Watterson. Even if you do get at them they are not good subjects. Being trained to writing, they do not talk with that spirit which gives an interview its chief charm. Mr. Longfellow of all the literary men I ever met was the readiest to talk for publication, and he could talk well. In spending some hours with him, only a year before his death, he said that the newspapers were now the masters of

communication with the people, and that the conversational way of writing for them was most readable.

Not long ago I had a pleasant visit with Mr. Whittier at his little home at Amesbury, on the banks of the Merrimac. I printed quite a story of a long chat with him, and he wrote me this letter :

DANVERS, MASS., 12 mo., 5, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I should have replied to thy note sooner, but so many letters awaited me on my return to Danvers that I am compelled to act on the maxim "first come first served." I think, on the whole, that my memory of our interview is correct. Some trifling errors I noted which are not of much consequence anyway. I visited Philadelphia two or three times since I left in 1840. My last visit was in 1859. I am not fond of being interviewed, but I got off very well, all things considered, in this instance.

I am, very truly,

Your friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

This list might be drawn out to great length ; but these illustrations are enough to give a good idea of the interviewer's work.

One of the most important things for success in obtaining an interview from almost any one is to get the person addressed thoroughly at ease before turning the conversation upon the subject to be discussed. Therefore, one has to study the mood of the person before him, watch the action of the eyes, and the countenance, intently. Usually there is a deal of by-play between the two combatants, which sometimes grows very interesting. Frequently the one called upon is more anxious to get information than to impart it. Then the task is difficult, and the writer must be politic while being entertaining, and give his fish just so much line and no more. As a rule, almost any citizen who is of enough importance to be quoted is quite willing to amuse himself with the interviewer if he can. This friction of mind often produces good results, and always imparts a zest to the work that can never be had when you must plump the question square at a man and simply get a cold and passionless reply.

Interviewing, then, is by no means an easy task. The person who follows it successfully must have constant command of his best faculties and be fairly well informed upon whatever topic he is talking about.

Interviews often accomplish great results. I recall one that had a marvellous effect upon the whole country, and changed the accepted history of a quarter of a century in a single day.

This came from the most interesting experience I ever had with a public man, just after my first visit to Jefferson Davis. Judge Black had always refused to speak upon the secrets of Buchanan's cabinet, and for more than twenty years the American people believed that he had advised Mr. Buchanan to commit the acts which brought upon him so much criticism. When I would ask him to tell the facts about the mighty problems which immediately preceded the war, he would say, with great emphasis,—

"I would rather die, and sleep under the dust of misapprehension, than be put in the position of making a semblance of criticism upon the acts of my chief."

That would have been the case had not Mr. Davis given me for

publication a statement of Mr. Buchanan's acts just before the assembling of Congress in 1860, that forced Judge Black to defend his friend. This he did in an interview which attracted the attention of the country, and led to several others which brought to light some very important historical facts which would have died with Judge Black had it not been for the new methods of journalism which make the interview a necessity. These papers ran through two years, and it was the handling of one of the series which called out the quaint expression with which I introduce these experiences. But it was not until after Judge Black's death that an interview was printed that demonstrated the power of the conversational form of dealing with important matters. Mr. Davis answered the interviews with Judge Black by a signed article in the *Philadelphia Times*, in which he made a bitter personal assault upon Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of State. I was with the great jurist the day it was printed. After he read it, he spent four hours in reviewing the last days of Mr. Buchanan's administration and the inside history of his cabinet meetings. I left him with the understanding that he was to answer Mr. Davis over his own signature, in a short article, and I was to finish the work in the form of an interview, giving the facts which he had that day parted with for the first time, as though they were pieces of his heart. So I dismissed the subject from my mind, and left him with the agreement that we should meet again within a week. He died before I could reach him again, leaving to me the necessity of giving to the public his opinions and statement about Mr. Davis's criticisms of his acts and the history they recalled. After three weeks of constant effort and writing and re-writing, I committed the interview to paper, and it made two pages of a prominent journal.

In twelve hours from the moment of its publication it was accepted by the whole press of the country as "frozen facts," and in a day changed the feeling of the American people towards this great man who for more than twenty years had remained silent and "under the mists of misapprehension," but who now sleeps in his grave amidst the country-side scenes of one of the loveliest valleys of Pennsylvania, honored by the nation he served so well,—all the result of one interview.

Frank A. Burr.

TO A POET IN EXILE.

"I CANNOT sing!" the grieving heart-harp sighed;
 "The breeze that touched me lives beyond the foam:"
 A rough wind struck it, and its voice replied
 In sweeter music than it made at home.

O Sorrow, Sister Sorrow, thou dost give
 A richer tone to poets when they cross,
 To seek Eurydice, from where joys live,
 And make them godlike through thy gift of loss.

Maurice Francis Egan.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BIRDS.

FROM the earliest time, it has been the rule with man to worship that which he could not comprehend. The sun, moon, stars, reproduction, all the powers of earth and air, have at one time or another had their adorers, either as they exist in nature or in ideal embodiments. From the sacred beetle of Egypt to the white elephant of Siam, most winged and footed things have had their votaries.

Worship is the parent of superstition, and all worships bred it.

Among natural phenomena there are few more likely to excite wonder in the human mind than those constantly presented in the flight of winged things. In fact, while most other phenomena have been solved and explained, it is only within the latter part of the nineteenth century of our era that the proper theory of flight has been promulgated, and its truth confirmed by instantaneous photographs of wings in motion. No wonder, then, that far back in the Dark Ages the diluted intellects of dwellers upon the earth should attribute supernatural powers to birds, and they be worshipped and feared accordingly.

A belief of this kind once established—such is the tenacity of race to tradition—is never entirely eradicated, but descends through countless generations, losing here and there by the friction of enlightenment, until, in our day, it lingers as the theme of the poet, the secret monitor of the scholar, or the guide of the ignorant. "How is it," asks the author of "The Rosicrucians," "after centuries of doubt and denial, how happens it, in face of the reason that can make nothing of it, the common sense that rejects, and the science which can demonstrate it as impossible, the supernatural still has its hold on the human—not to say modern—mind?"

Birds have played no mean part in the progress and shaping of civilization.* Apart from their dainty plumage and cheering songs, refining to ear and eye, confidence in their mystic knowledge and prophetic power has sped the acts of human beings or barred them by adverse cautionings. Rome was saved by the cackling of geese, and her legions followed her golden eagles to conquer the world. The great bald-headed bird emblem of the United States has had not a little to do with inspiring its people to war or peace, by the figurative flapping of its wings.

When mortals wished to assign more than ordinary powers to spirit, mortal, or beast, they gave it wings, that it might soar over and above all others. The winged horse Pegasus and the pinioned Mercury of the Greeks; the winged lions of the Assyrians; the universal dragon; the mythical roc of the Arabians; the dove as Christian emblem of the Holy Spirit, and winged Apollyon as the epitome of evil; the countless hosts of angels pictured as heaven's soaring occupants,—are samples of the common consent that wings are symbolic of supernatural potentiality.

The superstitions about birds, extant among all peoples, may be broadly divided into two classes,—those concerning the welfare of the individual or household, and those concerning the weather. There is interesting work for the ubiquitous statistician in tabulating the annual results of each upon graveyards and granaries.

The solemn, stately, sombre crow is believed to be especially cognizant of coming evil to man. The only recorded case of its ever having yielded to a cheerful impulse is that of feeding the prophet Elijah when hidden by the brook of Cherith; and even the consolation of crow diet is questionable.

Shakespeare tells that a crow cawed hoarsely at the approach of Duncan to the castle of Macbeth. Its cry thrice repeated is a sure warning of death to the Hindoos. If it caws once upon the right side of a young woman, her lover is coming; but if it hops to another place and flies away when spoken to, she may expect the young man soon. To owls is ascribed supernatural wisdom; though Froude tells us in his "Cat's Pilgrimage" that the very important question of their genesis—whether the owl came from the egg or the egg from the owl—is still undecided among them.

The white owl is a favorite among the people of Eastern countries, and prosperity dwells with its presence. The Mohammedans aver that a man who eats owl becomes the obedient slave of his wife. All who have ever tried it will agree that such a man needs some one to boss him.

In Bailey's Dictionary a strange healing virtue is credited to the loriote, or golden oriole. It says, quaintly, "It is a bird that, being looked upon by one who has the yellow jaundice, cures the person, but himself dies."

Throughout Northern Germany and in the Low Countries the stork is held in beloved reverence. Supports are placed upon every cottage gable, that they may build their nests thereon; for the peasants believe that where the stork has its brood no fire can ever come. (This is cheap insurance.) Neither can misfortune befall their crops or bulbs if the stork nests in their midst.

The cry of a peacock under a window, like the banshee's call, bodes death to some one within the house. There is probably more certainty in the prediction that the horribly discordant cry under some windows would result in death to the peacock. Ill luck accompanies the possession of the peacock's beautiful feathers. No doubt the mysterious play of colors, as in the unlucky opal, gave to both feathers and stone their malignant reputation.

It is part of a Mohammedan's faith that a peacock and a snake are sentinels at the gates of the Celestial City to give warning of danger. Islamic legend hath it that because they listened to the voice of Satan they are condemned to stand forever without the heavenly walls.

Long before *Gallus*, the cock, immortalized St. Peter, the cock was sacred to Mars, the Greek god of war. Ever since that time he has had much to do with the affairs of men, other than his meddlesome morning engagement. Among the West Virginia mountaineers his crowing before the door tells of coming company. His wife, the hen, fixes the time

as to-morrow if she enters the house with a straw hanging to her tail. They have a recipe for killing a chicken: "Pull three feathers out of a chicken's wing, after its head has been cut off, and cross them; then lay the chicken on its back upon the feathers; it will die at once." This is never-failing, if the chicken does not die from the preliminary treatment.

A lamentable future is predicted for the hen that crows, and the whistling girl is admonished to take warning, in the old couplet,—

A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Will never come to a good end.

Many a fanciful superstition has settled home among these aforesaid mountaineers. Here is one requiring more elaborate observance than the coming of a white horse after the red-headed girl. When the mountain maiden hears the call of the first turtle-dove in the spring, she takes off her right stocking, turns it, and in the heel she finds a hair which is the color of that of her future husband. She then takes three steps backward, and under the heel of her left foot she will find another.

Strange to say, equipped though she may be with these two hairs as a means of identifying the right man, she is often imposed upon; but then, like many other maidens at such times, she may be color-blind.

The grannies will relate that a goose calls every hour of the night; that a bird flying into the house is a sure sign of death; and that a horseshoe put into the fireplace will keep hawks away from the poultry.

How many maidens have obtained indefinite but consoling assurance that they will be married *first*, from getting the long end of a merry-thought in a pull for it with some fair rival! and how many doubting damsels have been settled to choosing him for a husband who first passed under it when slyly stuck above the lintel!

All sea-going birds are under the protection of sailors, who regard their presence about a ship as auspicious. Especially is this true of the albatross. The poet Coleridge has made famous the lugubrious travelling experiences of an Ancient Mariner who wilfully shot one.

The negroes of Louisiana give credence to the myth that the jay-birds spend Fridays in the infernal regions, as a punishment for their misconduct during the crucifixion. It is possible that their incessant clatter is made the special torment for Fridays.

As varied as the trees from which he calls is the meaning of the cuckoo's notes to men who, married, listen. Three centuries and a half ago the old song told,—

Full merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the ashen tree;
Your wives you well would look to,
If you take advice of me.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! alack the noon,
That married men
Must watch the hen,
Or some strange fox will steal her soon!

And Shakespeare wrote,—

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds, of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:

Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! cuckoo! Oh, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:

Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! cuckoo! Oh, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Among the Finns the cuckoo is a sacred bird, unhappily connected with lovers' sorrows.

The woodpecker was deified by the ancient Tartars, Kelts, and Tauranians.

Tom Hood rhymes of an Eastern superstition belonging to the belle among birds,—

Those birds of Paradise, so rare,
Fabled to live, and love, and feed on air,
But never to alight.

Many as are the feathered oracles to which all nations listen for messages from the unknown to forewarn or forearm against coming events, they are not comparable to the number that are wise in weather-forecast. Faith in the weather-prescience of birds may not be wholly superstitious. Where and when the moon's phases were the only markers of time, and almanacs and Meteorological Bureaus were unknown, observations of bird-habits were not without their value in weather-predetermination. That beliefs based upon these observations should be set down and transmitted as unchangeable articles of faith is not to be wondered at, and that the true have been mixed with the false cannot be denied; neither can it be gainsaid that nine out of every ten persons, even nowadays,—such is the perversity of man,—rather take the prognostications of charlatans or of geese about the weather than rely upon the meteorological conditions before their very eyes or the conclusions of those versed in weather-science. It is for these and other reasons a fact that bird-indicators of weather-changes are superstitiously respected. All kinds of weather are sure to come to him who waits: the bird-prophet is therefore secure in his reputation.

The cuckoo is the special harbinger of spring. Everywhere within its nesting latitude it is regarded as the envoy announcing winter's departure and the coming of his fair successor.

Mr. Kennan writes that the wretched exiles in Siberian prison-places long for the cuckoo's coming,—“General Kuckushka,” as they call him. His song announces that the forests are habitable, that escape is possible, or, even if retaken, three months of liberty, with berries, roots, and leaves for food, the ground for a bed, and God's pure air for covering, are better than the vile prison-dens they flee from.

A song of England's children voices their trust that

In April
The cuckoo tunes his bill,
And in May
He sings all day.
Then in June
He alters tune,
In July
Away to fly.

The English peasantry say that the shy bird turns into a merlin hawk at midsummer. His gluggitty-gluggitty tones warn the farmer of coming water-fall, and thus speed him with his seeding or hurry the housing of his grain.

The saying that “one swallow does not make a summer” has lost somewhat of its sanctity since some wit remarked that “one swallow never made anything.” Nevertheless the adage holds that swallows are the heralds of summer's coming. If they fly high, all will be bright and fair; if low, all will be dull and watery.

The full, rich voice of the cardinal grossbeak ever proclaims “wet year;” but if he utters his prophecy from the top of a high tree, the West Virginia mountaineer will say, “Hit's goin' to jine rainin' purty nigh soon.” It is also part of his creed that if the buzzard flies in February the winter has gone.

When chickens cluster in the sun to preen their feathers, a rainfall may be expected; and when turkeys stretch their necks to stare upward from their roosts, it will rain before morning.

All birds roost with their heads to the wind; but they have foreknowledge at their bedtime of wind-change in the night, and settle on their perches accordingly, thus avoiding the disagreeable necessity of getting up from their sleep to turn around in order to keep their feathers down.

An old rhyme informs us,—

If the cock crows going to bed,
He will rise with a watery head;
When the peacock loudly bawls,
We shall soon have rain and squalls.

The peasants of Brittany aver that if a crow croaks three times, he proclaims foul weather; but if the number of his croaks is even, it will be clear. The West Virginian declares, with a certainty admitting of no question, that “Ther's goin' to be a warm spell; fer the big owls is hootin'.” But, then, weather-prognosticating is the inspired vocation of almost every bird.

There is a beautiful legend of a monk on whose heart the benumb-

ing thought rested, "Must not the bliss of eternity pall at last, and shall we not weary of heaven?" After having been beguiled into a wood by the melodious song of a bird, he stood enraptured, listening for what seemed to him to be an hour. When he returned to the monastery, he learned that a whole generation had passed away. He was thus taught by his own experience that an eternity will not suffice to exhaust the bliss of Paradise.

From the poetic East comes the fable that the bulbul sings its song to the rose; and Abbot tells how

The lone whippoorwill, in plaintive cries,
Its ceaseless lay to Night and Echo sings.

The time will come in the world's enlightenment when all these superstitions will be buried things of the past,—when the poet and the antiquarian alone will search among their sepulchres for jewelled thought, or link to trace migration's chain; but in time gone and present they have moral weight, as hampers upon mental advancement; hygienic influence, as they increase or lessen the buoyancy of hope; and commercial values, as directors and guides to the husbandman.

Charles McIlwaine.

"IN MY LOVE'S LOOKS."

WHEN peeped the sun above the sullen wold,
The stream ran black, and every clod was cold;
The shaggy woods where first his arrows flew
Were cased with ice and drenched in frosty dew.

By small degrees, and yet by small degrees,
Light vapors rose, and vanished on the breeze,
And thread-leg gnats, and frailest creeping things,
Crossed the round drifts or stretched their gauzy wings.

Is Nature, then, so prodigal of breath
She sends her broods forth to a flattering death?
Matching the cold earth and the cheating sky
With faith and tender folly, why not I?

In my love's looks, as in the falsest sun,
All eager hopes and kindling passions run:
True, the frost comes to prove their promise vain,
But she'll find others when she smiles again.

Dora Read Goodale.

A REVULSION FROM REALISM.

BY ANNE H. WHARTON.

IN all ages and climes mankind has found delight in romances based upon the mystic, the improbable, and the impossible, from the days when the Norse poets sang their Sagas through long Northern nights, and the fair Scheherezade, under Southern moons, charmed her bloodthirsty lord by her tales of wonder, to our own day, when Stevenson and Crawford and Haggard hold fancy spell-bound by their entirely improbable stories. Scott and Bulwer played with master hands upon the love of the mysterious and supernatural inherent in mankind; Dickens and others have essayed to gratify its demands, but with less daring, and, having an eye always on the moorings of the actual, their success has been less marked. With the elder Hawthorne such romance-writing seemed the natural outgrowth of an exquisitely sensitive and spiritual nature, while among later French writers Théophile Gautier and Edmond About have entered into the domain of the impossible as into the natural heritage of their genius, sporting in its impalpable ether with the playful *abandon* of a fish in the sea or a bird in the air, hampered by no bond of the actual, weighted by no encumbrance of the material.

It is not strange that the great influx of realistic novels that have flowed in upon the last decade should be followed by a revulsion to the impossible in fiction. Men and women, wearied with meeting the same characters and events in so-called romance that they encounter in every-day life, or saddened by the depressing, if dramatic, pictures of Tolstoi and the cool vivisection of humanity presented by Ibsen, turn with a sense of rest and refreshment to the guidance of those who, like Robert Louis Stevenson and Rider Haggard, lead them suddenly into the mystic land of wonder, or, like Marion Crawford and Mrs. Oliphant, delight to draw them, by gentle and easy stages, from the midst of a well-appointed setting of every-day life into the shadowy border-land that lies between the real and the unreal. Much of the success of such romance-writing rests upon the rebound, natural to humanity, from intense realism to extreme ideality; more, perhaps, upon the fact that this age which is grossly material is also deeply spiritual. With these two facts well in view, Mr. Oscar Wilde has fallen into line, and entered the lists with some of the most successful masters of fiction. In his novel "The Picture of Dorian Gray," written for the July *Lippincott's*, Mr. Wilde, like Balzac and the authors of "Faust" and "John Inglesant," presents to us the drama of a human soul, while, like Gautier and About, he surrounds his utterly impossible story with a richness and depth of coloring and a grace and airiness of expression that make the perusal of its pages an artistic delight.

If Mr. Wilde's romance resembles the productions of some of the writers of the French school in its reality and tone, it still more strongly resembles Mr. Stevenson's most powerfully wrought fairy-tale, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," although the moral of the story is brought out even more plainly,—as plainly, indeed, as in the drama of "Faust." In both Mr. Stevenson's and Mr. Wilde's stories there is a transformation or substitution. In one the soul of Dr. Jekyll appears under different exteriors; in the other some fine influence passes from the soul of Dorian Gray into his portrait and there works a gradual and subtle

change upon the pictured lineaments. Although Mr. Wilde's extravaganza is far less dramatic than that of Mr. Stevenson, it has the advantages of richer coloring, and a more human setting, if we may so express it. The characters in "The Picture of Dorian Gray" enjoy life more than Mr. Stevenson's creations, who seem to have had so dull a time of it at the best that they might have been expected to welcome a tragedy, as a relief to the tedium of their daily lives. Mr. Utterson, we are told, was good, but he was evidently not particularly happy, which was the case with the other personages of the drama, with the exception of those who were signally wretched. On the other hand, Mr. Wilde's characters are happy during their little day. Their world is a luxurious, perfumed land of delight, until sin transforms it, and, even after Lord Henry has corrupted the nature of Dorian Gray with evil books and worldly philosophy, he occasionally drinks of the waters of Lethe and enjoys some fragments of what may be called happiness, while Lord Henry himself seems to derive a certain satisfaction from the practice of his Mephistophelian art and in his entire freedom from the restraints of conscience. In a tale of the impossible it is not required that the writer should be true to life, animate or inanimate, yet in the fact that there are glimpses of light through the clouds that surround his *dramatis personæ*, that they inhabit a world in which the laburnum hangs out yellow clusters in June, and the clematis robes itself with purple stars, and the sun sheds gold and the moon silver, despite the tragedy that touches the lives of its inhabitants, is not Mr. Wilde quite as true to nature as to art?

The reader may reasonably question the author's good taste in displaying at such length his knowledge of antique decoration and old-world crime as in Chapter IX., which, besides being somewhat tiresome, clogs the dramatic movement of the story. Yet, on the other hand, it must be admitted that none but an artist and an apostle of the beautiful could have so sympathetically portrayed the glowing hues and perfumes of the garden in which Dorian Gray had first presented to his lips the cup of life, and none other could have so pictured the luxurious surroundings of his home, for whose embellishment the known world had been searched for hangings, ornaments, and *bric-à-brac*. Amid such an *entourage* of modern London life, with its Sybaritic indulgence, its keenness of wit, and its subtle intelligence, Mr. Wilde places his characters and works out his miracle.

Viewing his own portrait, just completed by an artist friend, Dorian Gray turns from it filled with envy and dissatisfaction, because it has been whispered in his ear that youth is the supreme possession in life, and that when youth and beauty have fled from his face and form this pictured presentment will live forever, a perpetual mockery of himself, whom withering age has overtaken. Under the influence of his evil genius, Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian Gray utters a prayer that he may always remain young, and the portrait alone reveal the ravages of time, sin, and sorrow. The realization of this idea is the theory of Mr. Wilde's romance, and the air of probability with which he has endowed the absolutely impossible evidences the artistic and dramatic power of the writer. The portrait of Dorian Gray, painted in days of innocence and loveliness, when his mere presence symbolized to the artist the entire harmony between beauty of body and beauty of soul, changes day by day with the degradation of his nature, while the living Dorian Gray, after years of sin, remorseless cruelty, and corruption of thought and action, preserves all the grace and fairness of his Antinous-like youth.

Love in this romance is an incident, not its crowning event, although an important incident as a revelation of the character of Dorian Gray. The reader never meets Sibyl Vane; he merely sees her on the stage and hears of her from the lips of her lover; yet even thus she appeals to us as an exquisite personation of maidenhood with all its purity and all its tenderness. As shadowy an outline as the fair child whom Bulwer allows to captivate the imagination of Kenelm Chillingly, who caught butterflies, talked philosophy, and died young, yet who in her brief transit across his path realized to his poetic soul all the best possibilities of life, spiritual and material, Sibyl Vane comes to us girt about with ideal charm, to fulfil her widely different mission, which was to reveal to Dorian Gray the sad fact that his soul had passed beyond her sweet and ennobling influence. His artistic and intellectual senses were touched by her beauty and dramatic power, but to the beauty that made her worthy to be loved his eyes were blind, his heart was insensible. The tragedy of the story, the climax of the situation, is not the death of Sibyl Vane, nor even the pitiless murder of the friend who dared to give Dorian Gray good counsel, but the disclosure that Dorian's soul, once open to all good influences, had, by yielding to the malign domination of his evil genius, passed beyond the reach of love, pity, or remorse.

It is needless to say that Dorian Gray is not a very substantial character. The most entertaining, though not the most exemplary, personage of the story is Lord Henry Wotton, who by his preaching and practice of the doctrine of hedonism leads Dorian Gray into all known and unknown evil, until finally his darkling shadow outreaches in depravity the imagination of his tempter. When his victim has sunk so low in sin that the world shuns him, Lord Henry still enjoys his gay, conscienceless existence, and continues to utter the persiflage that constitutes much of the attraction of the book as well of his society. Debonair, witty, learned, giving expression to aphorisms as keen as the sayings of Thackeray's characters, with the moral element eliminated, and as cynical as those of Norris, with exquisite taste and the fascination of a finished man of the world, Lord Henry belongs as truly, on the material side of his nature, to the life of to-day, as he appertains on its spiritual side to the region of Pluto. A gay child of the great London social world, he hovers airily around and about the emotions of life, declaring that death is the only thing that ever terrifies him, and that death and vulgarity are the only facts in the nineteenth century that one cannot explain away. The climax of Lord Henry's sardonic worldliness is reached when he becomes the spectator of his own domesticity, if he may be said to have any, and speaks to Dorian of his divorce from his wife as one of the latest sensations of London, remarking *apropos* of his music, "The man with whom my wife ran away played Chopin exquisitely. Poor Victoria! I was very fond of her. The house is rather lonely without her."

Lord Henry is so entirely true to himself and the worst that is in him that towards the close of the book, when Dorian announces that he is "going to be good," and begs his friend not to poison another young life with the book with which he had corrupted his, we find ourselves trembling for Dorian's one remaining ally, especially when he exclaims, "My dear boy, you are really beginning to moralize. You will soon be going about warning people against all the sins of which you have grown tired. You are much too delightful to do that. Besides, it is no use. You and I are what we are, and we will be what we will be." Had not the hero stabbed himself, or his picture (which

was it?), it is only a question of time how soon Dorian Gray, with the slightest obtrusion of conscience, would have ceased to charm him who had welcomed him as a *débutant* on the Stage of Pleasure, where, to use his favorite saying, "the only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it." Dorian Gray struggling against the temptations of the world would have proved an in-artistic and disturbing element in the life of Lord Henry.

All that is needed to complete the tale is Lord Henry's own comment on the highly dramatic taking-off of his friend. This chapter Mr. Wilde, true to his artistic instinct, has not finished, preferring to leave appetite unappeased, rather than to create satiety by making his Mephistopheles say precisely what one would expect him to say under the circumstances.

THE ROMANCE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

FICTION, which flies at all game, has latterly taken to the Impossible as its quarry. The pursuit is interesting and edifying, if one goes properly equipped, and with adequate skill. But if due care is not exercised, the Impossible turns upon the hunter, and grinds him to powder. It is a very dangerous and treacherous kind of wild-fowl. The conditions of its existence—if existence can be predicated of that which does not exist—are so peculiar and abstruse that only genius is really capable of taming it and leading it captive. But the capture, when it is made, is so delightful and fascinating that every tyro would like to try. One is reminded of the princess of the fairy-tale, who was to be won on certain preposterous terms, and if the terms were not met, the discomfited suitor lost his head. Many misguided or overweening youths perished: at last the One succeeded. Failure in a romance of the Impossible is apt to be a disastrous failure; on the other hand, success carries great rewards.

Of course, the idea is not a new one. The writings of the alchemists are stories of the Impossible. The fashion has never been entirely extinct. Balzac wrote the "*Peau de Chagrin*," and probably this tale is as good a one as was ever written of that kind. The possessor of the Skin may have everything he wishes for; but each wish causes the Skin to shrink, and when it is all gone the wisher is annihilated along with it. By the art of the writer, this impossible thing is made to appear quite feasible; by touching the chords of coincidence and fatality, the reader's common sense is soothed to sleep. We feel that all this might be, and yet no natural law be violated; and yet we know that such a thing never was and never will be. But the vitality of the story, as of all good stories of the sort, is due to the fact that it is the symbol of a spiritual verity: the life of indulgence, the selfish life, destroys the soul. This psychic truth is so deeply felt that its sensible embodiment is rendered plausible. In the case of another famous romance—"Frankenstein"—the technical art is entirely wanting: a worse story, from the literary point of view, has seldom been written. But the soul of it, so to speak, is so potent and obvious that, although no one actually reads the book nowadays, everybody knows the gist of the idea. "Frankenstein" has entered into the language, for it utters a perpetual truth of human nature.

At the present moment, the most conspicuous success in the line we are considering is Stevenson's "*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*." The author's literary skill,

in that awful little parable, is at its best, and makes the most of every point. To my thinking, it is an artistic mistake to describe Hyde's transformation as actually taking place in plain sight of the audience: the sense of spiritual mystery is thereby lost, and a mere brute miracle takes its place. But the tale is strong enough to carry this imperfection, and the moral significance of it is so catholic—it so comes home to every soul that considers it—that it has already made an ineffaceable impression on the public mind. Every man is his own Jekyll and Hyde, only without the magic powder. On the book-shelf of the Impossible, Mr. Stevenson's book may take its place beside Balzac's.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, the apostle of beauty, has in the July number of *Lippincott's Magazine* a novel, or romance (it partakes of the qualities of both), which everybody will want to read. It is a story strange in conception, strong in interest, and fitted with a tragic and ghastly climax. Like many stories of its class, it is open to more than one interpretation; and there are doubtless critics who will deny that it has any meaning at all. It is, at all events, a salutary departure from the ordinary English novel, with the hero and heroine of different social stations, the predatory black sheep, the curate, the settlements, and Society. Mr. Wilde, as we all know, is a gentleman of an original and audacious turn of mind, and the commonplace is scarcely possible to him. Besides, his advocacy of novel ideas in life, art, dress, and demeanor had led us to expect surprising things from him; and in this literary age it is agreed that a man may best show the best there is in him by writing a book. Those who read Mr. Wilde's story in the hope of finding in it some compact and final statement of his theories of life and manners will be satisfied in some respects, and dissatisfied in others; but not many will deny that the book is a remarkable one and would attract attention even had it appeared without the author's name on the title-page.

"The Picture of Dorian Gray" begins to show its quality in the opening pages. Mr. Wilde's writing has what is called "color,"—the quality that forms the main-stay of many of Ouida's works,—and it appears in the sensuous descriptions of nature and of the decorations and environment of the artistic life. The general aspect of the characters, and the tenor of their conversation, remind one a little of "Vivian Gray" and a little of "Pelham;" but the resemblance does not go far: Mr. Wilde's objects and philosophy are different from those of either Disraeli or Bulwer. Meanwhile, his talent for aphorisms and epigrams may fairly be compared with theirs: some of his clever sayings are more than clever,—they show real insight and a comprehensive grasp. Their wit is generally cynical; but they are put into the mouth of one of the characters, Lord Harry, and Mr. Wilde himself refrains from definitely committing himself to them; though one cannot help suspecting that Mr. Wilde regards Lord Harry as being an uncommonly able fellow. Be that as it may, Lord Harry plays the part of the Old Harry in the story, and lives to witness the destruction of every other person in it. He may be taken as an imaginative type of all that is most evil and most refined in modern civilization,—a charming, gentle, witty, euphemistic Mephistopheles, who deprecates the vulgarity of goodness, and muses aloud about "those renunciations that men have unwisely called virtue, and those natural rebellions that wise men still call sin." Upon the whole, Lord Harry is the most ably portrayed character in the book, though not the most original in conception. Dorian Gray himself is as nearly a new idea in fiction as one has nowadays a right to expect. If he had been adequately realized and worked

out, Mr. Wilde's first novel would have been remembered after more meritorious ones were forgotten. But, even as "*nemo repente fuit turpissimus*," so no one, or hardly any one, creates a thoroughly original figure in fiction at a first essay. Dorian never quite solidifies. In fact, his portrait is rather the more real thing of the two. But this needs explanation.

The story consists of a strong and marvellous central idea, illustrated by three characters, all men. There are a few women in the background, but they are only mentioned: they never appear to speak for themselves. There is, too, a valet who brings in his master's breakfasts, and a chemist who, by some scientific miracle, disposes of a human body; but, substantially, the book is taken up with the artist who paints the portrait, with his friend Lord Harry aforesaid, and with Dorian Gray, who might, so far as the story goes, stand alone. He and his portrait are one, and their union points the moral of the tale.

The situation is as follows. Dorian Gray is a youth of extraordinary physical beauty and grace, and pure and innocent of soul. An artist sees him and falls æsthetically in love with him, and finds in him a new inspiration in his art, both direct and general. In the lines of his form and features, and in his coloring and movement, are revealed fresh and profound laws; he paints him in all guises and combinations, and it is seen and admitted on all sides that he has never before painted so well. At length he concentrates all his knowledge and power in a final portrait, which has the vividness and grace of life itself, and, considering how much both of the sitter and of the painter is embodied in it, might almost be said to live. This portrait is declared by Lord Harry to be the greatest work of modern art; and the painter himself thinks so well of it that he resolves never to exhibit it, even as he would shrink from exposing to public gaze the privacies of his own nature.

On the day of the last sitting a singular incident occurs. Lord Harry, meeting on that occasion for the first time with Dorian, is no less impressed than was Hallward, the artist, with the youth's radiant beauty and freshness. But whereas Hallward would keep Dorian unspotted from the world, and would have him resist evil temptations and the allurements of corruption, Lord Harry, on the contrary, with a truly Satanic ingenuity, discourses to the young man on the matchless delights and privileges of youth. Youth is the golden period of life: youth comes never again: in youth only are the senses endowed with divine potency; only then are joys exquisite and pleasures unalloyed. Let it therefore be indulged without stint. Let no harsh and cowardly restraints be placed upon its glorious impulses. Men are virtuous through fear and selfishness. They are too dull or too timid to take advantage of the godlike gifts that are showered upon them in the morning of existence; and before they can realize the folly of their self-denial, the morning has passed, and weary day is upon them, and the shadows of night are near. But let Dorian, who is matchless in the vigor and resources of his beauty, rise above the base shrinking from life that calls itself goodness. Let him accept and welcome every natural impulse of his nature. The tragedy of old age is not that one is old, but that one is young: let him so live that when old age comes he shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that no opportunity of pleasure and indulgence has escaped untasted.

This seductive sermon profoundly affects the innocent Dorian, and he looks at life and at himself with new eyes. He realizes the value as well as the

transitoriness of that youth and beauty which hitherto he had accepted as a matter of course and as a permanent possession. Gazing on his portrait, he laments that it possesses the immortality of loveliness and comeliness that is denied to him; and, in a sort of imaginative despair, he utters a wild prayer that to the portrait, and not to himself, may come the feebleness and hideousness of old age; that whatever sins he may commit, to whatever indulgences he may surrender himself, not upon him but upon the portrait may the penalties and disfigurements fall. Such is Dorian's prayer; and, though at first he suspects it not, his prayer is granted. From that hour, the evil of his life is registered upon the face and form of his pictured presentment, while he himself goes unscathed. Day by day, each fresh sin that he commits stamps its mark of degradation upon the painted image. Cruelty, sensuality, treachery, all nameless crimes, corrupt and render hideous the effigy on the canvas: he sees in it the gradual pollution and ruin of his soul, while his own fleshly features preserve unstained all the freshness and virginity of his sinless youth. The contrast at first alarms and horrifies him; but at length he becomes accustomed to it, and finds a sinister delight in watching the progress of the awful change. He locks up the portrait in a secret chamber, and constantly retires thither to ponder over the ghastly miracle. No one but he knows or suspects the incredible truth; and he guards like a murder-secret this visible revelation of the difference between what he is and what he seems. This is a powerful situation; and the reader may be left to discover for himself how Mr. Wilde works it out.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOLK-TALES.

GREAT industry has been exhibited in collecting the folk-tales of various peoples, with the result that the same stories, with more or less varying details, are found to be current among all races. Whether such stories have been formed independently at different human centres, or whether they had but one place of origin, from which they spread to distant regions, is yet undetermined. The latter hypothesis may appear sufficient when we consider the migrations of peoples. The offshoots from the mother-stock would necessarily take with them their folk-tales as part of their mental heritage, and with every successive advance they would be carried farther away from their original home. In this way the presence of the same stories in the most distant parts of the Old World can probably be explained. A knowledge of them may be spread far and wide, however, by another agency. The *Ananci* stories of the African negro, known in the West Indies as "Nancy" stories, are partly spoken and partly sung, and they may have been at one time told and handed down by professional minstrels, who would carry them from place to place. The wandering minstrel has always been a privileged person. At the present day stories may be heard in Senegambia from the lips of troubadours who have traversed Northern Africa and perhaps even penetrated as far as Constantinople.

Stories spread abroad by migration or travel of peoples or individuals, free-men or slaves, will usually bear their home-mark in the nature of some of their chief incidents, combined, however, with other incidents which give them a local

coloring. In the absence of a common framework or setting, to use Mr. Ralston's words, stories from distant countries which have a general similarity may possibly have had separate origins. Human nature is the same in all races, and it will give utterance everywhere to similar sentiments, although probably clothed in varying language and combined with different action. Where the sentiment and the action, wholly or in part, are the same, we may expect to find that the stories have had a common origin; but where the action differs entirely, a local origin may usually be ascribed to them.

As the classification of folk-tales has to do with their setting or action, so the philosophy of folk-tales should be concerned with their sentiment. That some of them have no real sentiment—that is, are not intended to teach any lesson—is certain. Young children, as well as uncultured peoples, will listen with rapt attention to stories of mere incident, especially if the incidents related are strange or amusing. The addition of a moral sentiment does not usually add to the pleasure of the listener. Out of two hundred folk-tales collected by the brothers Grimm, no less than fifty are, according to Mr. Ralston, comic stories. This is too large a proportion; but some of them evidently are intended merely to amuse. Take, for instance, the tale of "The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean," who travel together and are all drowned in attempting to cross a rivulet; or that of "The Rabbit's Bride," where a rabbit induces a girl to become his wife and carries her to his home, which she runs away from, after waiting some time for company to come, leaving a straw figure in her place. The story of "Discreet Hans" and some others are of the same character. Other tales, although comic in their action, appear to be intended to express a sentiment. Thus, "The Musicians of Bremen," the actors in which are an ass, a dog, a cat, and a cock, speaks of the love of life which may exist under the most unhappy circumstances. The story called "The Pack of Ragamuffins," which consisted of a cockerel, a pullet, a duck, a pin, and a needle, seems to bid us beware of associating with vagabonds, if we would escape loss or suffering at their hands.

From the tone of the general body of folk-stories it is evident, however, that amusement was not their chief aim. Their action—that is, the incidents related—must be entertaining to make them acceptable to the popular mind. In this the wisdom of those who originally framed them is shown; for if the narratives were not attentively listened to they would not carry out the design of their framers. Hence many folk-tales have the most marvellous details, such as to us are utterly improbable, but which in the minds of those to whom they were first told had no improbability whatever. But the real design was to enforce a lesson of worldly experience or of moral or religious truth. This is the sentiment, which forms the central idea, of which the incidents are the vehicle or setting. The truth to be taught may be intellectual, a conclusion arrived at as the result of the observation of nature or of the experiences of daily life, or it may have a moral or religious character. The "motive" of a folk-tale is of the nature of a proverb or popular saying, and many such stories might be regarded as illustrations of proverbs or popular sayings.

The truth here enforced has been recognized to some extent, but not so fully as it deserves. Mr. Ralston has classified folk-tales into mythological and non-mythological stories, the latter being divided into moral stories, puzzles, jokes, etc. Most, if not all, of the mythological stories, however, contain a moral of some kind, the mythical element really forming the setting with which the moral

sentiment is enveloped. Mr. Hartland, in his analysis of the class of tales where a person is forbidden to open the door, be it of a palace, a room, or a cabinet, regards the prohibition as the central thought; which is rather, however, the undue curiosity, that which gives the prohibition its real interest. Another class of tales are said by Mr. Clodd to "embody that early system of thought, if system it can be called, which confuses ideas and objects, illusions and realities, substances and shadows," and to be evidence of "the survival of primitive belief in one or more entities *in* the body, yet not *of* it, which may leave the body at will during life, and which, perchance, leaves it finally, to return not, at death." They do more than this, however, as they embody an important moral truth. They teach the triumph of love or goodness over evil. The existence of the soul apart from the body is only an additional incident in the action of the story, introduced as presenting a further difficulty to be contended with and to show that no obstacle is too great to be overcome. The incidents furnish valuable evidence of the ideas entertained as to certain beliefs or superstitions, but the stories would never have existed if their framers had not wished to inculcate the power of goodness or love, often typified by beauty, over evil, whether alone or aided by magic.

The sentiment embalmed in many folk-tales has relation to some quality of the mind. As allied to goodness, perhaps, simple-mindedness is represented as being attended with good fortune. Sometimes the simple-mindedness amounts to actual stupidity. Connected with such stories are those in which the youngest son, who is occasionally described as stupid, is more fortunate than his brothers, probably on the principle of compensation for his position in the household. There may also be the influence of the idea that he must be the most simple because he is the youngest son; although in some cases he is the most prudent. In Grimm's story entitled "The Feather Bird" the fortunate one, who is also the most prudent, is the youngest daughter. In other tales, again, kindness is requited,—a sentiment which appears in some of the step-daughter stories soon to be referred to,—and humility rewarded. This is the fortune also of those who by their display of great ability, valor, or perseverance overcome difficulties, sometimes purposely placed in the way. Allied to stories of this class, which are numerous, are those in which mere strength or power is successfully opposed by wit, which is occasionally represented as mere cunning.

Bad conduct is punished, as well as good conduct rewarded, in folk-tales. Among other bad qualities denounced are disobedience, greediness or discontent, pride and boasting, as well as undue curiosity, the exercise of which has usually a fatal result. In the stories where an orphan girl is ill treated by her step-mother or step-sister, the latter are generally represented as receiving punishment in the end for their bad conduct. Their chief aim, however, would seem to be to show the triumph of goodness over evil, and probably they are evidence of the popular feeling as to the unhappy position which orphans too often held. Again, although cunning is sometimes represented as overreaching simplicity, occasionally it is shown that cunning and villany overreach themselves.

That large classes of folk-tales were framed for the purpose of conveying a moral lesson may be shown by reference to the fables ascribed to *Æsop*, but which were probably of Indian origin, and were intended to inculcate lessons "of practical morality, drawn from the habits of the inferior creation." Again, if we refer to the folk-tales of India translated by the Rev. Richard Morris from the Buddhist *Jātaka*, we see that many of these birth-stories contain one or

more *gāthas* enforcing a moral or practical lesson. Thus, we have *the value of kind words, no evil deed is unseen, pride will have a fall, the punishment of avarice*, etc. In the story of "The Monkey that left its heart on a tree," the Bodhisat, in the form of an ape, says to the crocodile,—

Oh, a precious big body you've got, it is true,
Yet little good sense to match it have you.
To cheat one you tried, O false crocodile,
So you have I pricked, now go where you will.

Here we have the big body and little sense opposed to the small body with much wit of the giant-stories of Western Europe.

The fact that no "moral" is actually drawn from a folk-tale as known to us is evidence merely that the original intention with which it was framed has been lost sight of in the course of ages, except where it is a purely comic story without any such meaning. At the present day, indeed, the incidents have come to occupy the primary place, being regarded by those who listen to them as sources of amusement rather than of instruction. A true philosophy of folk-tales will, however, reverse this order and give priority to the sentiment or moral, reserving the second place for its vehicle or setting, although this is the more entertaining to the popular mind and is of great value for other purposes.

C. Staniland Wake.

BOOK-TALK.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION."

Just what the philosophy of religion is it is not easy to discover from Hegel, who is as mysterious as the Sphinx, and as hard to understand as a poem by Browning. Indeed, we rather prefer the Sphinx, who had not yet learned the whole art and mystery of writing riddles. This German author was first introduced to English readers about twenty years ago, by Dr. Stirling, in a work entitled "The Secret of Hegel," of which some captious critic remarked that Dr. Stirling had kept all the secret of Hegel to himself, even if he knew it. Dr. Masson says the book met "with such a reception as might be given to an elephant if, from the peculiar shape of the animal, one were uncertain which end of him were his head."

The German readers of Hegel's philosophy must have been as much puzzled as the English ones, if we may judge from the fact that his disciples have divided themselves into a *right*, a *centre*, a *left*, and an *extreme left* wing, the opinions of the two extremes being as far asunder as the antipodes. The right wing regard him as the champion of Christianity, while the extreme left, represented by such writers as Feuerbach, deduce materialism and atheism from the Hegelian philosophy.

American students of philosophy have not hesitated to attack the secret of Hegel, the latest and perhaps the most satisfactory of these attempts being

"Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion," by J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D. (D. Appleton & Co.). He does not, it is true, give us Hegel's own text,—or at least not in more than one chapter, which is quite enough as a sample,—but his own interpretation of the text, which is quite a different and a much more readable affair. For Dr. Sterrett writes as clearly as Hegel writes obscurely, and whether or not his work fairly represents his author, it is a valuable contribution to theological literature. Dr. Sterrett is a *right wing* advocate, and is particularly bent on clearing Hegel of the charge of Pantheism which has been laid upon him. Whether he has succeeded or not depends upon what one understands by Pantheism. The term is an expansive one, and its limits of meaning are not easily defined. Hegel's doctrine, as defined by Dr. Sterrett, is that God does not exist separate from his creation, but is immanent in all things, a great informing spirit that is related to the universe somewhat as the soul is related to the body. This we should call a form of Pantheism, but it is a form in harmony with the belief of perhaps the great majority of cultured Christians of to-day.

German philosophy is one of the marvels of modern literature. It has labored at infinite pains and almost infinite length to build up a theory of the universe out of ideas, with very little attention to facts,—has adopted a dozen theories of what God is, and what spirit and matter are, but really can be said to have proved nothing. All these were mysteries before and must remain mysteries still, seemingly beyond the reach of either the bold bounds of philosophy or the slow creep of science. Of the two we much prefer the latter. It climbs with painful deliberation, it is true, but its climb is up a ladder of facts, and it leaves every step solid behind it. That this ladder can be stretched into the heavens and reach the infinite, however, is not to be expected. The great mystery of spirit and matter has been justly named the Unknowable, so far as our power of comprehending the infinite, either from the stand-point of facts or from that of ideas, is concerned. We are reduced to deciding between the balance of probabilities; and here alone can we find any use for the philosophers, who have done their utmost to teach us what is probable. What is actual perhaps we shall never know.

Charles Morris.

"ESSAYS AND STUDIES."

It is a handsome compliment to an author when almost immediately after the publication of his book the edition is exhausted. This is the case with the elegantly-gotten-up "Essays and Studies" of Prof. Basil L. Gildersleeve (N. Murray). The articles are the result of reflections indulged in times of recreation from university engrossments, and they offer to cultured minds much of as good reading and as racy as can be found anywhere. Certainly in the Essays, lovers of classical literature would not ask for stronger defences against the attacks of those who seek to reduce it below the grade which it holds in university education, assigning that grade, along with the others already held by them, to such studies as lead to what they call *useful* ends, meaning money and its equivalents. "What we want," said Mr. Gradgrind, of "Hard Times" fame, "is FACTS!" Such persons argue, in their peculiar ways, that classical studies not only do not lead to such ends, but they wholly divert from them by unfitting the understanding for any sort of work except æsthetic and contempla-

tive. The answers within this book ought to make those who, among such assailants, are only moderately thoughtful and fair-minded, admit that they have been discussing a subject about which they know too little. Indeed, as Mr. Gildersleeve shows, this is beginning to be done, in Great Britain, and to a degree in this country, since classical philosophy has been exalted to a higher plane. Among those to whom we look with most confidence for guidance, the conviction is growing constantly that education cannot be "full-orbed and rounded off" if from those sciences which are boasted and which universally are admitted to be useful is excluded "the science of antiquity." There is as much of wisdom as of wit in the following extract from the essay "The Limits of Culture:"

"When a young man complains that his 'college lumber' stands in the way of useful acquisition and application, we shall find, in nine cases out of ten, either that the road must be small which such 'lumber' would block, or that the fault lies in a want of vitalizing energy which should have erected the 'lumber' into a temple or a fortress, which should have turned the stores of learning into bone and muscle, instead of dragging them about in a guarded commissary-train."

Intensely interesting is the author's consideration of the various discussions upon the ancient maxim, "Art is long, and life is short." Profound sadness is in that decision of so many minds, that, because life is short, its most eager endeavors must be devoted to acquisition and accumulation of things the use of which is admitted to be limited to a period that may not extend beyond even a single day. How far higher the thought of those who, like the great Antonine, maintain that "the one true fruit of life on earth is purity of heart and work for the good of society"! Study and adoption of such counsel need not hinder the getting of riches; but they will induce appreciation of their just importance, and lead to their reasonable expenditure.

In these essays it clearly appears how mistaken they are who contend that the classics are superfluous elegances instead of inevitable necessities. If we would, we cannot give up the ancients. They would not let us get away from them. We are *obliged* to use the fruit of their experience, to keep us from losing, by misusing, those of our own. On this line most apt is the quotation from Tyndall: "We cannot, without prejudice to humanity, separate the present from the past. The nineteenth century strikes its roots into the centuries gone by, and draws nutriment from them. The world cannot afford to lose the record of any great deed or utterance; for such deeds and such utterances are prolific throughout all time. We cannot yield the companionship of our loftier brothers of antiquity," etc. Superadded as aptly are these words from Mill: "There is no part of our knowledge which it is more useful to obtain at first hand—to go to the fountain-head for—than our knowledge of history;" and these: "It is part of the great worth to us of our Greek and Latin studies that in them we do read history in the original sources. We are in actual contact with contemporary minds." Such contemporaneousness, these eminent scholars maintain, is indispensable to proper knowledge of the history of any period. Greek and Latin, therefore, are to be studied not alone for the purposes of comparative grammar and linguistic philosophy, but for that higher, that unavoidably necessary, just knowledge of the life, national, social, and domestic, of the Greek and the Roman people.

In the "Studies" are many things delightful as instructive,—“The Legend

of Venus," "The Emperor Julian," "Apollonius of Tyana," "Xanthippe and Socrates," etc. The last is especially entertaining. With proper gallantry, the woman is named before the man, and chivalrous as well as learned argument is adduced in excuse of the infirmity to which was due her only notoriety, obtained "by the agency of a set of rascally rhetoricians who delighted in the brilliant antithesis of the scolding wife and the serene philosopher, and by the help of gossiping chroniclers who gathered up all manner of absurd items with the eagerness of the local editors of our day." It is wonderful what amount of knowledge this great scholar has obtained of all conditions of life in those times. This lady's name, derived from *hippos* ("horse"), the animal sacred to Poseidôn, the first guardian of Athens, indicates that she was of gentle blood in that aristocratic city. How she came to take this oddity of a man with such "exceeding weight of ugliness" would seem almost prodigious if we did not know that she was portionless, that she was probably verging on old-maidhood, and that men for husbands, on account of the long wars, were scarce. Possibly she hoped to spite a jilting or forget a dead lover. From some cause, precisely known only to Heaven and women, she took old Socrates. It is very funny, but sometimes it is very pathetic also, to see how utterly unfit he was for a wife of any sort. If ever a woman had opportunities, over and over, and yet over again, to have her native temper exacerbated, it was Xanthippe. Her husband's ignorance or his recklessness of every single item in the make-up of a man who wants to hold his wife's affection and respect, his serenity at sight of the disgust which his hideous ugliness, made constantly uglier by his dress and all his ways, has created and enlarged, are told in a manner that is the very perfection of such narration. A great, a very great thing is the conjugal loyalty of women. Full of pathos were those words when, with her baby in her arms, she was trying to bid him a tender farewell. The courage of his death would not have seemed less if, in the midst of her tears, he had not turned away and said, "Crito, let my wife be taken home."

But that it is forbidden, one would like to say much more about this book, so besprinkled with generous wit, so full of erudition.

R. M. Johnston.

"THE CHARACTERISTICS OF VOLCANOES."

Those who desire to know all about the manners and customs of volcanoes, and the causes of those fierce disturbances in the interior of the earth which produce such convulsive effects upon its surface, cannot do better than to read the latest work ("The Characteristics of Volcanoes") of Prof. James D. Dana, the veteran geologist and mineralogist, whose name alone is sufficient guarantee for the scientific value and excellence of his production. Prof. Dana's study of volcanoes has been mostly confined to those of the Hawaiian Islands, which he visited in 1834 as geologist of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition, and again in 1887. These, and an intermediate visit to Vesuvius, constitute the sum of his actual observations of volcanic action, but have been sufficient to enable him to solve several important problems. We perhaps cannot do better than to state the character and solution of these problems.

Volcanic phenomena have two extremes, passing by successive steps from the quiet lava-flow of the Hawaiian volcanoes to such mountain-rending out-

bursts as that of Krakatoa, which filled the atmosphere of the whole earth with volcanic dust a few years ago. There are two leading causes of these phenomena. In the one case we have to do with the degree of liquidity of the lava. That of Hawaii is peculiarly liquid, it being composed of a readily fusible basalt, and perhaps exposed to a higher degree of heat than elsewhere. In consequence it is almost as liquid as water, and acts somewhat like water in its freedom of flow. This is one cause of the lack of eruptive outbreaks: it does not actively resist the lifting forces.

The principal cause of these outbreaks is the inflow of surface-water to the lava-conduit. These waters, on reaching the lava, explode into steam, and exert an eruptive force like that of superheated steam in a boiler. In the case of Mauna Loa and the other Hawaiian volcano they only reach the surface of the lava column, and the steam exerts its force downward rather than upward, the lava finding a vent through some underground channel, or through a rent in the mountain-side. The floors of these immense craters seem to rest upon a lake of lava. This slowly rises, lifting the floor with it, until by its very weight it forces a channel of escape, when the floor sinks several hundred feet, to be again slowly lifted. It is like a great cake of ice borne upward on a rising body of water.

In the case of other volcanoes the influences differ. The lava is usually less fusible, and is in a semi-liquid state, being often solidified for a considerable distance downward. In the second place, the surface-water, instead of reaching the surface of the lava only, makes its way through some fissure into the column of liquid mineral at a lower level. An eruption can scarcely fail to follow. The water, converted suddenly into steam, expands with immense force, exerting its energy upwards, and the violence of the explosion that follows depends upon the degree of resistance. If this be very great, the whole mountain may be torn into fragments. The flow of lava is a subsequent and ordinary action.

The particularly violent eruptions on record were probably due to an unusually great inflow of water to a large lava-reservoir, and to vigorous resistance in the mountain-mass above. That of Krakatoa, which shattered a whole mountain into fragments and filled the atmosphere with volcanic dust, is supposed to have been due to a rent in the ocean-bottom and the entrance of a great volume of sea-water to the bed of lava. In the more recent one of Tarawara, in New Zealand, the waters of a neighboring lake disappeared just before the explosion, probably sinking through some rock vent into the fiery column of lava. The earthquakes which often precede volcanic eruptions probably have the same cause,—the violent struggles of the buried giant, steam, only relieved by the yielding of resistance at some point, and the upthrow of disintegrated rock and liquid lava in one huge mass.

Such are some of the subjects discussed and conclusions reached in this interesting book, to which we must refer the reader for full details of the important theory described. Prof. Dana has gone far towards the final solution of the problem of volcanic action.

Charles Morris.

NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of LIPPINCOTT's will find in this department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

Fiction.—**THE TRAGIC MUSE**, by Henry James (two volumes, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It is certainly very pleasant to make the acquaintance of Mr. James's gently-bred Englishmen. The women are even more refreshing; and there is a piquant charm about the most conspicuous of them in this story that will prove ample compensation to many readers for the paucity of incident. There is small talk here that has the distinction of seeming very big talk indeed; and with his languid and luminous touch Mr. James discloses the manifold mysteries of art and politics. Miriam Rooth and Gabriel Nash are memorable characters.—**THE SHADOW OF A DREAM**, by W. D. Howells (Harper & Bros.). There is more of the unusual in this episode in the experience of our friend March than the author has been accustomed to record. There is even an element of mystery, a well-defined spirit of romance, and a tragical climax. The result is not, however, an exceptionally charming novel by Mr. Howells; by which we mean that for Mr. Howells it is not an extraordinary performance in fiction, delightfully entertaining as it is.—**WITH FIRE AND SWORD**, by Henryk Sieukiewicz, translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin (Little, Brown & Co.). A remarkable historical novel of the Cossack war under King John Kazimir, comparable only to "War and Peace."—**A BORN COQUETTE**, by The Duchess; **APRIL'S LADY**, by The Duchess (F. F. Lovell & Co.). **CAN LOVE SIN?** by Mark Douglas (T. B. Peterson & Bros.).—**THE JEWEL IN THE LOTOS**, by Mary Agnes Tincker (Lippincotts). A pleasing and fanciful romance.—**THE HAUNTED FOUNTAIN AND HETTY'S REVENGE**, by Katharine S. Macquoid (F. W. Lovell & Co.). Cleverness gone astray in the fields of art.—**CYPRESS BEACH**, by William H. Babcock (published by the author, Washington). Mr. Babcock is favorably known to the readers of *Lippincott's*. The present story originally appeared in England. It is weak from very fullness of incident and inadequate development of dramatic situation.—**A DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE**, by F. C. Philips and Percy Fendall; **BETTY**, by Anna Vernon Dorsey; **IN GOD'S WAY**, translated from the Norwegian by Elizabeth Carmichael (F. F. Lovell & Co.).—**MISS EATON'S ROMANCE**, by Richard Allen (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The New Jersey shore is here the scene of a very piquant summer idyl.—**A LITTLE WORLDLING**, by Ellis Worth (American News Co.).

Travel.—**IN DARKEST AFRICA; OR, THE QUEST, RESCUE, AND RETREAT OF EMIN, GOVERNOR OF EQUATORIA** (Charles Scribner's Sons). Stanley's story is very well written. It makes clear at last the mystery of his long march back from the Albert Nyanza, but it leaves yet inexplicable the inaction of the rear-guard. Emin shows as a weakling figure, but one cannot help feeling for him a certain admiration and sympathy plainly never entertained by Stanley.—**EGYPTIAN SKETCHES**, by Jeremiah Lynch (Scribner & Welford). The impressions of an intelligent tourist who lays no claim to a knowledge of Egyptology. The book is never dull, at any rate.—**SCOUTING FOR STANLEY IN EAST AFRICA**, by Thomas Stevens (The Cassell Publishing Co.). The record

of a journalistic exploit, brightly written.—HENRY M. STANLEY, HIS LIFE, TRAVELS, AND EXPLORATIONS, by Rev. Henry W. Little (Lippincotts). Stanley in a nut-shell, so to speak; an interesting sketch.—ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA AND THE COUNTRY OF THE DWARFS, by Paul Du Chaillu (Harper & Bros.). An abridged and popular edition of a most delightful book.

Poetry.—IN CLASSIC SHADES, AND OTHER POEMS, by Joaquin Miller (Belford-Clarke Co.). There is more than a little of exceptional merit in this collection of verse; and there is also much that is wretchedly poor. At his best, as when he celebrates Mount Shasta, Mr. Miller makes one feel proud of him. But his work is always unequal.—AMINTA, a Modern Life Drama, by Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax (D. Appleton & Co.). A narrative poem impossible to praise from any point of view. The reverend poet is cursed with a fatal facility at versification. That is all.—POEMS, by Mary C. Ryan (John B. Alden).—ENGLISH POETRY AND POETS, by Sarah Warner Brooks (Estes & Lauriat). A swift but comprehensive survey of the broad field of English verse. The occasional criticism is commendable.

History and Biography.—JOHN JAY, by George Pellew (American Statesmen Series, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Adequate stress is here laid for the first time on the most important period in the life of Jay,—the period of his diplomatic career in France. It is now seen, in the light of the recently-published private correspondence of the French agents and ministers, how invaluable were Jay's services in arranging the negotiations which led to peace. His suspicions of Vergennes were not unfounded, as even Bancroft makes them; and it was he alone who discerned the tortuous French policy and had the wit to defeat it.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, by Justin H. McCarthy (Harper & Bros.). The first volume of this readable work is rather a series of picturesque sketches of notable men than what is commonly known as sober history.—PESTALOZZI, HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Baron Roger de Guimps, translated by J. Russell (D. Appleton & Co.). An important sketch of the noble Swiss who did so much for the cause of education.

Miscellaneous.—THE PREFACES, PROVERBS, AND POEMS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, edited by Paul Leicester Ford (G. P. Putnam's Sons). "Poor Richard's" wisdom in the convenient and comely form of a Knickerbocker Nugget.—THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY, by George Lawrence Gomme (Scribner & Welford). The author is chiefly concerned with the origin and form of village survivals in England. His array of evidence favoring a belief in pre-Aryan influences in Britain as well as in India is noticeable.—MIDNIGHT TALKS AT THE CLUB, by Amos K. Fiske (Fords, Howard & Hulbert). This is an admirable example of a sort of book few people fancy.—WHEELBARROW (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago). A collection of articles and discussions on the labor question; suggestive and forceful. But the best part of the volume is the all too brief autobiographical note by the anonymous author.—PHILOSOPHY IN HOMEOPATHY, by C. S. Mack, M.D. (Gross & Delbridge, Chicago).—DREAMTHORP, by Alexander Smith (Geo. P. Humphrey, Rochester, N.Y.). A book of homely essays written for the last generation.—CHRIST AND OUR COUNTRY, by Rev. John B. Robins (Pub. House of the M. E. Church South, Nashville). The author writes cheerfully as a Christian optimist.—PARSIFAL, by Albert Ross Parsons (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The sub-title tells the story: "The Finding of Christ through Art; or, Richard Wagner as Theologian."

CURRENT NOTES.

THE subject of cholera and its chances in America has agitated the minds of some during the past few months. The appearance of the disease in this country should be thoroughly provided for. There are a few cities in the Union where cholera, should it once get a start, would reap a rich harvest in human lives. The sanitary condition of the country and the health of its people should be made a matter of much consideration. The people must be provided with pure water to drink, and pure food to eat. After a careful investigation, two-thirds of the water used was found to be unhealthy and disease-provoking, from the excess of ammonia. Where there is decomposition of vegetable or animal matter there will be ammonia. Ill smells cause a great variety of diseases. No condition conduces more to the prevalence of cholera, or other infections, than filth in any form—in our water or in our food. To put filth into our stomachs, through water or food, is a serious indiscretion. Half of all ordinary diseases would be banished from civilized life if we paid more attention to the nature of our food. Small wonder is it that stomachs are worn out, and digestion impaired. The system is undermined, and in the right condition to catch cholera, or any other infectious disease, and, through bad usage, totally unfit to grapple with and overcome it. When we reflect how easily life is sometimes lost, and how numberless are the agencies for its extinction, it seems a marvel that any one attains old age. When it is ascertained beyond doubt that more than one-third of the food for daily consumption is tainted with some injurious qualities, it is a marvel that there is such a thing as health. What is given for the sustenance of man was intended by Infinite Beneficence to be a pleasure as well as a need. It was intended that we should have a great satisfaction in eating. The causes of sickness, suffering, and death are, in part, avoidable. If we will fill our stomachs with food whose impurities are injurious to health, we are the authors of our own suffering, even though we would like to attribute it to the "mysterious dispensation of Providence." Some manufacturers of food-products, in order to benefit their money-coffers at the expense of public health, cheapen the articles by the addition of ingredients which are injurious, oftentimes poisonous. Disease is produced, and epidemics find easy victims. If the country is to escape, and individual health and welfare promoted, stringent measures must be adopted to forbid adulteration of food-products. Ammonia is one of the vilest adulterants that could be used, and yet it enters largely into daily food. Baking powders supposed to be first-class, and advertised as "pure," use this filthy ingredient, and public health is undermined. If a pure, wholesome powder is wanted, use Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, proclaimed by the United States and Canadian Governments to be the purest and most healthful powder made, free from ammonia, alum, and all drug taint.

THE author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, January 22, 1853, so that when she wrote "Metzerott" she was a year younger than George Eliot was when she wrote "Scenes from Clerical Life." She is a grand-daughter of the late Rev. James Dabney McCabe, D.D., a man of fine mind and high attainments. Captain W. Gordon McCabe, principal of the University School of Petersburg, Virginia, is her uncle. Miss Woods was a child of delicate physique, clear intellect, and remarkable memory. She was educated by her mother until her seventeenth year, and then entered one of the private schools in Baltimore, where most of her life has been spent. She is a remarkable mathematician. She always had a strong desire to enter a sisterhood, and in 1874 became a member of All Saints' Sisterhood as a postulant for six months, but was obliged to give up on account of delicate health. In 1884, while teaching in Wheeling, she was led to the study of social science by reading the works of Professor Ely. Mr. Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," recently wrote to Dr. Ely, "I wish to thank you for calling my attention some time ago to 'Metzerott, Shoemaker.' I have read it with great interest, and have done all in my power to commend it to my fellow-nationalists, not only as a most admirable production, but as being highly valuable for our educational propaganda. I find that all who have read it speak of it in high terms, as written in the power and unction of the spirit of humanity, which I imagine comes pretty near being what is meant by the Holy Ghost. I should be much gratified if you would express to the author my admiration for her work. Why does she not declare herself? I am sure she would find a very pretty reputation awaiting her."

Miss Woods has since written a more mature work, upon which she has expended much thought and care. It is a novel, remarkable in conception and plot, and is directed against the "sweating system," over which there has been much agitation of late both here and in England. The novel is entitled "The Mark of the Beast," and appears in the present number of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

CARDS AND SUNDAY.—Not very long ago the majority of good Christians in this country looked upon card-playing as sinful in itself. It was classed with theatre-going and other crimes of like magnitude. But to-day good churchmen have no scruple in taking a hand at whist or euchre, or even at a friendly game of poker,—i.e., a game in which the gambling feature is eliminated. Nevertheless, it must shock them to learn that in Germany card-playing is a favorite Sunday pastime, even in the devoutest households. Nay, it is even told there how a venerable clergyman reproved his boys for playing cards on a week-day, since they certainly had more useful work to do then, while they had all Sunday for enjoying themselves. Indeed, the Puritan Sabbath has never found favor in the birthplace of the Reformation, and the Protestants rely on Luther's authority for the right to reasonable enjoyment. Further, they urge that the Puritan Sabbath is an innovation even in England, and Reinhardt, in his "Whist Scores," cites John Evelyn and Hayward to prove that in the seventeenth century, and even later, clergymen used to meet of a Sunday evening for a quiet game of whist. He also makes the startling statement that in the Middle Ages laws were enacted in France forbidding card-playing on working-days.—*The Illustrated American*.

"OLD PUT'S ESCAPE" from the British at Horseneck was due to his trusty steed. Thousands every year escape disease by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most reliable and effective blood-purifier ever compounded. It strengthens the nerves, expels humors, helps digestion, and invigorates the system generally.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is made, by an ingenious and original process, of the best Honduras sarsaparilla and other vegetable alteratives, diuretics, and tonics, to which are added the iodides of potassium and iron. For disorders that manifest themselves in boils, carbuncles, pimples, and eruptions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unapproached.

"My blood became very much disordered, showing its impurity in troublesome boils and pimples on my face and neck. I was advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have used several bottles with great benefit. It has cleared my skin from eruptions, and I take pleasure in recommending this medicine to any one troubled with impurities of the blood."—F. W. WHEELER, *Nashua, N.H.*



"Some time since I was afflicted with a severe bowel difficulty; my vitality seemed to be rapidly diminishing, my appetite failed, my tongue was badly coated, and my strength was gone. In this enfeebled condition, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had not taken many doses before I noticed a decided change for the better. My appetite and strength returned, and my whole system manifested renewed vigor. I regard my improved condition as due entirely to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—E. B. SIMONDS, *Ex-State-Senator, Deacon of the Congregational Church, Glover, Vt.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Bronchitis is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes,—the air-passages leading into the lungs. Few other complaints are so prevalent, or call for more prompt and energetic action. As neglect and delay may result seriously, effective remedies should always be at hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to the upper part of the chest, and, for internal treatment, take frequent doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

THE WOOD OF THE CROSS.—The cross of Christ was discovered in A.D. 326 by the Empress Helena and Macarius, Patriarch of Jerusalem,—an event which convulsed Christendom, and which is still commemorated by the Christian Church on May 3, the feast of "The Invention of the Cross," as it is called in the calendar of the English Book of Common Prayer.

The Holy Rood remained entire until A.D. 636, when, to provide against the possible calamity of its total destruction by the infidels, it was decided to divide it into nineteen portions. This was done, and the parts were distributed in the following proportions:

Constantinople	3	Jerusalem	4
Cyprus	2	Georgia	2
Antioch	3	Alexandria	1
Crete	1	Ascalon	1
Edessa	1	Damascus	1

Rohault de Fleury calculates that the total volume of the wood of the cross was somewhere about 178,000,000 cubic millimetres. He has made a careful list of all the relics of the true cross known to exist in Christendom at the present day, with their measurements, and finds the volume to be about 3,942,000 cubic millimetres, so that, as might have been expected, the greater part of the Holy Rood has disappeared. He also had the opportunity of making a microscopical examination of different relics, and comes to the conclusion that the wood was either pine or something closely allied to it.

Of places where relics of the Holy Cross have accumulated, Mount Athos stands pre-eminent, with a total volume of 878,360 cubic millimetres; then Rome, with 537,587; Brussels, 516,090; Venice, 445,582; Ghent, 436,450; Paris, 237,731. Hardly anything is left in England, and nearly all of what exists there is in the possession of members of the Roman Church.

DR. GUILLOTIN AND HIS MACHINE.—Guillotin himself, as well as his machine, was a good deal pictured on cheap delft. A miniature of him has come down with the other flotsam and jetsam of the Revolution. It gives us the idea of a correct, judicious practitioner with the half-closed eye of one who is mentally thinking out some problem. He was always improving his surgical instruments in order to abridge pain by rapidity in operating, and thought to minimize it at capital executions. The principle of equality was to be demonstrated by the guillotine, since king, nobles, and *sans-culottes* were to lose their heads by Dr. Guillotin's process. His small model of his head-lobbing machine is near his miniature, and "is quite equal to cutting off a man's finger," a policeman says who works it to oblige visitors. Samson, the public executioner, we find took snuff. His snuff-box, of plain brass, is on view also. Further on are gruesome relics, such, for instance, as a handkerchief steeped in Marie Antoinette's blood. Instruments of torture, which fell into disuse forever at the Revolution, are grouped round the guillotine, which perhaps was used as much as it was by the revolutionists because it was a novelty. It killed in the twinkling of an eye. Finishing off the king and queen gave it prestige and made it the rage as a gratis spectacle. An old evil is most dangerous in a new form.—*The Contemporary Review*.

Extract from Shirley Dare's article in the *New York Herald*, June 15, 1890.

"COSMETIC AND PERFUME, MANICURE AND MASSAGE.—Lady Avilion, one of the high-born dames of the Primrose League in 'Syrilin,' says that 'shop-keepers all ought to go to Paris, Florence, or Dresden, to see how shops ought to be set out.'

"But a New York toilet house which I have in mind has little need of lessons from anything but the excellent taste of its owner. A page opens the door to the scented interior, deliciously fresh and cool, with its tea-rose-tinted walls, polished floor, bare but for a Turkish rug here and there, and the harmonious bric-à-brac which fills without crowding the room.

"The semblance of a shop is almost lost, for there are no counters or wall-cases, but white-and-gold Louis XVI. cabinets, loaded with charming things, each in its own color. One, violet scent-bags, boxes, china pots, and perfume-cases; another, jonquil yellow; a third, robin's-egg blue; a fourth, jade green. A white-and-gold hamper is piled with pale purple satin bags of lavender flowers for scenting linen, the sweetest, freshest scent in the world. Another great basket is heaped with almond-meal bags for the bath, another with the finest velvety sponges.

"One glittering case is filled with brushes and combs in embossed silver of rich designs, others with tortoise-shell, ivory, and scented wood mountings; and you can order a toilet comb set with rubies and pearls, if you like, with your crest in the middle.

"The manicure sets are complete beyond anything found elsewhere, with big buffers which polish the nails in a turn or two, powders and pastes delightfully tinted pink and carmine in charming lacquer boxes one covets for bonbons or jewel-holders. Toilet flacons in crystal and silver or enamel, quantities of Japanese and Dresden porcelain trays, boxes and pin-holders in delicious colorings, meet the eye, for a modern toilet table is decked out with as many pieces as a tea-service, and the glitter and gloss, the tint and tone, are all very pleasant.

"The scent sachets are a specialty, for the perfuming of houses and ward-robes is a business by itself nowadays, and an order for scenting a house is a very welcome and profitable thing.

"The odors of white flowers now suit the fashionable taste. Accordingly, white rose, white lilac, white violet, white iris, jonquil, and white orchid figure on the list of new perfumes.

"Of course people have a funny way of decrying the use of cosmetics, having in mind the harm done by lead powders and mercurial paints. But *all* applications for the skin for the purpose of beautifying are cosmetics, and if you object to them on high moral grounds you must give up using a bit of cold cream for chapped lips, or a soothing wash for a sunburned face. Some cosmetics are injurious, many are not, and the safe ones are hurrying the others out of the market.

"One sees less of the kalsomine washes. The latest Parisian lotions are creams which plump the tissues and erase lines. There is real benefit for wrinkles and sallow complexions in these famous recipes if intelligently used. This charming little pot of toilet cream will last two months rightly applied, and soften the face to a marvel by its protecting layer on the skin. I saw it made the other day in the laboratory, and had a hand in the mixing, just to say so, and, for all there was in it, I should not be so afraid to eat it now. I wish

anything to eat looked half as good. If confectioners' creams had as many hours' beating as that pink emulsion, they might turn out as smoothly. If you want anything to keep your face fair, spite of wind, tan, and freckles, here is a nearly colorless liquid balm, one of the best things known, which will give quite a satin finish to most skins with the use of a bottle or two."

The above is a partial description of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Retail Shop, 305 Fifth Avenue, where, in addition to the famous Récamier Preparations, which are used and endorsed by Mesdames Adelina Patti Nicolini, Bernhardt, Brown-Potter, Modjeska, Langtry, Clara Louise Kellogg, and thousands of others, every appointment of a gentlewoman's toilet may be obtained.

Kate Field says of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's New Shop, says the *New York Star*, that it is the most complete and perfect woman's shopping-place in the world. Send for circulars with copies of endorsements, and full list of Handkerchief Odors, Sachet Powders, Dentifrices, Manicure Goods, etc.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, 305 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Saratoga.

Paris.

AN ADVANCE IN ART.—Meissonier's picture "1814" was originally bought by M. Delahante for fifteen thousand dollars, a price considered enormous at the time (1864) for a painting measuring only twenty by thirty inches. M. Delahante was willing to sell it to the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia for sixty thousand dollars, but the latter declined to pay so much money for a picture. An offer of eighty thousand dollars was subsequently made to M. Delahante by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt. M. Delahante consulted Meissonier, who advised him to wait for a higher price. He did so, and finally got one hundred thousand dollars. As has been related, M. Chauchard, formerly manager of the Louvre shops, has purchased this painting for one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. It is estimated that if notes of one thousand francs to the amount paid for the picture were piled on the back of the canvas, they would make a pile five inches high; which shows how much more valuable than mere money Meissonier can make canvas.—*The Illustrated American*.

"MRS. REYNOLDS AND HAMILTON."—The story of Hamilton's intrigue with Mrs. Reynolds, as she called herself, the consequent suffering of Hamilton from blackmailers, and the fine manner in which he finally openly confessed his guilt and confounded his enemies, has been woven into a most entertaining historical romance by George Alfred Townsend. The book is published by E. F. Bonaventure, under the title of "Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton, a Romance." A number of the great men of that time figure in the romance: Jefferson, Burr, and Dr. Priestley and his family are among the prominent characters, while here and there one gets glimpses of Washington. The upright, just character of Hamilton is thrown into fine contrast with the mean, mercurial character of his slayer, Aaron Burr. Admirers of Jefferson will not be pleased with the pen-picture of him which "Gath" draws. He appears as a rather cowardly schemer, and suggests to Aaron Burr the advisability of killing Hamilton. Mr. Townsend explains, in an appendix, that in order to meet the requirements of the modern novel as regards length he could not follow all his personages to their respective fates, and tells the sequel of their story in a few paragraphs. It is a pity that the story does not reach to the death of Hamilton. The duel between him and Burr would have made a far more dramatic ending than the present one, to a very interesting and well-written book.

"My soul! I mean that bit of phosphorus that takes its place."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES, from the nerve-giving principles of the brain of the ox, and the embryo of the wheat and oat.

For over twenty years physicians have acknowledged the fact that this brain principle is the best restorer of vigor to the human system; better than any "Elixir."



It is the principle that maintains man in the prime of life; prevents one from growing old; sustains all the functions in activity; restores those who have overworked or have wasted their vigor; builds up the child's brain, and prevents the old from becoming childish. It revitalizes both brain and body.

It strengthens the intellect, cures nervousness, restores vigor to the weakened, "used-up," or brain-wearied.

It has been used and recommended by Bishop Potter, Bishop Stevens, Bishop Robertson, Presidents Mark Hopkins, Parker, Draper, Dudley, and thousands of the world's best brain-workers.

It is a Vital, Nutrient Phosphite, not an inert Acid Phosphate.

"Every one speaks well of VITALIZED Phosphites."—*Ed. Christian at Work.*

F. Crosby Co., 56 West Twenty-Fifth Street, New York. Druggists, or sent by mail, \$1.00.

YOUR ANSWER TO THIS?—The argument for life insurance is almost as old as it is irresistible. The man who insures really strikes the key-note when he says, "Well, I won't expose my family to the chance of my dying, leaving them unprotected, before my work has achieved anything for them,—before I have accumulated a fund for their care." This is what frightens men into insuring; and they may well be affrighted at the probable fate of the family without life insurance.

This is but one phase. There is another, perhaps more influential because more selfish,—righteously selfish. It is the desire to pass one's old age in comfort. Who is a producer at sixty? How many at that age can earn a dollar? How few are they who are not wholly or partially dependent on charity? Look about you! The man who took the nickel from your hand and tugged at the strap which registered the fare was, twenty years ago, a prosperous merchant. The night watchman in the great ——— Bank held his head very high but six years ago. With Monte-Christo, he then thought the world was his. It was a dream only. Mrs. S. now has a cheap boarding-house, and Mr. S., pinched in features, threadbare, wan, spiritless, ill, utterly crushed, goes marketing afoot. The wealth and splendor and pride which evoked applause and envy, now they are gone, call forth pity, contemptuous pity, from those who are exposed to the same hazard as was he.

The sensible man provides for both contingencies. If he die, the fate of the family is assured; if he live, he has days of independence and comfort.

Consult the PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 921, 923, and 925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHONOGRAPHING BIRD-SONGS.—No one who, in reading for honors at Oxford, has taken up Aristophanes for one of his books, will ever be able to forget that most entertaining writer in the accounts of his "Birds." Every one who has read the play will remember what the various birds have said, and how they said it. But neither Aristophanes himself, nor any other writer of verse or prose, could ever reproduce their notes, whether in writing or description, with any exactitude. You listen, and try to keep them in your mind, but it is a vain attempt. You endeavor to imprint each change on your memory, but as vainly: *abiiit, evasit, erupit*. There have been numberless attempts to write down in words the notes of the songs of birds, but no one can say that they have been very successful.

It occurs to me that it might be quite possible to take down every note of a bird's song by means of the phonograph, and then, by reproducing them more at leisure, they could be written down "in score" by any musician, art and nature thus going hand in hand. I may be wrong, but that is what occurred to me as a "happy thought" while I listened to those liquid notes of the song-thrush on the bough overhead.

And, further, I thought what a solace it might be to some sufferer in a sick-room to be able to enjoy the pleasure without the sad drawback of its being at the cost of some poor bird in a cage!—*The Spectator*.

THE FIGHT OF THE DERVISHES.—The Dervishes themselves were fearless to a fault, but could do nothing against riflemen. Again and again they rushed on certain death with a kind of fascination. In one instance, while a company of infantry were advancing, an Arab horseman rode out from behind a wall and charged straight into the men. Horse and rider fell dead on the bayonets of the front rank, pierced by a score of bullets. His saddle, which is preserved at Halfa, was pierced by seven bullets. On witnessing scenes like these, one understands how formidable must have been the Arab invaders of Southern Europe and Northern Africa during the early days of Mohammedanism, when firearms were unknown. The fearlessness of the Dervishes was equalled only by their fanaticism. Toward the end of the day at Arguin, where a number of Arabs had taken refuge in a house and could not be turned out, the roof was set on fire; after a short interval an old man, reading out of an open Koran, walked quietly out of the door, followed by a dozen spearmen.

Very little mercy was shown to any of the fighting-men of the enemy, for reasons easy to understand. In the first place, they never asked for nor wanted to be treated with mercy, neither could their word be trusted for an instant; again and again officers, more humane than their fellows, were put in considerable danger while trying to save the life of an enemy who did not wish to live provided he could send an infidel into the next world immediately before he went there himself.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

AN EX-EMPEROR'S JOKE.—A *bon mot*, to which fate has since added an ironical comment, has been attributed to the ex-emperor of Brazil. On being shown one of those mechanical wonders which always interested him more than the cares of government, a wheel that made we know not how many revolutions in the minute, "Why," said the monarch, "it actually beats our South American republics."—*The Spectator*.

QUINA-LAROCHE.—This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 francs, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is *par excellence* the tonic with which to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.



E. Fougere & Co., Agents, No. 30 North William St., New York. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.

A MAN OF MANY REMEDIES, or the invalid who takes hold of the drug-list as if it were a bill of fare, and is continually changing from one item to another, like the guest at an hotel dinner, stands a fair chance of killing himself before he has exhausted the medicine-chest of its poisons. Some constitutions will bear this sort of "medical treatment" longer than others; but except the system is furnished with gutta-percha nerves and steel sinews, it must give in at last. There is little doubt, however, that this plan of trying experiments with the poisons of the drug-chest, and transferring them to the stomach of the sick, is nearly obsolete. In every town where Beecham's Pills have been introduced, half of the inhabitants have found that they are sufficient to cure them of nine-tenths of their diseases, and the other half are fast verging to the same opinion. Most people have their prejudices, and they stick to some like a bad temper, forming a suit of armor which the sword of Truth cannot easily penetrate; but when they see bilious and nervous disorders of months and years subdued and removed in a few days by Beecham's Pills (and that this has been done is beyond dispute), it makes them speechless, or, if they do speak, it is, "I could not have thought it!" Many of the profession may consider the cures effected by the use of Beecham's Pills a trespass, or an innovation on their rights. If so, it is a trespass which the suffering public will approve of, and which every philanthropist (with whose interest it does not interfere) is sure to commend.

B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, will, if your druggist does not keep them, mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price, 25 cts. a box, but inquire first.

WE gladly give space to the following letter from one of England's well-known stage-managers:

BELMONT, BLENHEIM GARDENS, WILLESDEN PARK.

To the Editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*:

SIR,—Having recently seen the interesting article on Robert Browning in the May number of your magazine, I should like to call attention to an unintentional inaccuracy of one of the writer's statements, knowing that any fact connected with the life of the great poet is of interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

Your contributor states, in proof of Mr. Browning's antipathy to any public appearance, that when the performance of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" took place at St. George's Hall, in 1885, efforts were made to induce the author to be present, but he declined to do so, notwithstanding the opportunity which might have been afforded by a large stage-box whence the performance could have been witnessed by him unseen.

Now, the fact is that Mr. Browning, pleased with the pains that I had taken in the production, yielded good-naturedly to my earnest request, and actually did witness the performance from the box opposite to that occupied by your contributor, on the distinct condition that his presence should not be made known in the house. That this condition was faithfully observed is proved by your contributor's statement. Mr. Browning was received by me at the stage door and conducted to the box (which was screened from the audience by curtains), and after the performance he expressed personally to my colleague and myself, in his own genial way, his pleasure at the earnest spirit and high intelligence shown by all in the representation of his play.

I may add that I make this statement solely for the sake of biographical accuracy, and with no intention of discrediting your contributor's general statement as to Mr. Browning's dislike to ostentation, the exception—on the contrary—proving the rule.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES FRY,

Stage-manager of the performance.

WHERE IS EL DORADO?—This was a question which acutely exercised the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. Not content with the spoils of these unfortunate countries, the Spaniards argued that there must be another and a richer country in the interior, supposed to be somewhere to the north or west of Peru. They called it, in prospective, the Golden Land. Sir Walter Raleigh tried to find it in Guiana. It has not yet, however, been discovered. The Spaniards very likely found their El Dorado when they plundered Mexico and Peru; and the English buccaneers—of whom Sir Walter Raleigh was by no means an insignificant specimen—found their El Dorado in plundering the plunderers; a sort of rough-and-ready retribution, highly pleasing, no doubt, to the well-known English sense of justice.—*Chambers's Journal*.

FEW have any idea of the terrible waste of bird-life that the fashion for birds as trimmings involves. Forty millions of humming-birds, sunbirds, orioles, gulls, sea-birds, wax-wings, birds of paradise, and fly-catchers are annually immolated to this end.

FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.



BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



AMONG the new inventions in favor with economical housekeepers is the "Perfection" Meat Cutter, equalled by none for family use, as it is simple to use, easy to clean, cannot get dull or out of order, and is not expensive. Catalogue, with sixty recipes of plain and fancy dishes prepared by its use, mailed free on application to American Machine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

LOVE AND MONEY.—In Brittany a curious matrimonial custom prevails. On certain fête-days the young ladies appear in red petticoats with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, denotes one hundred francs per annum, and each yellow band denotes gold and betokens a thousand francs a year. Thus, a young man who sees a face that pleases him has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats to learn what amount accompanies the wearer.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU GET RID OF THE RABBITS.—To earn the twenty-five thousand pounds offered by the New South Wales government for "the effectual extermination of rabbits," numerous schemes have been suggested, many, as the Commissioners say, "of a surprising character, and quite impracticable,"—electricity, poisons, firing the country, inundations, natural enemies (including rats, wildcats, weasels, stoats, skunks, snakes, Tasmanian tigers, and Tasmanian devils, more objectionable as neighbors, one would think, than the rabbits), fencing, traps indefinite, and combinations of all the above.

The large introduction of polecats, stoats, ferrets, and weasels into the Australian colonies will in the end probably prove a remedy worse than the disease. It is said that children and lambs have already been attacked by them; and yet the demand for these ferocious little creatures is so great that game-keepers in England are selling them for five shillings and seven shillings each for exportation. It is a fact well known that the progeny of a single doe rabbit may at the end of four years number upward of one million and a quarter. But a stoat will, it is said, breed three or four times a year, and bring forth twelve young ones at a litter, while weasels are equally prolific, and therefore these bloodthirsty little cut-throats may be expected to multiply nearly as fast as the rabbits.

When the weasels and stoats have killed the rabbits, who will dare meddle with victorious swarms of the most ferocious and daring little brutes in creation in secure possession of every vantage-ground of scrub and rock?—*The National Review*.

THE Emperor of China sleeps on a bed of carved wood magnificently inlaid with gold and ivory. It is said, concerning the Chinese court, that the strictest observance of etiquette extends even to the parents of the monarch, who, on visiting their son, dare not omit to bend the knee, while the younger brother of his Celestial Majesty is subject to observances no less rigid.

THACKERAY.—Thackeray was a constant visitor in Queen Square, and a great favorite of mine, though he played me a trick on my fifth birthday which remained a standing joke between him and the "young revolutionist," as he afterward used to call me, because I was born on the 24th of February. My birthdays were always celebrated by a dinner, when I was allowed to dine downstairs and to invite the guests. Few children could boast of such an array of friends; this one included Mrs. Norton, Lord Lansdowne, Tom Taylor, Richard Doyle, C. J. Bayley, and Thackeray, who gave me an oyster, declaring it was like cabinet pudding. But I turned the tables on him, for I liked it so much that I insisted, as queen of the day, on having more. I still possess a sketch he made for the frontispiece of "Pendennis" while I was sitting on his knee. Thackeray often dropped in to dinner, generally announcing himself beforehand in some funny way.

A nice leg of mutton, my Lucie,
I pray thee have ready for me;
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
For no better meat can there be—

was one of his missives.—*Mrs. Ross, in Murray's Magazine.*